

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS
of
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

INCLUDING CERTAIN LETTERS REPUBLISHED
FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES

Edited by
EARL LESLIE GRIGGS

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COLERIDGEANA

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★

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LETTER 201

To THOS W SMITH, *Stockwell Park, Surrey*

[Original letter, Library of Owen D Young]

Grasmere, Kendal

June 22, 1809

DEAR SIR

The irregularity and circuitousness of our Grasmere Post is such, that I did not receive your letter till late on yesternight. Accept therefore this explanation of my apparently slow acknowledgement of your kindness, instead of an Apology. I was affected by your Present, and receive it with feelings correspondent to those, with which it was sent, and still more by your approbation of the Principle, on which I have grounded "The Friend." Believe me, nothing but a deep and habitual conviction of it's Truth absolutely, and of it's particular Importance in the present generation could have roused me from that dream of great internal activity, and outward inefficiency, into which ill-health and a wounded spirit had gradually lulled me. Intensely studious by Habit, and languidly affected by motives of Interest or Reputation, I found in my Books and my own meditations a sort of high-walled Garden, which excluded the very sound of the World without. But the Voice within could not be thrust out—the sense of Duty unperformed, and the pain of Self-dissatisfaction, aided and enforced by the sad and anxious looks of Southey, and Wordsworth, and some few others most beloved by me and most worthy of my regard and affection. Assuredly much happier and more truly tranquil I have already found myself, and shall deem myself amply remunerated if in consequence of my exertions a Few only of those, who had formed their moral creed on Hume, Paley, and their Imitators, with or without a belief in the facts of mere historical Christianity, shall have learnt to value actions primarily as the language and natural effect of the state of the agent; if they shall consider

what they *are* instead of *merely* what they do , so that the fig-tree may bring forth it's own fruit from it's own living principle, and not have the figs tied on to it's barren sprays by the hand of outward Prudence and Respect of Character These indeed are aids and great ones to our frailty, and it behoves us to be grateful for them and to use them , but let not the confidence in the gardner or his manures render us careless as to the health and quality of the *seed* " Would not the whole moral code remain the same on the principle of enlightened Selfishness, as on that of Conscience, or the unconditional obedience of the Will to the pure Reason ? " has been asked more than once of me My answer was All possibly might remain the same, only not the men themselves for whom the moral Law was given But in truth I admitted more than was necessary, as I shall have occasion to prove at large Permit me to recommend to your Perusal a late Pamphlet written by my dear friend and house-mate W Wordsworth " Concerning the Relations of Great Britain, Spain and Portugal " as containing sentiments and principles matured in our understanding by common energies and twelve years' inter-communion The effects of national enthusiasm in the Spanish People is somewhat too much *idealized*—the introductory part respecting the Convention of Cintra might with great advantage have been written in a more calm and argumentative *manner*—and throughout, the Note is pitched at the very height of the Instrument, and by the constant combination of deep thought with deep feeling the whole work, in order to be both understood and felt, requires more attention and more warmth of sensibility than can reasonably be expected from the Public Mnd, effeminated, as it is, by the unremitted Action of great outward Events daily soliciting and daily gratifying the appetite of Curiosity. But still the defects are but the overflowings of Excellence I have not often met with a book at once so profound and so eloquent.

After the third number of " The Friend " the Paper will go on secure—as far as the nature of any weekly Essay permits—from interruption. But my finances had been

exhausted in the purchase of Types, Advertisements, Prospectuses, and the Paper for the first four numbers, each sheet costing me four pence halfpenny and a small fraction, and all at once I found myself with paper sufficient only for two Numbers more, so suddenly had the Whole of self-offered Services, which I had mistaken for an Island, plunged away from under me—and the carriage of the Paper from London takes up nearly a fortnight I had therefore to arrange the whole anew, by the agency of my kind friends, Thomas Clarkson, and Basil Montagu After the 20th number the Work will be able to move on it's own legs

I have thought it right on my own account to mention this circumstance, to ward off suspicions of irregularity and (to *coin* a word) *unreliability* from myself, at least as far as relates to this instance

If Choice or Chance should divert you hitherward, you will find both in this house at Grasmere, and with R Southey at Keswick (13 miles from hence) house-room and heart-room, and a heaven without to those who have peace within That your Health may be restored to you, and your present Blessings preserved, is, dear Sir, the wish and prayer of your obliged and sincere Friend

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 202

To MR T J STREET, *Courier Office, Strand*

[Original letter, British Museum Privately printed in part, *Letters from the Lake Poets*, 1889, 180-182]

Grasmere,
September 19, [1809]

MY DEAR SIR

The bearer is Mr. Henry Hutchinson¹ of whom I wrote to you in my last, and who will thank you in person for your kind exertions in his behalf, when he was at Cork. If you can give him any advice or information, I am confident you will do it even for my sake, but still more confident should I be, if you had read the History of his Adventures

¹ Henry Hutchinson was the brother of Mrs Wordsworth and Sarah Hutchinson.

during 1806, and 1807—which I shall shortly insert in my republication of my review on Clarkson's History of the Abolition in The Edinburgh Review, which was most shamefully mutilated, but in two paragraphs added (in a vulgar style of rancid commonplace metaphors) made to contradict myself—first in a nauseous and most false ascription of the Supremacy of merit to Mr Wilberforce, and secondly in an attack on Mr Pitt's Sincerity substituted for a Paragraph in which I had both defended it and him, and proved that of all the parliamentary Friends of the Africans he was the most efficient. With the exception of these paragraphs, I trust, you will read the Review with some satisfaction, even as it now stands—but in the republication it will be augmented, and be at least double it's present length.

I am hard at work, and feel a pleasure and eagerness in it, which I have not known for years—a consequence and reward of my courage in at length overcoming the fear of dying suddenly in my Sleep, which Heaven knows I alone seduced me into the fatal habit of taking enormous quantities of Laudanum, and latterly, of spirits too—the latter merely to keep the former on my revolting Stomach. I am still far enough from well—my lungs are slightly affected, as by asthma, and my bowels dreadfully irritable, but I am far better than I could have dared expect. I left it off *all at once*; and drink nothing but Toast and Water, or Lemonade made with Creme of Tartar. If I entirely recover, I shall deem it a sacred duty to publish my cure, tho' without my name, for the practice of taking opium is dreadfully spread. Throughout Lancashire and Yorkshire it is the common Dram of the lower orders of People—in the small Town of Thorpe the Druggist informed me, that he commonly sold on market days two or three Pound of opium, and a Gallon of Laudanum—all among the labouring Classes. Surely, this demands legislative interference.

If I can on any important subject render you service, I can now venture to offer my powers to you without fear of disappointing you. Your's affectionately and gratefully,

S T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 203

To THOMAS DE QUINCEY

[From the original letter in the possession of the grand-daughters of De Quincey, the Misses Bairdsmith Published, *De Quincey Memorials*
A H Japp, 1891, 1 140-144]

Grasmere
October, 1809

MY DEAR MR DE QUINCEY

If I felt myself competent to offer a decisive opinion on your present plan,¹ even the hazard of offending you would not make me withhold it for advice from one better qualified to give it you may easily receive, but hardly from one who esteems you more or who has reflected on the subject with a more affectionate anxiety But I am too little acquainted with your views, inclinations, and motives, and not sufficiently master of other important circumstances, to offer you *advice* Yet a few general remarks, I am sure, you will take kindly from me, tho' all on one side of the question not, my dear Sir! that I see no arguments in favor of your expedition but because, I presume with good reason, that all these have already occurred to you—besides, that these being more *subjective* than *objective*, and grounded on facts which you know either exclusively or better than any other person can, you must be far more competent to count, weigh, and measure them than I Therefore I will write wholly on the selfish side of the question, tho', heaven knows! without selfishness, much as the prospect of your passing the winter here had delighted me

It has always been my opinion, that you would do wisely in travelling on the continent some time or other The question at present is, whether you should do it at this time, and under the present circumstances Independent of the temporary amusement, (which, I take for granted, will not weigh much with you, it's balance over that which you would have at Grasmere being an uncertain thing, subject to the deduction of the Sea-voyages, and after all, only post-

¹ John Wilson had written to De Quincey, proposing a six months' tour in Spain, and De Quincey asked Coleridge's advice Coleridge's letter seems to have influenced De Quincey, for he did not go to Spain

poned not abandoned) all the reasons pro and con may be reduced to your Instruction in which I include all your remembrances, whether of eye, heart, or understanding and to your Health I am to plead *in contra*, and, instead of pleading I will merely put down Hints as in a memorandum Book.

I Instruction

A most interesting period, I grant—but are you likely to be able to stay long enough to become Master of the Spanish Language, without which you can learn little more than the outside of Things, here bustle, there quiescence? With two English Companions and two English Servants are you likely to acquire it *conversationally*? But a far more important objection, and which I scarcely know how with perfect comfort to my own feelings to press upon you in all the force, in which my own experience represents it to me—It is, that three of you together are far far too many and *must*—I speak with confidence, for I tried it both in Sicily and in Germany—exclude you from all particular conversations and the best means of acquiring knowledge. The Natives cannot act towards such a party, as the best of them would towards you alone or with one companion only—The number of your suite will even tend to produce an alienating influence—I travelled for a month in Germany with a German—for five weeks with three Englishmen—in the latter Tour I had a hundred more advantages a priori, letters of introduction etc, and the objects were far more interesting, both the places, we visited and the literary characters to whom we were introduced—and yet the remembrances and valuable knowledge which I bore away from the former outweighed the latter a hundredfold—Depend upon it, two persons a man can talk to, but three make a visiting party. And will not the number of English Officers and Officers in Cadiz and other chief towns be an additional Obstacle? One other remark, and I finish this head. Is not Spain at present too much unsettled, and the Government too close as well as [too suspicious] to permit you to see, hear, and acquire as much as you would do—should you go at the close of next summer, if the Spaniards hold out—then the Cortes will

have assembled, then Debates will be discussed in every company, and furnish you with a hundred heads of Inquiry and the means of making them without hazard—then too the Country will have been organized and the character of the nation drawn forth out of all it's hiding Holes—and then too the Press will doubtless be unfettered, and you will have the opportunity of bringing away with you the best productions of Spanish Wisdom

And now a few words respecting your Health It gave me great pleasure to see how much stronger you seem Your Constitution is evidently strengthening, and with care and regular Exercise I have little doubt, that in another year you will have left all your complaints behind you, and have muscularized into as steady good health and strength as a man who thinks and feels as much as you, can expect The rapid motions of the French—the roads cleared of mules—a mountainous Country—the chance, almost my fears dictate, the probability of your being obliged to travel night and day, perhaps on foot—the known fact, that the least intemperance of Exercise in the mountainous parts of Spain will lay the seeds of a fever—for all these reasons I cannot but wish, that when you travel, you should do it with a better prospect of it's more essential aids and conveniences than can be hoped for at present, especially for so large a party

These are the heads of what my Reason suggests to me, kept as much aloof from my fears and wishes as I can You will doubtless talk on the subject with our dear and honoured Friend, *W W* I have never discussed the subject with him—but as I shall have more confidence in my arguments if they strike him too with the same force, so if the contrary should prove to be the case, I shall be inclined to think that my own bad health and increasing low spirits have been playing the Meddlers with my Understanding—

Go you or stay you,
May God bless you—and if you go,
speedily and safely restore you
to your friends, among which
think with kindness of S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 204

To DANIEL STUART, *Cheltenham*

[Original letter, British Museum Privately printed in part, *Letters from the Lake Poets*, 1889, 182-184 Published in full in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, June 1838]

October 2, 1809

MY DEAR STUART

I am confident, that in the present Business you will confine the Right and Wrong as far as it concerns me to the present business The mortification, I endure, in consequence of my *misapprehension* (which I am sure you would think very venial if you could, as I have just now done, read over again all your letters to me from the first starting of the plan of THE FRIEND) is a sufficient proof, how little I could have been capable of wittingly and foreknowingly bringing myself within the possibility of pressing upon you against and beyond your own inclinations It never occurred to me to make you, or to wish, or even to permit you, to be responsible for the Paper and Stamps *in general*—the utmost of my expectations, and these not formed by myself but arising out of your own letters (misapprehended, it appears, but so I understood them) was that as you had kindly made me a present of the first 1250 sheets, and had allowed me to appropriate the 60*£* received from the R Institution to the purchase of stamps, that you might have helped me out till the 15th or 20th number, as subtracting the 1250 stamps and the 60*£*, it seemed scarcely possible that out of 600 subscribers and odd, enough should not pay me to settle the balance with you immediately after the 20th week *Beyond* that time, I never dreamt of either soliciting or even accepting assistance : because if the work did not then move forward on it's own legs, I of course should either give it up or alter the form and plan of publication It is not quite accurate, dear Stuart ! that I was well aware of my present embarrassments—on the contrary, I did fully expect that after I had purchased a number of stamps and continued the publication a sufficient time to invest me with a sort of tradesman's character, that

I should be able to purchase the remainder at a quarter of a year's credit And after various commissions at length from Montagu's half intelligible letter I half understood, that they must be paid for in ready money, and fully understood that Montagu was the last man, I ought to have applied to, on a matter of Business And yet I had no one else to whom I could write

Still however, in your letter of the 25th, you say you will advance me the Stamps for two numbers beyond the 8th—while in another part of the letter but for that passage you seem to *imply* that you would go a little farther—yet if those two numbers—i e 1300, had been sent, I should not be in my present state of perplexity and distress I have been begging hard, and doubt not that tho' dearly, very dearly earned by sufferings of sickening humiliation, I shall receive the means of going on, after the 10th Number—but if Street does not comply with my request, and send down paper for the 9th and 10th, all is as good as over

As I am so far beforehand with The Friend I should have been right glad to have worked for the Courier and have sent it two essays weekly on a variety of subjects too much connected with persons and immediate Events to fit them for my own Work, so as to have greatly reduced at least the final balance at the 20th week, and Street will see from the Article sent to him how far I should be likely to serve the paper But I suppose, the great sale of the Courier raises it above the want of literary assistance, and I could not write in any strict harmony with the tune predominant in the leading paragraphs of late However, if he thought that *I* with my principles as Anti-Jacobin, Anti-Buonaparte, etc, as his own, but with a dread and contempt of the present Ministry only less than that of the last, would be serviceable, I would undertake to furnish him two Columns twice a week for the next twelve weeks—sometimes taking the events of the Day and sometimes retrospective matter—for instance, the state of Sweden and the causes of it's present condition—of Russia, concerning which I have received valuable information from a gentleman lately arrived who

had been resident in Petersburg [some] years—of Germany in general—of Spain, and the Mediterranean Whatever you may think of this plan, you will agree with me that the *Courier* needs a little *brightening up*¹

But whatever may or may not come of all this, the Friend inclusive, let me conjure you, dear Stuart, not to suffer any of these things to connect permanent feelings of displeasure or diminished kindness with my name in your mind Indeed, indeed, if you could read my heart, it would be impossible For I am, as I always have been, most sincerely and affectionately, your obliged and grateful Friend,

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 205

To GEORGE COLERIDGE

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

Grasmere, Kendal,
October 9, 1809

DEAR BROTHER

It would have been well if I had answered your kind letter on the day of it's arrival as I meant of have done but I was prevented by the old cause, the wish of writing to you at large and the having so many things in my mind, all of which I equally desire to communicate I was pleased and affected by the letter tho' the phrase of "taking the liberty" was not becoming for me to read, and out of your character and relation to me to write I am and was at the very first number of "The Friend" sensible of my defect in facility of style, and more desirous to avoid *obscurity* than successful in the attempt Habits of abstruse and continuous thought and the almost exclusive perusal of the Greek Historians and Philosophers, of the German Metaphysicians and Moralists, and of our English writers from Edward VI, to James II, have combined to render my sentences more *piled up* and *architectural*, than is endurable in so illogical

¹ If Coleridge did contribute any of these articles to the *Courier* at this period (other than the *Letters on the Spaniards*), they have not been identified

an eye as the present, in which all the cements or style are dismissed, and a popular book is only a sequence of epigrams and aphorisms on one subject Too often my Readers may justly complain of involution and *entortillage* in my style, *tristem nescio quam et inflexam antiquitatem* But I flatter myself, that the numbers have already become less faulty in these respects, and that as I proceed, not only will the essays themselves become more and more interesting and even entertaining, but the style likewise more graceful, and equally remote from the long-winded periods of our thoughtful ancestors and the asthmatic sententiolæ of the French School, *syllabis perpetuo ad eundem numerum distributis, modulationi similiores quam sermoni* This is what I have to adduce in *palliation* of myself, and acknowledgment of the defect from excess, what I have to say in *defence* of myself will appear shortly as the introduction to my ethical disquisitions It should not, however, be forgotten that I am making an experiment whether throughout the kingdom a sufficient number of Readers can be found for a periodical Work which does not appeal to Curiosity or Personality that it is essential to my plan that I should put by the *foundations* well, but the merit of a foundation is in its depth and solidity—the ornaments and conveniency, the pictures and the gilding and stucco-work, the Sunshine and the Sunshiny Prospects will come with the superstructure, if it be the will of Providence that I should live and possess the means of carrying the work forward

I can scarcely conceive a man so fully employed as not to have *time* for writing a letter, which he ought to write, but I know that he may easily want the *leisure* of thought and feeling to do it This has been my case for the last month and more When I commenced *The Friend* I had taken it for granted that after I had continued it for a sufficient length of time, and purchased a sufficient quantity of the stamped paper (each sheet, carriage included, costs me fivepence) to invest me with a sort of *Tradesman's* character that I should be able to purchase the rest on credit, especially as I required only credit for 15 weeks, and this only for the first 25 weeks

Besides I had received the warmest promises from a gentleman who owns (and he used to acknowledge it to others as well as in his letter to myself) a very large fortune, not indeed *exclusively* by my efforts, but so far that without them he could have done nothing—and what I did for him was shewn by the fact, that when I began to undertake the literary part of the concern, the sale was 1100 and barely paid itself—when I left it, it was net 8000£ a year, and the sale exceeded what had ever been known in a similar concern¹ I had to purchase my own Types—and bought with my own money 70£ worth of stamped paper, and I had 1250 sheets sent to me as a present, in addition to the 70£ worth, and in a letter to me, [or] Wandsworth, [?] Wordsworth] the Gentleman above mentioned, promised that he would advance the stamped paper for the remainder of April, 20 numbers, when the work would go on it's own legs—no very great stretch of Friendship, as if out of 640 subscribers, a hundred and ten only paid me at the appointed time (20th Nov) he was certain of the repayment in 12 or 13 weeks After this promise I received a letter from him blaming my plan, which he himself had advised as the better on the whole, and limiting his assistance to four or five numbers, beyond which the 70£ and the 1200 sheets extended to—i e 7 numbers and a half, and now has left London on a tour without sending me a single sheet, and I myself absolutely penniless, and, what has affected me more, under the necessity of suffering Mrs. Coleridge to pay for Hartley and Derwent's board, and this year's annuity to her worthy and almost bed-ridden Mother (a firm and afflicted woman who forty years ago brought 10,000£ as her marriage dowry, and yet has drunk *up* the cup of affliction for three fourths of that time to the very dregs) I have no one to apply to except Mr. T Poole—and tho' I never received a pecuniary loan from him but once, and that only repaid, yet I have no reliance that he will step forward, tho' he is a truly good and indeed excellent man, but in the

¹ It was such statements as this (and as Coleridge later made publicly in the *Biographia Literaria*), which caused Stuart to retaliate in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1836

natural man of the very best of us, there is a speck ¹ Not only does The Friend promise to succeed, and bring in a net profit even tho' the sale should not increase when I have the means of advertising it properly—of £60 annually, allowing a 100£ for bad debts but I have a large volume of Poems, another of political Memoirs and statistic papers on Naples, Malta, Sicily, Oegypt, and the Coast of Africa, my Greek and Latin accidence, vocabulary of Fernsmaker and G and L philosoph Grammar and Introduction to Logic, with the History of Logic, from Zeno to the French Pseudo-Logician Condillac *etc* , which are ready for the Press as soon as I can procure the Paper , ¹ for it is a hard and indeed to Mrs C and my children an unjust thing to sell the copyrights for a trifle perhaps, when I have a fair chance of selling the Editions after they are printed to the Bookseller at a price little short of which they would advance as the Copyright, especially as the latter books are of a nature to sell regularly rather than in a *Gust*, and as the sale will be proved by every increase of my literary reputation In the meantime I lose 30 shillings every week for want of unstamped paper of the same size and sort as the stamped, to work up 120 copies of each number for Booksale, and a number to supply new subscribers—the whole of the 8 numbers must be reprinted, for (on account of the stamps) I print at present six only beyond the names on the list, and there is not a single compleat set at the Publishers

What I wish is to have £120 advanced between two or three Friends in the first place, and immediately to arrange all the payments to be made to Mr Poole's Partner's Brother (G Ward, Bookseller, Skinner Street, Snow Hill, London) with instructions to repay them out of final receipts—and to supply the paper for the next numbers with the remainder—and this being repaid to borrow £100 on interest for one year in order to print the two volumes of Poems and Political Essays which however I would repay immediately, if I succeeded in obtaining a hundred subscribers for the volumes, or if the

¹ Needless to say, Coleridge is here guilty of the most palpable exaggeration

Bookseller purchased the first Edition at half the Sale price, allowing me 100 copies for the Subscribers

It is bitter for a man with children and a wife likely to survive him many years, to see others reap the main harvest of his efforts, and those who are already opulent I might, doubtless, free myself from all these embarrassments by signing over the property of *The Friend* to Longman, and receiving a salary of £300 a year as the Author, during it's continuance, but how could I assure this to my family? Especially as the after-sale, when the work is finished, will probably increase and become of importance as was the case with the *Rambler*, and as excepting the Grammatical and Logical Works above stated, the *Friend* will be the outlet of my whole reservoir as well as of the living Fountain, till it shall be dried up I might too help myself on (but for the immediate stoppage, which will be a cruel injury to the work and will be supposed my own fault—and it is not amiss that I should be punished for former faults of procrastination etc, when I should most feel it, i e in a case where I was not in fault, unless belief of written promises is a fault, promises to the breach of which no neglect, no irregularity, no offence whatever of my own has contributed)—I might, I say, if I can but raise the money for two or three numbers only help myself on by writing for a party newspaper for the next quarter of a year—as I am so far beforehand with *The Friend*—at five guineas an Essay, but I can hardly reconcile it to my Conscience, tho' I hope I need not say that my own Essays would be written in the spirit of Sincerity and good will, but what then? I am wittingly asserting with all my powers the sale and influence of what I do not approve on the whole—and I cannot at all reconcile it to my feelings, in this precious and ripe time of my intellectual manhood to waste the powers which the Almighty entrusted to me and the knowledge which he has permitted me to acquire by a life of study and meditation, with all the advantages of Travel and various situations in the events and passions of the day

I hope you receive the *Friend* regularly and please myself by anticipating that you will be pleased by the 7th, 8th, 9th,

10th, 13th and 14th numbers— As soon as I am in a state of tolerable tranquillity, I will write to my nephews— I passed a happy day with the Tutor of Baliol on Windermere, the enthusiastic manner in which he spoke of John Coleridge, and the high praise he gave to both the Cousins had raised my spirits so much beyond their common pitch I should be very glad to receive my school-boy poems, as my friends are very anxious to see them as curiosities

With every feeling of affection I remain dear Brother

Your affectionate and obliged

S T C

LETTER 206

To GEORGE COLERIDGE

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge Throughout this letter Coleridge refers to a letter from his brother, dated 1809, parts of which are quoted in the footnotes of Letter 184, dated May 11, 1808]

Grasmere, Kendal

Wednesday Night, [October, 1809]

MY DEAR BROTHER

The state of emotion into which the first sentences of your letter threw me, the interval of time between the perusal of them and the remainder, the reflections—and why should I hesitate to say what I had been a wretch indeed had I not done—the act of prayer that intervened—rendered it impossible for me to feel even a momentary resentment, or even any *grief* not mixed with tenderness Let me first say, earnestly intreating you not to suspect the least intention of conveying a reproach—that but for the nature of our post I should have sent off yesterday evening a letter informing you that I had no need of the loan I had begged, for that one of three persons to whom I had written in my distress had supplied the quota I had asked, and each of the other two had replied by taking the whole on himself

I am not willing, in the depths of my heart, to take upon myself and attribute to my own past errors, your present mistake But I fully believe that all, who have ever been

acquainted with me even my worst enemy, if any such I have—would disclaim for me the congruity with my habits and disposition, of the base motive which you assign to my having transmitted for the Prospectus of *The Friend* The character of excessive carelessness about worldly interests, the difficulty of acting at all even on motives of duty when they have been cloaked in the form of pecuniary advantage to myself, is so well known to every human being who knows me at all, even to those the most embittered against me for faults of Indolence, neglect or self-indulgence, that from anyone but yourself I should have received the charge with a smile instead of tears¹ Deeply wounded by very disrespectful words used concerning me, and which struggling as I have been thro' life, and still maintaining a character and holding connections no ways unworthy of my Family, I felt more warmly than I ought— I wrote you a letter the contents of which I have wholly forgotten, as is commonly the unfortunate case with things said or written in passion, they are soon forgotten by the Aggressors and for ever remembered by the Receiver, but which I doubt not, was an unwise and in every sense an improper letter² But, and let my present emotion apologize for the awfulness of the adjuration— God be my witness! I never uttered a disrespectful word concerning you to another person, nor ever for a day together even thought much less spoke of you, without gratitude and remembrance of former times. When therefore I commenced "*The Friend*," not doubting that the principles I had pledged myself to support, would meet your full approbation, and flattering myself that the devotion of my talents such as they were to so good a purpose would give you pleasure—I transmitted my plans to you, not perhaps without some anticipation, that it might be the means of renewing

¹ "After summing up in my mind your whole conduct to me, with the terms of the three letters which you sent me, could I with even an overflow of Charity, but have concluded that you had but one view, either to abuse me as in your first letter, or to use me as in your two last?" (George Coleridge to S.T.C.—transcript of the original letter made by E. H. Coleridge)

² See Letter 184, dated May 11, 1808

a friendly and brotherly correspondence with you The letter I had received in consequence confirmed me in the hope—and when I wrote last—in much agitation and great flutter of spirits, and rashly despairing, when I had no ground of despair—I was actuated by two considerations—the first that the loan small as it was, for it could not have exceeded £50, there was a moral certainty of repaying in 12 weeks, and secondly, that as it would have removed an obstacle to my obtaining such an income as would enable me to provide for my children, there was something in family connection that gave a propriety to the application Much more I could say and of motives more delicate and removed from self-interest, which it were now unbecoming to make known

I repeat that I doubt not but that the letter to which you refer, was an unwise one, and such as it becomes me to beg your forgiveness for, but that it could deserve all that you have said of it, or by any interpretation be made to imply the contemptuous meanings in which you have rendered it—what shall I say and not offend? this only, that if it were so, it conveyed thoughts that never before that time and never since had a moment's sojourn in my mind or feelings—Permit me to add—and as the son of your father, I have some claim in your sympathy in my desire of preserving your esteem, which I deserve, that for 14 years I have passed thro' a variety of scenes never with a spare guinea in my house, and often severely wanting it, have never been in any instance extravagant tho' naturally careless of money—yet never been in debt, never applied to you all this time, nor ever should have done it except where the loan appeared to me a mere accommodation without the least harm, and the amount trifling in comparison with the temporary advantage.

Indeed, dear Brother, but for my long estrangement from you, you could not thus think of me—much you might and would have to blame—but thus you would not think. I feel as certain as of anything not in my own being, that were we together but for a month you would not think so If impulses base as those you have ascribed to me had been

compatible with my nature, I should have been a rich man long ago few men have had more opportunities The anxiety to remove from your mind such a mistake will not I trust be confounded with pride and vanity

I should be happy to hear from you again, and most happy if forgetting the past, as far as kind feelings imply a moral forgetfulness, I should be able in return to subscribe myself with as much pleasure as now with sincerity

Your grateful and affectionate brother

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 207

To SAMUEL PURKIS, *Brentford, London*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by J Dykes Campbell Privately printed, *Letters Hitherto Uncollected, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, Col W F Prideaux, 1913, 6

Campbell remarks that "This letter is strangely formal as compared with the one July 29, 1800, describing Greta Hall"]

Grasmere,

Wednesday night, October 18, 1809

DEAR SIR

Your counter-order of Mr Hutchinson's originated in your not having seen my letter to Poole in which I informed him that I had divided the burthen of advancing the money for the stamped paper for the next 13 numbers of *The Friend* between him and my other friends—and am with reason most anxious to have the whole at Penrith that I may be out of the reach of future disappointments It is especially unlucky because part of Mr Hutchinson's order was for 2000 unstamped sheets for the want of which I lose 30 shillings every week which the reprinting of each number will cost. However to bring good out of evil, when you counter order the counter-order which you will be so good as to do *immediately* (for I am unluckily ignorant of Fourdrinier's¹ address) I would thank you to desire that instead of 2000 unstamped sheets by the Hargrave's Kendal waggon to Mr.

¹ The brothers Fourdrinier, who invented a paper-making machine,

Cookson¹ Kendal he should send only 1500—and send off 500 with the 650 stamped sheets by the Penrith coach (N B not the Mail) to Mr^r Brown, Printer, Penrith Unless this be done immediately I shall be just as ill off as before—for of No 8 not one half the copies could be printed for lack of paper So that out of the 650 copies (and by the bye I print 654) near 400 must go for No 8— If however Mr *Street's* should have been sent as he promised, and have been sent by the coach, then only the 500 unstamped sheets need be sent per coach—and the rest, stamped and unstamped by the wagon

What think you of the two Cabinet Ministers duelling on Cabinet measures?² Is it not wringing the dregs from the last drops of Degradation? But this country is on the whole spite of the beastly *Dinnerites* of the London Common Council a *moral* country—and whatever these vulgar statesmen may think and however they may sneer at causes which cannot be reduced to local particulars and palpable single *facts*, the base inexcusability to the awfulness of the situation will *work* and is working “There is an invisible Power in Right and Wrong,” says one of our old sterling biographers—and be assured my dear Sir³ the opinion of the people is more operative when it acts like a silent epidemic in the air than when it roars and foams like a Torrent, to which every one can point and say *There* it is If you are pleased (and I think you must have been) with my historical document in illustration of Buonaparte's affectation of imitating Charlemagne,⁴ you will see shortly in the *Courier* another perhaps more interesting parallel between the present affairs of Spain and the struggle of the Netherlands against Philip the Second⁴

¹Dr Cookson, Canon of Windsor, was an uncle of Wordsworth's, Wordsworth's mother having been a Cookson It was with the Cooksons that Dorothy lived until she “threw in her lot with her brother in 1795” *Letters*, I 311

²The duel between Castlereagh and Canning, September 21, 1809, in which the latter was wounded See G C Brodrick and J K Fotheringham's *The History of England*, 1906, xi 67

³The passage about Charlemagne to which Coleridge refers was from the *Friend*, it was reprinted in the *Courier* on November 25, 1811

⁴See *Essays on His Own Times*, 1850, II 608-640

I would not, however, that you should think me an approver of the *Courier*—on the contrary I can scarcely persuade myself that it is not a *venal* print—though I am sure that if it be, Mr Stuart (the half-proprietor) is not aware of it. But it has manfully fought the good fight *for* Spain and against Peacemen or rather your manufacturers of Truces or rather (excuse the pun) parchment *Trusses* for suspending incurable ruptures

The Friend—the first six numbers at least—is partly chargeable with obscurity and heaviness of movement in its periods—too often with an entortillage or intertwisting both of the thoughts and the sentences—But be assured, it will improve with every number in interest of subject as well as style. The grievous error of running one No into another is chiefly owing to my distance from the Press—the utmost efforts will be used to prevent it in the future

Any exertions you can make in my favor will be felt most gratefully by me—the former numbers will be reprinted with all possible speed, and may then be had either at Longman's or Clements at 8½ the No subtracting the stamp duty. But it is a great disadvantage to me that persons should buy the *Friend* regularly at the Booksellers, instead of sending their names and address and receiving it at their own houses by post

Remember me with respectful affection to Mrs Purkis and with sincere good wishes for you and yours

I remain, dear Sir

Yours as ever

S. T. COLERIDGE.

• LETTER 208

To SAMUEL PURKIS

[Original letter, British Museum]

Friday Night—Oct 20—My Birthday—
1809

DEAR SIR

I am confident, that I must have either written illegibly or expressed myself unintelligibly I had informed our friend, Poole, that I was under the necessity of applying to my friends for the advance of the Paper for thirteen Numbers—1 e from No 7 to No 20 inclusive, making in all about *nine* thousand stamped Sheets , and intreated *him* to advance *two* thousand five hundred as *his* friendly contingent a similar request I sent to Mr Hutchinson, (viz 650 per Coach, and 2000 by the waggon) but desiring of Mr H an order for some *unstamped* paper *in addition* Both Mr H and Mr Poole acceded to my requests and consequently *both* orders should have been compleated, *in toto* Still near four thousand stamps would be wanting and for two thousand of these I applied to my Brother—for the first time since I became of age, having never received either accommodation or present from any one of my family during all my hard struggle thro' Life, and I received a refusal so couched that it would require an Oedipus to determine whether the baseness, the inhumanity, or the insolence of the answer was the greater For the remainder I applied to my friend, Mr Sharp, who in the kindest and handsomest manner not only complied with my request , but begged me to inform him, if I met with a negative from any other quarter, and he would advance to Fourdrinier for the whole *four* thousand

The division, I alluded to, between Poole and Hutchinson was of 5150 stamped sheets—or rather a division of 9000 Stamps between Mr Sharp , Mr Hutchinson , Mr Poole, my Brother by gift of God, and the Revd G. Coleridge, my Brother by accident of Midwifery

You will now, my dear Sir ! understand, that unless I received both Mr Poole's contingent of 2500, and Mr Hutchinson's of 2650 (the unstamped paper not included in this calculation) I shall be in my former state of anxiety for three Numbers and a half out of the thirteen, the stamps for which I had to procure

It is of the utmost importance to my success, that I should be free from all anxiety as well as placed out of any further hazard of having to stop *The Friend* for want of Paper—I am employed in arranging the mode of payment according to the different Towns, so as to receive the sums in the least expensive way , but all will be paid into the Hands of Mr G Ward, to whom I shall write as soon as the arrangement is completed

I am very sorry that I must thus put you to the expence of another letter , but for the loss of Time I would send it to Mr Curwen to be franked However, I will send you a couple of Sonnets, just written by my friend, Wordsworth the second of which, I am sure, you will rate at sixpenny worth of pleasure— I feel even to an occasional despondency the truth of what you say concerning the unfitness of the *Friend* hitherto for the general Public—it would not depress me so much, if I thought that any efforts of mine at all compatible with the hope of doing any real good or with the sense of the Duty, I owe to myself and to my permanent reputation would remove the complaint— I shall assuredly do my best—I will make every sacrifice in my power—I will frequently interpose Numbers of pure entertainment—and the work itself according to it's plan will become more interesting when the Foundations have been laid—but still I feel the saddening conviction, that no real information can be given, no important errors overthrown in Politics, Morals, or Literature without requiring some effort of Thought—and that the aversion from this is the Mother Evil of all the other Evils, that I have to attack—consequently, I am like a Physician who prescribes exercise with the dumb bells to a Patient paralytic in both arms Did not the 7th and 8th

only I shall put something to the middle part, as fearing that it will supply the groundlings with too *hard hits* against me. There has been a sort of quarrel between me and Stuart—the long and the short of the matter is, that he left me suddenly in the lurch, and declined assisting me very abruptly, and somewhat inconsistently with a former promise to Wordsworth. But when I come in to Keswick, I will bring all his letters—I was much pleased with his last, tho' his account about myself and the Copenhagen Business is not quite accurate. But in the name of wonder whence has St derived, on what does he ground his high opinion of Marquis Wellesley ?¹ who besides the delay from ministerial intrigue stayed a full month in town in consequence of a squabble about his taking out in great pomp—in a separate vessel hired for the purpose, a common whore, called Sally Douglas whom he has in keeping—the King heard of it and expressed his displeasure and the Marquis took huff—at length, however, consented to take her more *clandestinely*, she went however and with a grand establishment, and is now with him in Spain—to the edification and that—O I am sick of my country—and give up our Great Britain's cat and kittens, sow and litter ! we are a base people—if calumniated, infamously calumniated people. So I have been told by a man who pretended to actual knowledge of the facts. And Mr Canning was one of Stuart's Statesmen of real ability—on what ? and what proof ? There are things that perplex me in a man of Stuart's consummate good sense.

I shall take your advice with regard to the Friend. No 13 and 14 will be pure amusement. No. 15 the constitution as it really is, not more *dry* than the subject compels, but yet of the old sort. 16 France and the Character of Buonaparte—17 and 18, the foundations of morality—Taste,—in short, all the principles in order to get them over, and to be able to say—Now Gemmen all the Brain-work is over, with introduction on the causes that weaken a public man—19 and 20 as entertaining as I can— If it will do after all, I must

¹ Arthur Wellesley (1769-1852) became the Duke of Wellington in 1814

try at a Monthly Friend, and make it half miscellaneous, half in the former plan

I have received a long vindicating letter from my brother, softened by my very gentle answer to his former one and enclosing in his defence a *downright red hot letter* which I wrote him on his disappointing poor Mrs C and our little ones when we had got 300 miles to visit him I had quite forgotten it—as is the case with works of anger—the memory is all on the side of the Affrontee But the most important part of his Letter is, that my poor Mother is near her end, and dying in great torture, death eating her piecemeal her vital stamen is so very vigorous and she wishes to see me before her death¹ But tho' my Brother knows that I am penniless, not an offer of a banknote to enable me to set off In truth, I know not what to do—for there is not a shilling in the whole house

Brown wishes to give his whole time and attention to printing. My poems are now getting ready for him I would that you could have some one of your works printed by him He is a worthy creature and you will see by my poems whether his printing is such as you would approve If you have any interest, pray exert it for him—if no higher claims stand in the way— Have you seen the *Simpliciad*²—if not it shall be sent to you Such a thing ! O Jesus !

Mrs Lloyd told Hartley, she had written to Mrs C God bless you I should have written more at length to you, and have written to Mrs C, but that I have to answer three letters all of importance by tonight's Carrier besides sending off 'The Friend' Pasley's letter will interest you I begin to be alarmed at not hearing from him

You will grin at my *modest* account of Satyrane, the Idoloclast, in no 14³—but what can I do ? I must wear a

¹ Her death took place on November 4, 1809

² *The Simpliciad* ; a satirico-didactic poem Containing hints for the scholars of the new school, suggested by Horace's *Art of Poetry*, and improved by a contemplation of the works of the first masters (anon), 1808

³ " Nearly all complained that the contents were too dull, and an attempt was made to enliven the pages by printing ' Satyrane's Letters ' " *Life*, 175

mask—and it is not quite so good a joke either as Godwin's meaning the sublime visionary and most lofty poet in Caleb Williams ¹ for William Godwin's own very self ¹

S T. COLERIDGE

LETTER 210

To MR BROWN, *Penrith*

[Original letter, South Kensington Museum]

Monday Night, December 4, 1809

I have received, my dear Sir, your very sensible and satisfactory letter Wordsworth and Mr De Quincey were no less delighted with it's judicious, ingenuous and manly contents than myself—and I shall therefore take the liberty of sending it to Southey who has far more in his power than any of us ² As to myself, and I may add, Wordsworth, your Printing, even as it appears in the *Friend* under all disadvantages, is quite as good as we want—who have no passion for book-finery, and would be far more flattered by seeing our poems in a shilling edition on the same paper etc , as *Reading Made Easy*, in the shelves of Country Booksellers and Stationers, than arrayed in all the Silks and Sattins of Mr Ballantyne's ³ wardrobe, with engravings to boot As to *my* poems therefore, and all my other works, I neither need or shall ask the opinions of any , and if the *Friend* should ultimately fight it's way with a decent and regular sale, I shall be most happy to assist you in *any* way that may forward your plans I heard from Mr Cookson that a parcel of paper had been forwarded by him to you on Monday last—I hope fervently, that you have received it Would it be painful to you, if for this *first* volume of the *Friend*, I had three or four of the numbers reprinted by Pennington ? I ask this, first, because I am anxious to have a volume ready by the 26th number ;

¹ *Caleb Williams* was first published in 1794

² Brown had written, I suppose, offering to publish Southey's poems, as well as Coleridge's and Wordsworth's Nothing came of any of these plans

³ James Ballantyne (1772-1833), Scott's publisher

and because in case Pennington did this, you might begin earlier with the Poems—which are ready for you whenever you wish to begin

We have had many a fanciful Day-dream that if you *should* confine yourself to the Printing line (of which the Profits seem to me terribly little compared with other Trades, and of necessity irregular) and were it not for Job Work, how much we should like to see you settled at Grasmere, when De Quincey would add a Lord Stanhope Press, and 200*l*. worth of Types to your stock

There is not the least doubt, that we could find you and a Journeyman and an apprentice ample employments, but what are our Lives? Accidents I write this therefore for no other end than first to make you smile, and secondly, as a proof how much you have all our best good wishes The last number was printed as well as any work of the kind could be in any part of the Kingdom—and in correctness far above the London work There were but two errata in the whole, both mere trifles—one, the omission of (*4thly*), 231, the other, of *the* before—Duty—last line but four of the last page, both in all probability errors in the MSS I take for granted, that the copy now in hand Satyrane's second letter, is not quite enough for a number—at least, that you can contrive to annex to it the accompanying poem and advertisement If *both* cannot be inserted, at least, insert the advertisement

Whenever you can make it convenient, we shall be all most happy to see you as the Friend as well as Co-adjutor of, Dear Sir,

Your's with sincere esteem

S T COLERIDGE

P S. There should now be on the road 4 or 5 thousand stamps! I have written to change the waggon

P S Be so good as on the Friend sent to Grasmere to mark the letter written on the copy received by you thus, if I mark the copy, A be so good as to write A in some part of the next No. that I may know, that it has arrived

LETTER 211

To G WARD, *Skinner Street, Snow Hill, London*

[Original letter, British Museum]

Kendal,

*Saturday Night, January 10, 1810*¹

MY DEAR SIR

I should never have presumed to have published your name as the Receiver of the money for the friend, if I had not been desired by Mr T Poole so to do, and of course taken for granted that he had gained your consent, and that I should have heard either from him or from you if there had been any difficulty² What I am now to do, God knows—and he only, I believe ! I had no conception that persons would have been so unthinking and unfeeling as to have written to *you* desiring you to *call* on any person— I was in hopes, that a considerable number in consideration of the difficulties of the publication would have desired their correspondents to have left the money at your shop, and that as there must always be some person there to attend to the Shop, that person might have received the 1*£* note without any other trouble, than that of putting a mark to the name in the list of Subscribers, and giving the Receipt—and that the others would send the 1*£* note inclosed Who is Mr Brett ? Is he a bookseller ? My dear Sir¹ for God's sake feel for me. I am, as you well know, neither by my habits, or by my nature, a man of Business I was under the necessity either of giving up *the Friend*, or of procuring 3 or 4 of my acquaintances to advance the money for the Stamps to Fourdrinier, for the numbers from 8 to the 20th— I applied to our friend, Poole, among others—and he agreed to advance a third of the stamps wanted, on condition that I had the

¹ January 10, 1810, was on Wednesday

² G Ward (a brother of Poole's assistant) was apparently delegated to receive the money from the subscribers to the *Friend* "All will be paid into the Hands of Mr G Ward," Coleridge had written to Purkis on October 20, 1809, "to whom I shall write as soon as the arrangement is completed," but apparently Ward's first intelligence came from the announcement in the *Friend*

Subscriptions after the 20th number paid in to you, in order that he might be more sure of his money Tho' it would have been abundantly more convenient to me to have first got what I could collected for me in London, and the great Towns, by some one Friend in each, and then to have desired, all who had not *so paid* their subscriptions, to pay them to the Post master of the Place, at or near which they lived, and by him sent with the usual percentage to the Postmaster at Penrith, yet as beggars must not be chusers, and the advance was absolutely necessary for me—and my reputation both as a *man* and a writer dependent on my carrying on the work as long as the number of Subscribers was sufficient to defray it's expenses—(and taking in the losses of various kinds, it has never been much more)—I assented at once to Mr Poole's proposal I earnestly therefore entreat you to help me out of this as well as you can—either by hiring some man, on whose honesty you can rely, for a week, or in whatever other way may strike you as better I have sent the List of Subscribers to you—at all events, if you really *cannot* have anything to do with it, the money ought to be paid to some *one* place, and *there* the list of Subscribers¹ ought to be—in order that I may know as soon as possible what number of Subscribers have given up the work at the 20th, and that I be able to judge whether the work can go on or must be dropped If it be necessary to call at the houses of A B and C and so forth, how can I expect this of Mr Longman's people? or of Mr Brett, whose name I have now first heard of? I know not what to do or what even to ask you—except that, if you *cannot* have the money received at Skinner's Street, you will at all events be so good as yourself to call on Mr. Longman's, and to make my best respects either to him or to Mr Rees and that I intreat that for this once (for there neither will or can be a recurrence of the same difficulties) he will be so good as to let one of his Clerks receive the money and note down the receipt of it—but again I must intreat you, if possible, to hire a man and let him give the

¹ Eventually, even Coleridge's list of subscribers proved elusive. Cf Letter 224, February 10, 1812

receipts etc—for good God ! what can it be less than ruin for me to have persons sent by advertisement first to you, and then to be sent back to Mr Brett, who knows nothing about [it], and thence to Mr Longman ? You will perceive, in what distress of mind I write, and will make allowances for it I intreat you to take nothing amiss, or interpret any word as deficient in respect— I pray you, be so good as to write to me immediately, directing to me—Grasmere, Kendal, and be assured, that whatever you do for me, will be remembered for ever with heartfelt gratitude It is my intention as soon as possible, if the work can go on at all, to change it into a fortnightly miscellany, and have it circulated in the ordinary way of Trade without stamps

If instead of sending the persons to Brett or Mess Longman and Co, you had simply sent them back, I should have thought it better to advertise in the next Friend, and in the London Newspapers, that all but the Londoners were to send the Subscriptions by the Postmasters, and to have got some private acquaintance to have collected the London ones, but this is too late, I fear You will be so kind as to let me know whether any sums have been received, anywhere, and whatever other particulars that may throw any light upon my mind, and enable me to form some feasible plan—

With sincerest good wishes and respect, believe me, my

Dear Sir, your affectionate Friend,

S T COLERIDGE

P S I need not say, that all expences of Postage etc. shall be paid you from the first receipts

LETTER 212

To THOMAS POOLE, *Nether Stowey, Bridgewater, Somerset*

[Original letter, British Museum]

*Grasmere, Kendal,
January 12, 1810.*

MY DEAR POOLE

I suffer, and have suffered, so much from your long silence, that I can no longer bear the anxiety of suspense, and must intreat you to let me know, if there have been any

other cause than your avocations or want of any thing particular to say I have put both my memory and imagination to the Rack, and cannot even conjecture any ground of offence, unless it should be the trouble I was compelled to give Mr Purkis in consequence of his own friendly but unlucky interference in counterordering Mr Hutchinson's advance to Mess Fourdrinier and Co The persons to whom (as I informed you) I applied conjointly with yourself were Mr T Hutchinson, and (after my Brother's blank refusal) Mr Sharpe—Mr H and Mr S acceded at once (to the taking of a third of the stamps on themselves for the 12 or 13 numbers) and Mr H first sent his order for 2,000 st etc Mr Purkis who supposed this to be *all*, that I wanted, instead of being only the *third* part, *substituted* instead of *adding* your order—and to the very last the affair remained so perplexed, that of £137 16 5d paid, Mr H payed 53 19 9, Mr S 46 17 8, and Mr Purkis for you 36 19 0 — But I am not conscious that in my endeavors to explain the sum to Mr P, I was deficient in respect how little it could have been my intention, was evident by my endeavors to make each letter, I was forced to trouble him with, somewhat less unworthy of the Postage by general remarks, on the style of the Friend, the causes of it's unpopularity, etc —and in one instance, a couple of Sonnets This excepted, which would have never occurred to me except from solicitude to discover if there could be *any* thing, I wander in vain after a cause on my part for your discorrespondence Assuredly having sate down in good earnest to exert my best faculties in the way dictated by my best judgement under the prescript of conscience, I should have been glad to have received occasional encouragement or advice from you I have but slender expectations that *The Friend* can be continued The very Essays, you so much admired (3, 4, 5, and 6) occasioned the discontinuance of 70 Subscribers at the 7th No and as far as I can judge from the 30 or 40 persons, whose payments of I have yet received any account of, three in four will now give it up—this was the effect of the method, by which original Subscribers were for the greater part obtained,

namely, by solicitation of acquaintances, each desirous to oblige me with as large number as they could—one half therefore of my Subscribers, I am well assured, said yes ! merely to avoid the greater immediate unpleasantness of saying, No !—they not only did not serve me in this way, on which alone I had any reliance from the beginning, namely, as a mode of making the work generally known, as the ordinary plan of advertizing on a large scale was out of my power—but they did me disservice by giving out everywhere that it was an *unreadable* work, dry, obscure, fantastical, paradoxical and God knows what else—according to each man's Taste, and as if they wished to revenge themselves on *me* for the loss of their shillings On the other hand, I have received from some half dozen the warmest acknowledgements, and assurances that if *The Friend* were more generally known, it's circulation would become considerable If those good and amiable Folks knew half as much of the present *Public* as ever I do, they would think very differently My purpose is not to give up the *Friend* till it gives up itself ¹—and I will go on even tho' it should only barely pay it's expenses, till I have brought it to some kind of completeness—however short of my wishes—and enable myself to do it by working overhours for the Newspapers—For Reviewing, which is more profitable and abundantly more easy, I cannot engage in, as I hold it utterly immoral—and was confirmed in it by the charges, Jeffrey made, in my Review of Clarkson's History of Abolition in the *Ed Rev*, the *only* case in which I thought myself warranted to make an exception

Have you seen my seven Letters in the *Courier*? ² The 8th and last will soon appear They have been highly extolled by a *few*—the best reward, I can venture to expect, from any thing, I can and at the same time may write—and in my *feelings* a very sufficient remuneration, but alas ! to eat and

¹ The *Friend* "gave itself up" on March 15, 1810, with the 27th Number, the last words being "to be concluded in our next number." The cessation of the *Friend* coincided with the departure from Grasmere of Coleridge's amanuensis, Sarah Hutchinson.

² Referring again to the eight *Letters on the Spamards*

drink is a necessary condition of *Writing* no less than of every other Labor

One thing half provokes me—that the Friend is called dear, tho' at the same price as Cobbett's, which seldom contains more than a third of original matter The *quality* I put out of the question, or the difference of the powers, motives, previous acquirements, and expenditure of *Thought* requisite in the Friend and a Journal on the party-politics of the Day—but the *quantity* surely ought to be measured by the matter not by the paper The 20 numbers of the Friend cost stamp included (which ought to be taken as a species of *Postages*, and have nothing to do with the Author but wholly with the convenience of the Purchasers) £1 for Fox's History £1 6—take 6^s for the Print and call it 30 Now the 20 Nos of the Friend contain as many syllables as would fill *two* quartos of the same size so printed, tho' each quarto should have one fifth *more* matter than the existing one has By the bye, tho' I never over-rated Mr Fox, I was grievously disappointed in his work—the good heart of a sensible English Gentleman pervades it—rather lax in some parts—but on the whole a well-thinking amiable man but of the Philosopher, the high-minded and comprehensive Historian, I see scarce a trace The names on the other side were written out in the hope of receiving a letter from you, and that you might collect the sum—which if I could have procured any friend to have collected the Bristol ones, would have more than repaid you the advance But now I fear it is too late I mean to publish, as a Supplement to *the Friend* on the same paper, type, etc not stamped, but in a pamphlet, all my philosophical principles of morals and taste—of all “*quorum populus tam multa cupido*” as “the Mysteries of Christianity grounded and correspondent to the Mysteries of Human Nature”

¹ I have since (this moment) received a letter from G Ward, in answer to my earnest request—and he has kindly agreed not to persevere in his declining to receive the payments

¹ Here follows the list of subscribers to the *Friend*

All, whom you know here, are pretty well It is our intention, as soon as we must quit this House, i e before the next December, to retire to some cheaper part of the country (for Grasmere is the dearest place in England, out of London, the expense of coals etc of carriage for every trifle, included in the additional prices on meat etc) and live in the cottage style in good earnest—i e exactly as cottagers live Our only luxury at present is Tea and of that we shall immediately discontinue the use of, and Sugar, and have it only for Breakfast, at which time it is, for *me*, an absolute necessary, if not of Life, yet of literary exertion We drink (none of us) any thing but water—but so great a House, and three servants, make it impossible to bring down our dinner fare to the plan which we shall adopt in a cottage with only one country maid I put myself wholly out of the question But let any man worthy of that name, contemplate William Wordsworth, let him only read his Pamphlet,¹ assuredly the grandest politico-moral work since Milton's *Defensio Pop Anglici*—and then say, that men of genius make no sacrifices in order to benefit their fellow-creatures Richard Wordsworth, the attorney, is not with less than 50,000*£* made in business—Christopher is Dean of Barking (300 per annum) Chaplain to the Archbishop of C and likely to obtain the theological Professorship of Cambridge (if when the Bishop of Llandaff shall have made the experiment whether an avowed Socinian acted honestly in becoming and remaining a Bishop of the Church of England)—After this, Mrs C Wordsworth (Priscilla Lloyd that was) declares [in a] letter to her Brother—she shall resign herself wholly to Providence and repel from her mind all anxious discontent concerning the advantages of this transitory world—How exemplary ! What an example of Christian piety With 2000*£* a year she will take up the Cross of the Lord, and mortify the pomps and vanities of the World ! Quere Are such People conscious of their Hypocrisy ? Answer. No ! they take good care, they shall not—and that is the worst sin of the two God bless you.

S T C.

¹ Referring, of course, to the *Convention of Cintra*

P S I must intreat you for reasons explained in my *Supernumerary* to pay the Postage of your letters during the continuance of *The Friend* I had no conception of the folly and (far worse) malignity of the human heart before

LETTER 213

To LADY BEAUMONT

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

April 15, 1810

MY DEAR MADAM

What can be neither justified or excused, it remains only for me to explain I am faint with shame and self-dissatisfaction—but I will nakedly state the fact—When your Ladyship's Letter arrived, I do not recollect, and as I write from Ambleside, I cannot enquire—but it arrived with two others at a time, when I was labouring under a depression of spirits, little less than absolute despondency It is so difficult to convey to another a state of feeling and its accompaniments, which one believes and hopes that others have never experienced I can only say, that one of the symptoms of this morbid state of the moral Being is an excessive sensibility and strange cowardice with regard to everything that is likely to affect the Heart, or recall the consciousness to one's own self and particular circumstances especially, in Letters A mere letter of Business or from an indifferent person is received and opened at once, but from any one loved or esteemed seems formidable in proportion to that very regard and affection The sick and self-deserting Soul, incapable of renouncing its activity, merges it in subjects the most abstruse and remote from its immediate Duties and Bearings, and so obtains a forgetfulness, a sort of counterfeit of that true substantial tranquillity, which a satisfied Conscience alone can procure for us —“ I will do it after I have read this Chapter—or tomorrow morning ” and so on till warned by experience the mind is ashamed any longer to *lie* to its own self by any positive promise, and procrastinates indefinitely There is now in my Desk at Grasmere a very

large sheet of paper, three fourths filled by an answer to Sir George's Letter on Shee's proposal ¹—A second with the first page finished on Milton and Party Spirit to yourself—and doubtless, the silly and childish promise made to myself, I will just finish these Letters and then I shall have courage to open the second, after I have done my Duty in having answered the first, had some share in this sad neglect This is a very imperfect Sketch of the cause of what I am so thoroughly ashamed of—that today for the first time—Nay, this very hour—I opened your Ladyship's Letter, and found the inclosure I really can write no more at present Merely to lose your esteem would be as severe a punishment, as almost any thing external could inflict—but when I reflect on the possible consequences of esteem so lost by me not only in the present case, but with regard to so many other friends treated disrespectfully in exact proportion to my actual Respect for them, and its effect in at least weakening whatever I may write, or even what other better men may write, it is almost more than I can bear I must therefore now conclude—but I dare venture to say, that I will write and more collectedly by the next post—and endeavour to make the best of this painful occurrence by rousing myself up to my *immediate* Duty For I must not blacken myself Idle I have not been absolutely—but willing to exert energy in any thing, only not that which the Duty of the Day demanded.

May God bless you my dear Madam ¹ and make even this a blessing to me

S T COLERIDGE.

Of course this is not meant as an answer to your kind Letter. In that answer, I must be permitted to write as tho' nothing had happened, that is, as tho' I had read and answered the Letter at the moment—but the feeling, the recollection will never die

¹ Sir Martin Archer Shee (1769-1850) the portrait painter, in 1807 aided in the foundation of the British Institution

LETTER 214

To WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, *Grasmere*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge Scott's *Lady of the Lake* appeared in May, 1810, this letter, which has no beginning, must have been written two or three months afterwards Coleridge was apparently with his family at Keswick Cf *Life*, 177]

[*Summer*, 1810]

I am sending Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, having had it on my table week after week till it cried shame to me for not opening it—But truly as far as I can judge from the first 98 pages my reluctance was not unprophetic—Merciful Apollo! what an easy pace dost thou jog on with thy unspurred yet unpinioned Pegasus! The movement of the Poem (which is written with exception of a multitude of Songs in regular 8 syllable iambics) is between a sleeping canter and a market woman's trot—but it is endless—I seem never to have made any way—I never remember a narrative poem in which I felt the sense of Progress so languid—There are (speaking of the first 90 pages) two or three pleasing Images—That of the Swan p 25¹—is the best—the following seems to me to demand something more for its introduction than a mere description for description's sake supplies—

With boughs that quaked at every breath!
Gray Birch and Aspen wept beneath,
Aloft the ash and warrior Oak
Cast anchor in the rifted Rock—²

I wish, there were more faults of this kind, if it be a *fault* yet I think if it had been a beauty, it would not have instantly struck a perplexed feeling in my mind, as it did, and continues to do—a doubt—I seem to feel that I could have used the metaphor, but not in that way, or without other images or feelings in line with it— That the *Lady of the Lake* is not without it's peccadillos against the 8th Commandment a la mode of Messieurs Scott and Campbell, this may suffice—

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of Earth in them than Heaven³

¹ *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto 1 xx 15-16

² *Ibid* 1 XII 11-14 ³ *Ibid* 11 XXII 1-2

In short, what I felt in Marmion I feel still more in the Lady of the Lake—viz—that a man accustomed to cast words in metre, and familiar with descriptive Poets and Tourists, himself a Picturesque Tourist, must be troubled with a mental strangury, if he could not lift up his leg six times at six different corners, and each time p—a canto—I should imagine that even Scott's warmest admirers must acknowledge and complain of the number of prosaic lines—*prose* in *polysyllables*, surely the worst of all prose for chivalrous Poetry—not to mention the liberty taken with our articles, and pron relatives, such as—

And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream
As faltered thro' terrific Dream
 Then Roderick plunged *in* sheath his sword,
 And veiled his wrath *in scornful word*
 "Rest safe, till morning!" Pity, were
 Such cheek should feel the midnight air
 Then may'st thou to James Stuart tell
 Roderick will keep the Lake and Fell,
 Nor lackey, with his freeborn Clan,
 *The pageant pomp of Earthly man!
 More would he of Clan Alpine know,
 Thou canst our strength and passes show—
 Malise, what ho!" his henchmen came—
 "Give our safe conduct to the Graeme!"
 Young Malcolm answered calm and bold,
 "Fear nothing for thy favourite hold—
 The spot an Angel¹ deigned to grace,
 Is blessed, *though robbers haunt the place*
 Thy churlish courtesy for those
 Reserve, who fear to be thy foes—
 As safe to me the mountain way
 At midnight, as in blaze of day,
 Tho' with his boldest at his back,
 Even Roderick Dhu *beset the track*!
 Brave Douglas—lovely Ellen—nay—
 Nought here of parting will I say—
 Earth does not hold a lonesome glen

* vide Wesley's hymn
 for the Armenian
 Methodist Church

What a thumping
 braggadocio this
 youthful lover is!

¹ "Ellen an angel means a beautiful young lady—I think I have met with the same thought *elsewhere*! and 'deigned to grace' NB she was residing there by compulsion, her father being under the wrath of King James" Note by S T C

So secret,¹ but we meet agen—
 Chieftain ! we too shall find an hour— ”
 He said, and left the sylvan bower—²

On my word, I have not *selected* this stanza I do not say that there are not many better, but I do affirm, that there are some worse, and that it is a fair specimen of the general style— But that you may not rely on my judgement I will transcribe the next stanza likewise, the 36th—

Old Allan followed to the Strand³
 (Such was the Douglas's command)
 And anxious told, how, on the morn,
 The stern Sir Roderick *deep had sworn*,
 The Fiery Cross should circle o'er
 Dale, Glen, and Valley, Down, and Moor—
 Much were the Peril to the Graeme
 From those, who to the signal came,
 Far up the lake 'twere *safest land*,
 Himself would row him to the Strand—
 He gave his counsel to the wind,
 While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,
 Round Dirk and Pouch and broad sword rolled,
 His ample plaid in tightened *fold*,
 And stripped his limbs *to such array*
 As best might suit the watery way—
 Then spoke abrupt, “farewell to thee,
 Pattern of old Fidelity ! ”
 The minstrel's hand he kindly prest,—
 “ O ! could I *point a place* of rest ! ”
 My Sovereign holds in ward my land,
 My uncle leads my vassal band,
 To tame his foes, his friends to aid,
 Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade ”—⁴

¹ “ S has been called the Caledonian comet, but comets move in ellipses—and this is doubtless a most eccentric ellipse, which would frighten Priscian— ” Note by S T C

² *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto II xxxv 3-32

³ “ A miserable copy of [Gray's] the Bard—Allan too has a *prophetic Dream*, and what is it ? The very ancient story to be met with in all books of second sight, that a Gentleman travelling found a dinner prepared for him at a place where he had never been before, as related in Humphrey Clinker et passim ” Note by S T C

⁴ *Ibid*, Canto II xxxvi 1 to II xxxvii 8

Poor Malcolm ! a hearty Blade that I will say for him—The Poem commences with the poorest Paraphrase-Parody of the Hart Leap Well ¹—I will add but one extract more as an instance of the Poet's care for lyric harmony—Observe this a poem of the dark ages, and admire with me the felicity of aiding the imagination in its flight into the ages past, and oblivion of the present by—God Save the King ! and other savory descants—

Boat Song (Canto 2-19, p 69)

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances,
Honoured and blest be the evergreen Pine !
Long may the Tree in his banner that glances,
Flourish the shelter and grace of our line !
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon and broadly to grow,
While every highland glen
Sends our shouts back agen,
Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! *teroe* ! ²

Now, that will tell ! that last Gaelic line is “ a damned hard Hit ”—as Reynolds said of a passage in King Lear—I suppose, there is some untranslatable Beauty in the Gaelic words, which has preserved this one line in each stanza unenglished, even as the old Popish Translators left the Latin words and phrases of the Vulgate sticking, like raisins in a pudding, in the English Text—

In short my dear William !—it is time to write a Recipe for Poems of this sort—(I amused myself a day or two ago on reading a Romance in Mrs Radcliffe's style with making out a scheme, which was to serve for all romances a priori - only varying the proportions)—a Baron or Baroness ignorant of their Birth, and in some dependent situation—Castle - on a Rock—a Sepulchre at some distance from the Rock - Deserted Rooms—underground Passages—Pictures—a Ghost, so believed—or—a written record—blood on it ! A wonderful cut-throat etc , etc , etc Now I say, it is time to make

¹ Cf *Poetical Works of William Wordsworth* (Oxford), 200-203

² *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto 11 xix

out the component parts of the Scottish Minstrelsy—The first Business must be, a vast string of Patronymics, and names of Mountains, Rivers, etc—the most commonplace imagery the Bard gave look almost as well as new by the introduction of Benvoirlich, Namvar, or copse-wood Gray that *moaned* (?) and *wept* on *Loch Achray* and mingled with the pine-trees *blue* on the bold cliffs of Ben Venue—

How should the Poet e'er give o'er,
With his eye *fixed* on Cambusmore—
Need reins be tightened in Despair,
When rose Benledis' crest *in air*
Tho' not one image grace the Heath,
It gain such charm from flooded Teith—
Besides, you need not travel far,
To reach the Lake of Vennachar—
Or *ponder* *refuge* from your Toil
By far Lochard or Aberfoil !¹

Secondly all the nomenclature of Gothic architecture, of Heraldry, of Arms, of Hunting and Falconry—these possess the same power of reviving the caput mortuum and rust of old imagery—besides, they will stand by themselves, stout substantives, if only they are strung together, and some attention is paid to the sound of the words—for no one attempts to understand the meaning, which indeed would snap the charm—3, some pathetic moralizing on old times, or anything else, for the head and tail pieces—with a *Bard* (that is absolutely necessary) and Songs of course— For the rest, whatever suits Mrs Radcliffe, i e in the Fable, and the Dramatis Personae will do for the Poem—with this advantage, that however threadbare in the Romance shelves of the circulating Library it is to be taken as quite new as soon as told in rhyme—it need not be half as interesting—and the Ghost may be a Ghost, or may be explained—or both may take place in the same poem— Then the Poet not only may but must mix all dialects of all ages—and all styles from Dr Robertson's to the Babes in the Wood—

I have read only two cantos out of six—it is not that it

¹ These lines are of course a parody on Scott Cf *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto i v and vi

would be any act of self denial to send you the Poem, neither is it for the pain which, I own, I should feel, and shrink *at* but not *from* of asking Southey to permit me to send it—that I do not send you the Poem today—but because I think, you would not wish me to ask Southey, who perhaps would refuse, and certainly would grant it with reluctance and fear—and because I take for granted that you will have a copy sent you shortly

I send the Brazil¹ which has both entertained and instructed me—The Kehama² is expected—

May God bless you ! I am envious to see the Babe , but long more anxiously to see little Catherine—³

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 215

To JOHN RICKMAN

[Original letter, Huntington Library After concluding with the *Friend*, in March 1810, Coleridge apparently returned home to Keswick, where he remained most of the time until October 1810, when he went up to London with Basil Montagu Soon after his arrival in London, he took up his residence with the Morgans at Hammersmith]

No 7, Portland Place, Hammersmith
November 14, 1810

MY DEAR SIR

The Report of the Bullion Committee was sent down to me at Keswick and either was lost on the road or missed me—and it is now out of print and not to be bought I am at present writing on the Subject in opposition to these Scholars of the *Edinburgh Review*, and cannot get on without it Now I hope, you may have it in your power to lend it me or to procure me the loan of it You may depend on it's being returned to you within ten days—and at the same time if you happen to have the last 15 or 20 Numbers of Cobbett, and will entrust them to me for the same time, I shall have all I want

¹ Southey's *History of Brazil*, 1810-1819

² Southey's *The Curse of Kehama*, 1810

³ Little Catherine Wordsworth had been ill See *Letters*, II 563

Indeed—you are no friend to *civil* speeches—but indeed I was very much vexed that I was forced off from our Mountains so as to cross you on the road—for I had promised myself to have taken (perhaps my last) climb up Skiddaw with you and dear Southey His History in the *Ed Ann Register* does him credit—does it not ? Damn the *Edinburgh* in the title-page—it is an honor, that that Pandemonium of Impudence, Vanity, Envy and Ignorance in that it's worst shape, Sciolism, had no right to

Should you be able to lend me the above books, especially the Report, will you be so good as to have them left for me at the *Courier* office I would have called myself at your house, but for the fear of interrupting you even for a moment at so busy a time

Believe me, dear Sir,
With perfect respect Your obliged
S T COLERIDGE

I am at present at No 7, Portland Place, Hammersmith, but mean to take lodgings as soon as I have fixed on a medical man Do you happen to know any one who is intimate with Mr Abernethie ?¹ and who would introduce me so as to secure me a little attention ? You may fancy yourself in Ireland again from such a sorites of Requests, one atop of another—

Best Compliments to Miss Rickman

¹ Presumably Coleridge refers to John Abernethy (1764-1831), who was at this time assistant-surgeon at St Bartholomew's Hospital

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LETTER 216

To HENRY CRABB ROBINSON, 59 *Hatton Garden*

[Original letter, Dr Williams's Library Published in part, *Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson* (Thomas Sadler), 1872 (third edition), 1 187-189 Sadler omits portions of this beautiful letter, as for instance, the name of Wordsworth in the passage on love, the tribute to Mrs Clarkson, as well as part of the discussion of *Amatonda*]

32 *Southampton Buildings*,
[March, 1811]

I have to thank you, my dear Robinson ¹ for the pleasure, I have enjoyed in the perusal of Anton Wall's delightful Tale ¹ I read it first with my eyes only, and only for myself—but the second time aloud and to two amiable women, and both times I felt myself in the embrace of the Fairy *Amatonda* The German *Recensent* has noticed as a defect and an oversight what I regard as one of the capital Beauties of this Work, and thus convinced me that for Reviewers the world over and for Readers whose Intellects are commensurate with theirs', an Author must write under his best conceptions This is excellent and I mean so and so by it even as to the *bodily* dim-sighted, Apelles himself might be under the necessity of saying, This is a Sheep—and this is a Woman I allude to the omission of Murad I recollect no fairy tale with so just and fair Moral as this of Anton Wall's Virtue itself, tho' joined with outward competence, cannot give that happiness which *contents* the human heart, without Love, but *Love* is impossible without Virtue Love, true human Love—i.e. two hearts, like two correspondent concave Mirrors, having a common focus, while each reflects and magnifies the other, and in the other itself, is an endless reduplication, by sweet Thoughts and Sympathies. Now Hassan finds content at the outset—in Beneficence, (the emancipation of his Slave) the social sense (his household henceforward contains only affectionate friends and fellow-labourers) local attachment, cheerful Industry—and lastly, virtuous *Love* *Him* *Amatonda* kisses thrice in the first week

¹ *Amatonda, a Tale from the German of Anton Wall* (translated by Robinson), 1811.

of his pursuit Solmar and Selim wander ten years in the pursuit, they are, however, *often* most *honorably*, *always innocently* employed—their hearts remain pure, and they *merit* their Biribi and Tarbuna—But Murad sets out on a vile pursuit, and continues it by vile means—He marries a woman, he does not love—neglects her—is a debauchee and a systematic flatterer—he would “die of ennui” at Beitul Salam—but *cuique sua praemia*—*his* industry was to wealth, as means to their material ends—and such pleasure, as Wealth and a city Life can confer, let Murad enjoy! What a frightful Incongruity would it not have been, if an Amina had been awarded to the ministerial Shahs of the governing Sultanas!—Defects however there must be in all mortal works From Hassan’s watching of Algol’s countenance, we of necessity anticipate some wicked purpose—as well as from the ¹ in his adversity—but no such Thing appears—the fairy Amatonda meets those who deserve her Algol allegorizes the Hopes and Wishes of the Youthful Imagination, which, like Dreams, betoken or betray the innate moral character, out of which they proceed For all prophecies are the first effects of some Agent, whose presence is not yet seen as I have heard a friend calling to me by the echoes of his voice among our rocks in Cumberland, before I heard the voice itself or saw *him* Perhaps, I may be as dull in this as the Reviewer was in his objection, but I cannot help conjecturing, that Wall in the first floating plan of his Work had intended to have introduced Algol again—and his not having done so seems to me almost as great a fault, as if a character of consequence was to disappear in the first Act of a Tragedy

Secondly, instead of admiring the scanty portion of the supernatural in the Tale, I think this the only important Fault in it’s construction Neither the Hair Girdle, the Ring, the Sword, or the gold pen do any thing which might not have been done without them, or in any way carry on the Story Nay, in Solmar’s case, it is worse than nothing—it is *privative* and not merely negative—for as far as it is recol-

¹ MS illegible

lected, it detracts from Solmar's courage and like enchanted women, which the Knights of Chivalry foresware, blends cowardice with valour The best of it is, that one does not recollect it

Thirdly (bless us ! here's one of James the first's subdivided chaplains resurgent in the shape of a Reviewer !) Thirdly, and (a word of comfort !) Lastly—I do not understand the meaning of the four Houris, and the untasted Banquets in the Magician's Palace I have tried, over and over again, to make out some allegorical Substrate, but really have been able to find nothing but a French Hamiltino-Voltairish Cantharidine, grossly inconsistent with the character of Hassan, whose Love for Amina is beautifully described as having had a *foundation* from early Childhood—and this I many years ago planned as the subject-matter of a poem, viz —long and deep affection suddenly, in one moment, flash-transmitted into *Love* In short, I believe, that *Love* (as distinguished both from Lust and from that habitual attachment which may include many Objects, diversifying itself by *degrees* only) that that *Feeling* (or whatever it may be more aptly called) that specific mode of Being, which one Object only can possess, and possesses totally, is always the abrupt creation of a moment—tho' years of *Dawning* may have preceded I said *Dawning*, for often as I have watched the Sun-rising, from the thinning, diluting Blue to the Whitening, to the fawn-coloured, the pink, the crimson, the glory, yet still the Sun itself has always *started* up, out of the Horizon ! between the brightest Hues of the Dawn and the first Rim of the Sun itself there is a *chasm*—all before were Differences of Degrees, passing and dissolving into each other—but there is a difference of *Kind*—a chasm of Kind in a continuity of Time And as no man, who had never watched for the rise of the Sun, could understand what I mean, so can no man who has not been in Love, understand what Love is, tho' he will be sure to imagine and believe, that he does. Thus, Wordsworth is by nature incapable of being in Love, tho' no man more tenderly attached—hence he ridicules the existence of any other passion, than a com-

pound of Lust with Esteem and Friendship, confined to one Object, first by accidents of association, and permanently, by the force of Habit and a sense of Duty Now this will do very well—it will suffice to make a good Husband—it may be even desirable (if the largest sum of easy and pleasurable sensations in this Life be the right aim and end of human Wisdom) that we should have this, and no more—but still it is not *Love*—and there is such a passion, as Love—which is no more a compound, than Oxygen, tho' like Oxygen, it has an almost universal affinity, and a long and finely graduated Scale of elective attractions It combines with Lust—but how ? Does Lust call forth or occasion Love ? Just as much as the reek of the Marsh calls up the Sun The sun calls up the vapour—attenuates, lifts it—it becomes a cloud—and now it is the Veil of the Divinity—the Divinity transpiercing it at once hides and declares his presence We *see*, we are conscious of *Light* alone, but it is Light embodied in the earthly nature, which that Light itself awoke and sublimated What is the Body, but the fixture of the mind ? the stereotype Impression ? Arbitrary are the Symbols—yet Symbols they are Is Terror in my Soul—my Heart beats against my side—Is Grief ? *Tears* form in my eyes In her homely way the Body tries to interpret all the movements of the Soul Shall it not then imitate and symbolize that divinest movement of a *finite* Spirit—the yearning to compleat itself by Union ? Is there not a Sex in Souls ? We have all eyes, cheeks, Lips—but in a lovely woman are not the eyes womanly—yea, every form, in every motion, of her whole frame *womanly* ? Were there not an Identity in the Substance, man and woman might *join*, but they could never *unify*—were there not throughout, in body and in soul, a corresponding and adapted Difference, there might be addition, but there could be no combination One *and one* = 2 ; but one cannot be multiplied into one $1 \times 1 = 1$ At best, it would be an idle echo, the same thing needlessly repeated—as the Idiot told the Clock—one, one, one etc

It has just come into my head, that this Scrawl is very much

in the Style of Jean Paul I have not however as yet looked into the Books, you were so kind as to leave with me—further than to see the Title page If you do not want it, for some time, I should be glad to keep it by me—while I read the original works themselves— I pray you, procure them for me—week by week—and I will promise you most carefully to return them, you allowing me three days for two Volumes I am very anxious to have them—and shall fill one volume of the *Omniana*¹ with the extracts, quoting your criticism as my Introduction—only instead of the shelves or steps I must put the Ladder of a Library—or whatever name those moveable Steps are called which one meets with in all well-furnished Libraries—

I have been extremely unwell—and am indeed—tho' rather better George Burnet's Death—told too abruptly, and in truth exaggerated, overset my dear, most dear and most excellent Friend and Heart's Sister, Mary Lamb—and her Illness has almost overset me—Troubles, God knows¹ have thronged upon me—Alas¹ alas¹ all my dearest Friends I have of late either suffered *from*, or suffered *for*² 'Tis a cruel sort of World we live in¹

God bless you

and

Your's with affectionate Esteem,

S T COLERIDGE

¹ *Omniana or Horae Otiosiores* (1812) was the joint production of Coleridge and Southey, Coleridge contributing 45 articles

² On October 29, 1810, Montagu had repeated in a very exaggerated manner, Wordsworth's caution about the difficulty of keeping Coleridge as a housemate Wordsworth's remarks (expressed in confidence) were made with the best of intentions Coleridge and the Montagus were setting off for London, where Coleridge was to be the Montagus' guest, and Wordsworth foresaw a rupture between them Coleridge was stunned by the intelligence, believing that Wordsworth had deserted him The quarrel lasted nearly two years, when through the good offices of Crabb Robinson, a reconciliation was arranged, but the old association could never again be renewed The loss of intimacy with Wordsworth helped to plunge Coleridge into the slough of despair, from which he was finally rescued by the Gillmans For fuller accounts of the quarrel, see *Life*, 179-180, *William Wordsworth His Life, Works and Influence*, G M Harper, 1929, 495-501, *The Life of William Wordsworth*, W Knight, 1889, II 168-187.

P S I began with the Scrap of Paper—meaning only to write half a score Lines—and now I have written enough for half a dozen Letters, unnecessarily—when to have written a half a dozen Claimants is a moral (would it were a physical) necessity But moral obligation is to me so very strong a Stimulant that in 9 cases out of ten it acts as a Narcotic The Blow that should rouse, *stuns* me

Do not forget whenever you write to Bury, to recall my name to Mrs Clarkson May God eternally bless her ! To feel, not only how *much*, but *how* I love and esteem her, reconciles me to my own nature, when I am least contented with it Had she been my Sister, I should have been a great man (Excuse a vanity which struggles forth out of the pangs of Humility) But I have never—had any one, in whose Heart and House I could be an Inmate, who loved me enough to take pride and joy in the efforts of my power, being at the same time so by me beloved as to have an influence over my mind And I am too weak to do my Duty for the Duty's Sake All honorable Things would be dear to me, if they were only Lovely—as reputation, fame, competence, Health of Mind and Body—but then in order to become lovely to me, I must be able to think of them as adding to the happiness of some other Being who found her happiness in mine—and under whatever name that might be, with all the duties belonging to that name, Wife or Sister, I know that I could not only be content, but be happy I never saw a woman yet, whom I could so imagine to have been of one parent with me at my Birth, as Catharine Clarkson She has all that is good in me, and all that is innocent in the peculiarizing parts of my nature Would to God ! I had what she has besides—and which I have not—her Sacred *Magnanimity* !

LETTER 217

To DANIEL STUART, 36 Brompton Row, Knightsbridge, London

[Original letter, British Museum. Privately printed in part, *Letters from the Lake Poets*, 1889, 189-192, the latter part of this letter was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1838]

Sunday morning,
[April, 1811]

DEAR STUART

I arrived safe at my lodgings about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12, but I have suffered, as I deserved, most severely for my Intemperance. So well too as I was becoming, I can scarce pardon myself for my Incaution, the ground of it all is that vile custom of drinking to each other during dinner, which not only makes a modest and heedless man's inclinations dependent on the habits, or intended civilities and complimentary respects of every one of his fellow-guests, but is, I am persuaded, absolute poison to the whole digestive system. How indeed should Nature withstand two violent actions at the same time, that of the Food on the secretory vessels and that of hot digestive stimuli on all the nerves of the stomach! Besides, how much more cheerful, with what cool and broad-awake Hilarity, our Fathers used to take their first bumper of Port, after the Cloth was removed! The presence of the women too for the first half hour made the bottle circulate very slowly, so that the primitiae and most important part of Digestion was performed under the assistance of two or three glasses and of easy leisurely chat and mirth, before the Drinking set in. Whereas now, a man is flustered by the violent processes going on in his stomach; and tho' we drink less wine than formerly, what we drink injures us more. "When the Devil was sick," he amused himself with writing sermons. And the fact is, that till yesterday I have not been able to keep any thing on my stomach, with such confusion in the feeling of my Skull and Forehead, but not in my thoughts whenever I bent down to write, as rendered me incapable of writing any thing to any purpose. I vow to God, and I pray, God help me to

keep the vow, that I never hereafter will drink a single glass of wine during dinner, except in case of sudden faintness when I should have drank it as a medicine at any other time. Perfect Health I do not expect ever to have, but experience has convinced me, and I shall act most criminally if I rebel against it, that by getting up early, by an entire abstinence from Spirits on all ordinary occasions and by living in a family where my social affections are kept alive,¹ that I may henceforward and for some years enjoy such a portion of Health as will enable me to perform all my literary Duties quietly and systematically. The quickness, with which I pass from illness into my best state of Health, is astonishing, and makes me think it impossible, that I should have been so ill, the day or two before, but this child-like suddenness of convalescence is, I believe, symptomatic of those whose complaints arise from weakness and inability of the Bowels, and who have at the same time more power of the nervous, than strength of the muscular, system.

So much for the Past! For the present and future I wish most anxiously to have your advice and assistance. I must commence by telling you, great a weakness as it must appear, that so deep and so rankling is the wound, which Wordsworth has wantonly and without the slightest provocation inflicted in return for 15 years' most enthusiastic self-despising and alas! self-injuring Friendship, (for as to his wretched agents, the Montagus, Carlisles, Knapps, etc., I despise them too much to be seriously hurt by any thing, they for themselves can say or do) that I cannot return to Grasmere or it's vicinity—where I must often see and always be reminded of him. Every man must take the measure of his own strength. I may, I do, regret my want of fortitude, but so it is, that incurable depression of Spirits, Brooding, Indolence, Dependence, thence Pains and nightly Horrors, and thence the Devil and all his Imps to get rid of them or rather to keep them just at arm's-length, would be infallibly the result. Even to have any thought of Wordsworth,

¹ From the late autumn of 1810, Coleridge had been domesticated with the Morgans

while writing these lines, has, I feel, fluttered and disordered my whole Inside On the other hand, to live by myself would be almost equally dangerous I have however an alternative in my power if only I can procure any regular situation, which might employ me and my pen from 9 till 2—5 or even 6 days a week—in this case, I could settle myself with comfort to my own feelings and with perfect propriety, as a member of Morgan's Family In this letter I address you, dear Stuart, in a twofold character—first, as my Friend, and secondly, as I would any other person—Perry or Walter As the former, I am sure you will give me the best advice in your power, but in the latter character I wish nothing but the mere fact of advantage or disadvantage, convenience or inconvenience, relatively to yourself But it struck me, that by devoting myself for the next half-year to the *Courier*,¹ as a regular Duty, I might prove useful to the Paper as, if it were desirable, I could be at the office every morning by $\frac{1}{2}$ -past 9, to read over all the morning Papers, etc, and point out whatever seemed valuable to Mr Street, that I might occasionally write the leading Paragraph when he might wish to go into the City, or to the Public offices—and besides this, I would carry on a series of articles, a column and a half or two columns each, independent of small paragraphs, poems, etc, as would fill whatever room there was in the *Courier*, whenever there was room In short, I would regularly furnish six columns to Mr Street which he might suffer to accumulate in busy times I have thought, that this might perhaps be pleasing to Mr Street as I should have no pretence to any controll or Intermeddlement', but merely during a certain space of time be in part, his assistant, and in part, a political writer in the service of the Paper Should the Plan seem feasible to you in itself, and your objections rest chiefly on your fears as to my steadiness, I can only say—Give me a month's Trial²

¹ Coleridge contributed extensively to the *Courier* from April to September, 1811 See *Essays on His Own Times*, 1850, iii 733-938

² Hall Caine draws a pathetic picture of Coleridge at this time, which will bear quotation here "Penniless, broken-spirited, and now at forty a grey-haired man, Coleridge, the dreamer of great dreams, the author of

I am very uneasy about the payment of my Annuity Assurance—even in London there is far more owing to me than that amounts to—and this I doubt not, I shall be able to collect as soon as my mind is once at ease, and anything is but settled Besides, as soon as Southey brings up my manuscripts, I am sure of being able to sell them for more or less But I am interrupted I hope to see you to-morrow morning, either at Brompton, or at the Courier Office God bless you and

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 218

To DANIEL STUART, 36 Brompton Row, Brompton

[Original letter, British Museum Privately printed in part, *Letters from the Lake Poets*, 1889, 192-195, printed in part in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1838]

7, Portland Place, Hammersmith
Sunday, May 5, 1811

DEAR STUART

I called on Mr Street, stated and particularized my proposal, and found a full, and in all appearance, a warm, assent I told him, that I had previously spoken to you, not as ignorant that the choice and decision would of course rest on him, as the acting Partner, and who would suffer all the annoyance from the possible irregularity or unquiet temper of any *Employé* in your joint service, but merely as a mode of applying to him He expressed himself highly pleased both at the thought of my assistance in general, and with the specific plan of assistance—and there was no doubt, he said, it would be of great service to the Paper I answered, that I hoped, it would prove no disservice, but that I calculated more on the relief, which, I trusted, he would receive from my attendance, and on the ease of mind which the certainty of having an honest and zealous Vice-gerent would afford

'The Ancient Mariner' and of 'Christabel,' betook himself once more to his friend, Stuart, the part-proprietor of *The Courier* He was too eager for employment to make any stipulation as to terms, and he began his work forthwith" *Life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, 1887, 120-121

him, in case, sickness, or other unforeseen accidents should keep him away from the immediate superintendence of the Courier, for two or three days of weeks As to weekly Salary, he said nothing and I said nothing except that he would talk with you, and there was no doubt, that all this would be settled to our mutual satisfaction

I shall, therefore, unless I hear to the contrary, commence my attendance to-morrow at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 not that I could not or would not come earlier, the weather permitting, but because the Stage passes Portland Place at 20 minutes after 7, and it is well to mention the latest time as the regular one

I have written to Keswick to calm Mrs Coleridge's inquietudes concerning the Annuity and at the same time to order my *MSS* up, and the 100 sets of the *Friend*—I found Longman willing enough to make a Jew Bargain with me for a Volume of Poems, which I acceded to from the same coercive logic which convinced the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, a fellow for whom from the time, I first read of him in *Shakespear*, I have entertained a singular affection, little as I know of himself or his family As to the *Friend*,¹ however, he hung back, and croaked wofully about periodical Publications—now quite a Drug, etc, etc, and how much more advisable it would be for me to publish in Volumes Aye, doubtless—saving and excepting the two poor monosyllables "*for me*" —*for him* it is evident, who would give me a 100*£* for the Copyright of a Work, from which paying all expenses, copyright purchase included, he would clear another 100*£* at least, by the first Edition But great as my affection may be for the Angels of Paternoster Row, that sit in the appropriate shape of Cormorants on the Tree of Knowledge, I am selfish enough to have a still greater for S T C and his three little ones I shall, therefore, finish off the next number of the *Friend*, which will contain a full detail of the Plan of a monthly work, including the *Friend* continued with a full catalogue of the chapters, of the subjects to be investigated in the philosophical (i.e. metaphysical,

¹ Coleridge here refers to the first edition of the *Friend* (as a book) which was eventually published by Gale and Curtis in 1812

moral and religious) and the literary departments of the work With this, which I will first shew you, I shall call on Baldwin, who some time ago proposed the thing to me of his own accord As soon as this can be settled, I shall then begin to collect the money due to me, and be able to repay you my more recent obligations

I called in Brompton Row yesterday, a few minutes after you had left your House—henceforward, the afternoons and evenings I shall be at Hammersmith

Believe me, dear Stuart, with grateful and affectionate esteem, your sincere Friend,

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 219

To JOHN RICKMAN

[Original letter, Huntington Library Published, *Life and Letters of John Rickman*, Orlo Williams, 1911, 156-157]

Saturday Noon,
[October, 1811]

DEAR SIR

On Tuesday next Mr Morgan and myself will avail ourselves of your kind invitation I was (and am) in town on the arrival of your letter—and have this moment received it My business has been to bring about a Lecture Scheme—the Prospectus¹ of which I shall be able to bring with me on Tuesday On the subject of dining with Lamb I had a long conversation with him yester-evening—and only blame myself, that having long felt the deepest convictions of the vital importance of his not being visited till after 8 o'clock, and this too, rarely except on his open night, I should yet have been led to take my friend M there, at dinner, at his proposal, out of a foolish delicacy in telling him the plain truth—that *it must not be done* I am right glad, that something effective is now done—tho' permit me to say to you in

¹ The prospectus mentioned here was issued before the end of October 1811 (*Life*, 184), hence this letter was probably written during October The lecture course "on Shakespear and Milton in illustration of the Principles of Poetry, and their application as grounds of Criticism to the most popular works of later English Poets, those of the living included," lasted from November 18, 1811, to January 27, 1812

confidence, that as long as Hazlitt remains in town I dare not expect any amendment in Lamb's Health, unless luckily H should grow moody and take offence at being desired not to come till 8 o'clock¹ It is seldom indeed, that I am with Lamb more than once in the week—and when at Hammersmith, most often not once in a fortnight—and yet I see what Harm has been done even by me—what then if Hazlitt—as probably he will—is with him 5 evenings in the Seven ? Were it possible to wean C L from the Pipe, other things would follow with comparative ease for till he gets a Pipe, I have regularly observed that he is contented with Porter—and that the unconquerable Appetite for Spirit comes in with the Tobacco—the oil of which, especially in the gluttonous manner in which he *volcanises* it, acts as an instant Poison on his Stomach or Lungs

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your's with affectionate Esteem

S T COLERIDGE

P S I return to Hammersmith this evening—

LETTER 220

To JOHN J MORGAN, 7 Portland Place, Hammersmith

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge This sad letter was the result of Coleridge's ever-increasing despondency He had probably suddenly left the Morgans in a fit of self-condemnation He did, however, soon return to them On May 4, 1812, Coleridge, writing to Wordsworth, says of Morgan " With whom I have been with the exception of a few intervals when, from the bitter consciousness of my own infirmities and increasing irregularity of temper, I took lodgings, against his will, and was always by his zealous friendship brought back again If it be allowed to call any one on earth Saviour, Morgan and his family have been my Saviours, body and soul " *Letters*, II 591-592]

Saturday Night,

[*Postmark, October 15, 1811*]

DEAR MORGAN

On the Tuesday night after I had returned from Mr. Godwin's and his party of Mr Curran, his daughter and

¹ The animosity between Coleridge and Hazlitt, which seems to be suggested here, culminated in Hazlitt's savage reviews of Coleridge in the *Examiner*, and elsewhere

Peter Pindar, I found a letter or rather a letter found me, in addition to one received before It is no odds what Suffice it was such as made me desirous not to see you for I knew I must either tell you falsehoods which would answer no end, could I have endured to tell a deliberate falsehood, and if I had told you the truth it would probably have made you restless to attempt for me what you could not do with prudence or justice to yourself, and what at all events, I could not have received from you That this my disappearance from you, will have afforded sign and seal to all the unfavourable judgements prompted by feelings of ¹ *contempt* which, Heaven knows how I have excited for the last 8 months or more in your wife and sister I am well aware I say Heaven knows how I because I cannot torture my memory into a recollection of a single moment in which I ever spoke, thought wished or felt anything that was not consistent with the most fondly cherished esteem and a personal and affectionate predilection for them, rendered worthy to my own thoughts by a sense of gratitude I dare affirm that few men have ever felt or regretted their own infirmities more deeply than myself—they have in truth *preyed* too deeply on my mind, and the hauntings of regret have injured me more than the things to be regretted Yet such as I am, such was I, when I was first under your hospitable roof—and such, unfortunately when I revisited you at Portland Place But so it is Our feelings govern our notions Love a man and his talking shall be eloquence—dislike him, and the same thing becomes preaching His quickness of Feeling and the starting Tear, shall be at one time natural sensibility—for the Tears swelled into his eye not for his own pains, or misfortunes, but either for others or for some wound from unkindness—the same at another time—shall be loathsome maudlin unmanliness Activity of thought, scattering itself in jests, puns, and sportive nonsense, shall in the bud and blossom of acquaintanceship be amiable playfulness and met or anticipated by a laugh or correspondent jest, in the wane²

¹ MS erased.² MS erased

of friendship an object of disgust and a ground of warning to those better-beloved *not to get into that way* Such, however, is life Some few may find their happiness out of themselves in the regard and sympathy of others, but most are driven back by repeated disappointments into themselves, there to find tranquillity, or (too often) sottish Despondency There are not those Beings on earth who can truly say that having professed affection for them, I ever either did or spoke unkindly or unjustly of them—would to heaven—the same thing was true of the Wordsworth family towards me My present distracting difficulties which have disenabled me from doing what might have alleviated them, I must get thro' or sink under, as it may happen Some consolation—nay, a great consolation—it is that they have not fallen on me thro' any vice, any extravagance or self-indulgence, but only from having imprudently hoped too highly of men—that if I had been treated with common tradesmanlike honesty by those, with whom (ignorantly blending the author with the publisher) I had traded—or with common humanity by a *Mæcenas*¹ worth £50,000 who yet knows I have not received back—what he lent me on the prospect of my receiving in money what I sent out in paper and stamps This could not have been Meantime what with those clamorous letters from — [sic] and what with the never-closing festering wound of Wordsworth and his family, and other aggravations Fortune seems to be playing “more sacks on the Mill” with me—and who in the agonies of suffocation would not wish to breathe no more rather than to have his breath stifled?²

I pray you, send my books and other *paucities* directed to No 6, Southampton Buildings—for thither I have gotten—As to seeing you, if I could give comfort to you by receiving it from you, I would request it, but that is out of the question

¹ Another unjust allusion to Stuart

² This shows how deeply Coleridge felt the break with the Wordsworths. Years later he wrote Allsop of the Friendship of fifteen years bursting like a bubble, “But the Grief did not vanish with it, nor the love which was the stuff and vitality of the grief” *Letters, Conversations and Recollections of S T Coleridge*, 1864, 199.

—Therefore think of me as one deceased who *had been* your sincere friend

• S T COLERIDGE

Burn this after you have read it

Private If I get thro' these difficulties (and that done I doubt not that tranquillity of mind will enable me to mend all the rest) it will be my first desire to meet you Till then what is the use of it? Pray send the books etc—for something I must make up in a hurry—for I have tried in vain to compose anything anew To transcribe is the utmost in my power

LETTER 221

To HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

[Original letter, Dr Williams's Library Published in part, *Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the English Romantic School*, A Brandl, 1887, 323]

[Endorsed, November 18, 1811]

MY DEAR ROBINSON

1

A Digression this was—and now to business Stuart seemed to wonder at Walter's² making any thing of a favor of inserting in the tomorrow's Times an account of the Lecture at this dead Time of the year, and added, that if a Birthday Entertainment had permitted him to be present, he would have written a paragraph of 20 or 30 lines, sent it to Walter with his Compliments, and should have been surprised as at a mark of unusual Discourtesy, if it had not been inserted—there being nothing political or personal in the Subject Much more than to me, who have always thought and written in the same Tone of Feeling with the Times, and when the chief Writer in it has sometimes quoted and very

¹ The first paragraph of this letter I have omitted because it deals with unpleasant details of illness, Coleridge gives a full account of an attack of constipation, purgatives, etc

² John Walter (1776-1847) was the proprietor of the *Times* Crabb Robinson tells us that about this time Coleridge was willing to transfer his services from the *Courier* to the *Times* See *Diary*, of Henry Crabb Robinson, Thomas Sadler, 1872, 1 177

often written in the exact spirit of Wordsworth's Pamphlet—and twice quoted sentences which I myself wrote The only prose Essay I have and which I fully determined to send to Mr Walter when I had polished the style a little, merely as a mark of my high Esteem for a Paper which I not only think incomparably the best Journal that is or has been in G Britain, but the only one which without impudence can dare call itself independent or impartial—and this I assuredly shall do still because the compliment was intended to *the Times* itself and was not personal But yet I do not quite like the notion of chaffering a work of my most serious thoughts, and of my inmost convictions against a compliment or disguised advertisement for the sake of *money*—tho' this is perfect purity in my feelings, compared with doing it from *Vanity* Heaven knows ! I never feel my Poverty so painful as when I see my name and a puff tacked to it, and know that I knew it beforehand

My Poverty and not my Will consenting—I am convinced, my dear R , you will do all you can for me— After the Lecture write about 20 lines—notice that it was not in etymologic severity a Lecture—fortho' the reasoning, the arrangement, the etc bore the clearest marks of long premeditation, yet the language, illustrations etc were as evidently the children of the Moment—in short, what strikes yourself ¹ A precious Recipe for a Puff !—O Jesus ! Embarrassment like misery, makes us bedfellows with strange Meannesses—but that my Soul will not allow herself to be so reviled, I should have said, businesses This paragraph should be in

¹ Coleridge realized only too well the haphazard nature of his lectures Crabb Robinson, writing to Mrs Clarkson says “ You will, I am sure, anticipate the way in which he will execute his lectures As evidences of splendid talent, original thought, and rare powers of expression and fancy, they are all his *admirers* can wish , but as a discharge of his undertaking, a fulfilment of his promise to the public, they give his *friends* great uneasiness As you express it, ‘ an enchanter's spell seems to be upon him,’ which takes from him the power of treating upon the only subject his hearers are anxious he should consider, while it leaves him infinite ability to riot and run wild on a variety of moral and religious themes

Instead of a lecture on a definite subject, we have an immethodical rhapsody, very delightful to you and me, and only offensive from the certainty that it may and ought to offend those who come with other expectations ” *Diary*, 1872, 1 183-184

in 'Tomorrow's Times, or not at all Doubtless, [it would] be of the greatest service to me— I brought the Essay with me and if you wish it will give it you, rude as it is, after the Lecture—

God bless you ! S T C —Pray, tell Mrs C —how I [am]

LETTER 222

To AN UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT

[Original letter, British Museum Published, *Coleridge's Shakespearean Criticism*, T M Raysor, 1930, ii 231-239 The letter is endorsed " Rough draft of a letter written to a man [unintelligible cipher] who offered to review W Scott's poems to his injury To have been copied and sent to Lord Byron " The letter is undated, but since Coleridge says the conversation with Mr Krusve took place " only last week ", and since he refers to the lecture on *Romeo and Juliet* (December 12, 1811), this letter must have been written between December 15 and 21, 1811]

[December, 1811]

SIR

As I am bound to thank you for your good-will, and the high opinion, you have been pleased to express of my Genius, so I ask in return that you should give me credit for perfect sincerity in the motives and feelings, which I shall assign for my inability to comply with your request

Excuse me, if I say that I have ever held parallelisms adduced in proof of plagiarism or even of intentional imitation, in the utmost contempt There are two kinds of Heads in the world of literature The one I would call, SPRINGS : the other, TANKS The latter class, habituated to receiving only, full or low, according to the state of it's Feeders, attach[es] no distinct notion to living production as contradistinguished from mechanical formation If they find a fine passage in Thomson, they refer it to Milton, if in Milton, to Euripides or Homer, and if in Homer, they take for granted it's pre-existence in the lost works of Linus or Musaeus It would seem as if it was a part of their creed, that all Thoughts are traditional, and that not only the Alphabet was revealed to Adam, but all that was ever written in it that was worth writing. But I come to the point I

can scarcely call myself an Acquaintance of Mr Walter Scott's, but I have met him twice or thrice in company. Those who hold that a man's nature is shewn in his Countenance would not need the confident assurance, which all his Friends and Acquaintances so unanimously give, that he is of the most frank and generous disposition, incapable of trick or concealment. The mere expression of his Features, and the Tones of his voice in conversation, independent of the matter, sufficiently attest the fervour and activity of his mind. The Proofs must be strong indeed, Sir¹ which could convince me that such a man could consciously make an unfair and selfish use of *any* manuscript that came by accident into his possession—least of all, one of a known Contemporary. What then are they, the Facts that are to weaken this presumption?

First, that the Fragment, entitled *Christabel*, was composed many *years*, and known and openly admired by Mr Scott some time, before the *publication* of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*¹ (For be pleased to observe, it is no part of the known *Fact* that the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, was not composed in part at least or at least *planned*, before Mr S had seen the Fragment in question.)

Secondly, that of those who had seen or heard the Fragment a large proportion were struck with certain lines the same or nearly the same in the *L L M*, with similar movements in the manner of narration and the arrangement of the Imagery, and lastly with that general resemblance which is express by the words—the one still reminded them of the other. Before I proceed to the arguments on the other side, I will examine these, and if I can rely on my own feelings at the present moment exactly as I would wish a friend of mine to do if I had been the fortunate author of the *Lay of the*

¹ In 1802 Stoddart (who had been entrusted with a MS copy of *Christabel* in 1800) recited *Christabel* to Scott. In 1805 the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was published, and Southey at once noted the resemblance in metre, etc., to Coleridge's poem. Scott acknowledged in 1830, in the Preface to his poems, his indebtedness to Coleridge. Cf. *Christabel* Edited by E H Coleridge, 1907, 44-45. Had Scott made his acknowledgment earlier he might have done much to increase the popularity of Coleridge's works.

Last Minstrel and the Marmion, and Mr W S the earlier writer of the Christabel

Now it must be obvious on the first calm reflection, that Mr W S could have had no previous intention of using the Christabel, from the very fact, which has furnished the main strength of the contrary presumption. For before the appearance of the Lay of the L M he not only mentioned the Christabel repeatedly to persons who had never before heard of it, not only praised it with warmth, but *recited* it. In order to evade or weaken this fact, we must make the arbitrary supposition, that he had not at that time planned his Poem as it now appears and that the purpose was formed in his mind afterwards, and while he was composing. A purpose, of course, implies consciousness. Now this again is rendered in the highest degree improbable by another of the Facts above stated, and by one too that has assuredly had no small share in occasioning the suspicion—the existence, I mean of a number of lines the same or nearly the same in both authors. I have not the Poems by me, but I distinctly remember, that the greater part consisted of phrases, such as Jesu Maria! shield thee well,¹ etc—which might have occurred to a score of writers who had been previously familiar with Poems and Romances written before the Reformation or translated from the Spanish—and the small Remainder contain nothing remarkable either in language, thought, feeling or imagery. From long disuse I cannot have the tenth part of the fluency in versification as Mr Scott or Southey have and yet I would undertake in a couple of Hours to alter every one of these lines or Couplets, without the least injury to the context, to retain the same meaning in words equally poetical and suitable, and yet entirely remove all the *appearance* of Likeness. And this, Sir! is what an intentional Plagiarist would have done. He would have *translated*, not transcribed.

If then there be any just ground for the Charge of “stolen feathers” (say rather, for an imitation of the mode of flying), it must be found in the supposed close likeness of the metre,

¹ Cf *Christabel*, 54 and 582, the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto 1 I 5

the *movements*, the way of relating an event, in short, in the general resemblance of the great Features, which have given to the Physiognomy of Mr W S s late Poems their marked originality, in the public Feeling Now that several persons, and those too persons of education, and liberal minds, at several times, and without any knowledge of each other's opinions, have been struck with this general resemblance, and have expressed themselves more or less strongly on the subject, I do not pretend to deny for it is a fact of my own knowledge But it would be most dishonorable in me if I did not add, that *if* I had framed my expectations exclusively by the opinions and assertions of others, those whose expressions were most limited, would have excited anticipations which my own after Perusal of the Lay of the Last Minstrel were far from verifying to my own mind But I will admit that of this neither I or Mr S are or can be the proper Judges A poet may be able to appreciate the merit of each particular Part of his own Poem as well, or (if he have a well-disciplined mind) better than any other can do, but of the *effect* of the whole as a whole, he cannot from the very nature of Things (from the fore-knowledge of each following part, from the parts having been written at different times, from the blending of the pleasures and dis gusts of composing with the composition itself, etc) have the same sensation, as the Reader or auditor to whom the whole is new and simultaneous The case must then be thus stated Put aside the fact of the previous acquaintance with the Christabel—suppose that no circumstances were known, that rendered it probable—would the resemblances in and of themselves have enforced, or at least have generally *suggested*, the suspicion that [the] later Poem was an intentional Imitation of the elder? In other words, is the general Likeness, or [anything] in the particular resemblances, such as a liberal and enlightened Reader could not with any probability consider, as the result of mere Coincidence between two writers of similar Pursuits, and (*argumenti causâ loquor*) of nearly equal Talent Coincidence is here used as a negative—not as implying, that the Likeness between the works is merely

accidental, the effect of chance, but as asserting that it is not the effect of imitation. Now how far Coincidence in this sense and under the supposed Conditions is possible, I can myself supply an instance, which happened at my lectures in Flower de Luce Court only last week, and the accuracy of which does not rely on *my* evidence only, but can be proved by the separate testimony of some hundred individuals—that is, by as many as have attended and retained any distinct recollection of my lectures at the Royal Institution or at Fetter Lane. After the close of my lecture on *Romeo and Juliet*,¹ a German gentleman, a Mr Bernard Krusve, introduced himself to me, and after some courteous Compliments said, “Were it not almost impossible, I must have believed that you had either heard or read, my countryman Schlegel’s lecture on this play, given at Vienna the principles, thought, and the very illustrations are so nearly the same. But the lectures were but just published as I left Germany,”² scarcely more than a week since, and the only two copies of the work in England I have reason to think, that I myself have brought over. One I retain the other is at Mr Boosey’s.”³ I replied that I had not even heard of these lectures, nor had indeed seen any work of Schlegel’s except a volume of Translations from Spanish Poetry,⁴ which the Baron Von Humboldt⁵ had lent me when I was at Rome—one piece of which, a translation of a Play of Calderon, I had compared with the original, and formed in consequence a high opinion of Schlegel’s Taste and Genius. A Friend standing by me added, This cannot be a question of Dates, Sir, for if the gentleman, whose name you have mentioned, first gave his lectures at Vienna in 1810, I can

¹ Coleridge refers to the eighth lecture (delivered on December 12, 1811) of the course given at Fetter Lane in 1811-1812.

² The section of Schlegel’s *Vorlesungen*, containing his lectures on English drama, was published in 1811.

³ Mr Boosey was a foreign bookseller who supplied Coleridge with a great many German philosophical works.

⁴ Schlegel’s *Spanisches Theater* was published in 1803.

⁵ Baron W von Humboldt was in 1806 the Prussian Minister at the Papal Court.

myself bear witness, that I heard Mr Coleridge deliver all the *substance* of to-night's lecture at the Royal Institution some years before The next morning, Mr Krusve called on me and made me a present of the book, and as much as the Resemblance of the L of L M fell below the anticipations which the accounts of others were calculated to excite, so much did this book transcend—not in one lecture, but in all the lectures that related to Shakespeare or to the stage in general, the Grounds, Train of Reasoning, etc, were different in language only—and often not even in that The Thoughts too were so far peculiar, that to the best of my knowledge they did not exist in any prior work of criticism Yet I was far more flattered, or to speak more truly, I was more confirmed, than surprise[d] For Schlegel and myself had both studied deeply and perseverantly the philosophy of Kant, the distinguishing feature of which [is] to treat every subject in reference to the operation of the mental Faculties, to which it specially appertains—and to commence by the cautious discrimination of what is essential, i e explicable by mere consideration of the Faculties in themselves, from what is empirical, i e the modifying or disturbing Forces of Time, Place, and Circumstances Suppose myself and Schlegel (my argument not my vanity, leads to these seeming Self-flatteries) nearly equal in natural powers, of similar pursuits and acquirements, and it is only necessary for both to have mastered the spirit of Kant's *Critique of the Judgment* to render it morally certain, that writing on the same subject we should draw the same conclusions by the same brains, from the same principles, write to one purpose and with one spirit

Now, Sir¹ apply this to Mr W Scott. If his Poem had been in any sense a borrowed thing, it's Elements likewise would surely be assumed, not nature. But no insect was ever more like in the color of it's skin and juices to the leaf, it fed on, than Scott's Muse is to Scott himself Habitually conversant with the antiquities of his Country, and of all Europe during the ruder periods of society, living as it were, in whatever is found in them imposing either to the Fancy

or interesting to the Feelings, passionately fond of natural Scenery, abundant in local anecdote, and besides learned in

“ all the antique scrolls of Faery land,
“ Processions, Tournaments, Spells, Chivalry ”—

in all languages, from Apuleius to “ Tam o’Shanter ”—how else or what else could he have been expected to write ? His Poems are evidently the indigenous Products of his mind and Habits

But I have wearied myself, and shall weary you I will only add that I have a volume of Poems now before me, compleately made up of gross plagiarisms from Akenside, Thomson, Bowles, Southey, and the Lyrical Ballads—it is curious to observe, how many artifices the poor author has used to disguise the theft, transpositions, dilutions, substitutions of Synonyms, etc , etc ,—and yet not the least resemblance to any one of the Poets whom he pillaged He who can catch the spirit of an original, has it already It will not [be] by Dates, that Posterity will judge of the originality of a Poem , but by the original spirit itself This is to be found neither in a Tale however interesting, which is but the Canvas , no, nor yet in the Fancy or the Imagery—which are but Forms and Colors—it is a subtle Spirit, all in each part, reconciling and unifying all Passion and Imagination are it’s *most* appropriate names , but even these say little—for it must be not merely Passion but poetic Passion, poetic Imagination

[No conclusion or signature]

LETTER 223

To HENRY CRABB ROBINSON, 56 *Hatton Garden, Holborn*

[Original letter, Historical Society of Pennsylvania "The lectures here spoken of were a series on Shakespear delivered with great applause from a few At one I saw Lord Byron muffled up" (Note on the original letter in the hand of H C Robinson)]

[*Postmark, December 28, 1811*]

MY DEAR SIR

I have not left the House this whole Christmas Week, fearful of increasing my stomach disposition—yet I am much perplexed and in need of good advice respecting the 5 lectures yet to come The advertisement on Monday Morning must be—"Monday Evening, 30 Decembr 1811—Mr Coleridge will deliver his eleventh Lecture on the English Historical Plays of Shakspeare with the characters of *Richard the Thurd* and *Falstaff*—etc as usual

Now this is a pretty *fistful* for one Lecture—What then of Lear, Othello, Macbeth, Hamlet—with all the characters as well as the Plays containing them—and my review of Johnson's Preface to Shakespere¹—*All, all*, in the 12th Lecture ? But if this be impossible, what is to become of Milton etc ? Had I not better on Monday at the close of my Lecture mention this difficulty—and put it to the choice of my audience whether I should finish Shakespere completely in 15 lectures—or leave him incomplete and proceed to Milton ?

God bless you—

S T COLERIDGE

¹ This variation in the spelling of 'Shakespere' (see 'Shakspeare' in the first paragraph) is typical of Coleridge

LETTER 224

To WILLIAM HOOD, *Brunswick Square, Bristol*

[Original letter, Huntington Library It was Hood who in 1815 lent Coleridge £45 as well as enough to pay the premium on his life assurance policy Cf *Life*, 211]

*Bishopsgate Street,
February 10, 1812*

DEAR SIR

I write from a Shop in which I find only bad pens and what they call *business* paper —However, it suffices for one good end, that of conveying to you my unfeigned acknowledgements of your continued kindness toward me—nor do I feel the debt of gratitude a greater burthen, because your station in life renders it almost impossible that I should ever repay it, otherwise than by affectionate acknowledgement Yet if in any way, by advice or otherwise, I could be useful to you relative to the education of your Boy, believe me, it would gratify me highly

As to the *Friend*, I have informed you of the most untradesmanlike confusion in which the Accounts are—from the mysterious disappearance of the Book from our friend's House containing the names, sums due, and sums received I am therefore at the mercy of the Memory and honesty of my Subscribers All therefore I can say, is that if you should meet with any Subscribers, or hear of any at Sheperd's, to whom I believe, some were sent, I shall be greatly obliged to you to collect it for me—in law phrase, I authorise you to give a receipt

I leave London for Keswick this Evening, to return hither in the first week of March at latest—when if I can procure at reasonable price a respectable Room in any respectable part of the West End of the Town, I propose to give a course of Lectures,¹ probably on moral subjects—

¹ This series of lectures was given from May 19, to June 5, 1812 The prospectus reads "Mr Coleridge proposes to give a Series of Lectures on the drama of the Greek, French, English, and Spanish stage, chiefly with reference to the Works of Shakespeare at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St James's Square" *Coleridge's Shakespearean Criticism*, T M Raysor, 1930, II 240 The subjects differ from those proposed in the above letter to Hood

The causes of domestic Happiness and Unhappiness—the influence of Christianity on Christendom independent of theological differences and considered merely as a part of the History of Mankind, revelation wholly omitted—on Education—on the present fashion of reading, and how a man of business may employ his leisure hours to his advantage as well as amusement—etc

Morgan has taken—at least I hope and trust, nothing will pass between the cup and the lip—a very nice House in Berners' Street, Oxford Street, No 71—the rent 60£, and the premium 500£ which is very cheap, as houses go We were house-hunting for a month and more—and the prices really sickened as well as surprized me

Should choice or chance lead you to the Lake Country, be assured that whether I am there or no, you and your family will find House room and Heart room at Greta Hall, Keswick—and that Mrs Coleridge will do her best to make your stay comfortable—

for I am, dear Sir,

With grateful regard

Your obliged Friend

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 225

To the MORGANS, 7, Portland Place, Hammersmith, London

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge
This letter was begun on February 11, and continued on the 13th The postmark reads February 15, 1812]

*Saracen's Head, Birmingham, Feb 11, 1812
Tuesday 9 o'clock*

MY DEAR FRIENDS

I know you are fond of Letters in general from A to Z, Charlotte, with the exception of three, but yet don't throw it into the fire when you find it from S T C

How pleasant 'tis to travel brisk! At Stratford-upon-Avon we were only 9 hours behind the mail, having travelled almost but not quite 4 miles an hour I breakfasted at

Oxford, and stayed more than an hour, but was afraid to send for my nephews lest they should have been quizzed by their fellow collegiates, such was the Pothouse at which the stage landed, such the ridiculous appearance of the Coach, with 14 distinct gaudy pictures painted on it—and we were so followed both in and out of the city by a mob of boys—shouting out Lazy Liverpool! Lousy Liverpool! Here comes long, lazy, lousy Liverpool! And truly the coach deserves its honor. Two such wretches were forced in on me all night, half drunk and their clothes crusted over with dirt, the best portion of it from the mud into which they had fallen in a squabble, and the worst part filth of their own making—Two large ticks i.e. *Λουσες* I have found on me—and I had taken the precaution to put my bank notes into my breast plate, but not liking money to lie so near my heart, or to tell the silly truth not liking it to touch the little remembrances of affection which I wear there, I therefore put the money into my watch-fob. And sure enough in the night, while dosing I felt a hand at my small clothes, and starting up the *handy* Gentleman said he was afraid I was cold, and so was only putting up the straw round my legs. Kind Creature! Meantime the Guard and Coachman (the last especially) had such ferocious phyzzes, that I thought it prudent not to complain to the Proprietors—so on my arrival here I quitted the concern, and have taken a place in the Bang-up for Liverpool at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning. I continued the only inside passenger and during the day was left pretty much alone—but a precious set would have been crowded in on me during the night—Besides, I itched all over me, and was miserable till I could shift myself, and have my hair combed out by a hair-dresser. I was obliged to open the bag to get a book—“*and did you not open the Snuff Canister*” *Inss*! Charlotte!

I am well and in good spirits—and if you could but take a bird's eye view of my heart and all its movements since I left you, you never could be *very angry* with me again—I am sure. May God bless you! Unless something particular happen to detain me at Liverpool I shall probably not write

again till I get to Kendal for the postage of such scrawls goes against my conscience Blenheim and Woodstock are sweet places—I bought a pair of gloves at the latter, but found them dearer than in London

Dear Morgan, dear Mary and Charlotte

I am with most affectionate esteem

Your obliged friend

S T COLERIDGE

I found that the Birmingham Post did not go out till 4 in the afternoon and so carried this letter with me to Liverpool I am now going out to find Mr Crump and when I return shall be able to inform you whether I shall stay here another day or set off immediately for Kendal and Penrith—

P S Mr Crump was not at home, but I have seen Dr and Mrs Crompton, Mr Roscoe—etc and must stay all to-morrow in order to spend the day at Dr Crompton's delightful country seat at Eaton 5 miles from Liverpool and to meet the Roscoes at dinner Dr C has commenced brewer, and has an enormous brewery in Liverpool If I can get him to send up to Berner's Street half a hog's head of the best ale such as I drank a glass of to day, I will never taste a drop of spirit in *secula seculorum* How is Mary's cold and don't let Charlotte rub her pretty eye, S T C

Charlotte ! how do you do ? pretty well, I hope God be praised !—How becoming my pretty watch-chain looked made of some fair Friend's hair ! I dare say she had promised it him

Saracen's Head, Liverpool Thursday Morn

I had a very pleasant passage in the Bang-up, an excellent coach, which in general reaches Liverpool in 14 hours from Birmingham—i e from 6 o'clock to 8, but from a long delay in setting off, and the heaviness and badness of the roads we did not arrive till eleven. My fellow passengers, an

anglicized Jamaica German, a rational being, a semi-demi Anglicized Dutch German, who is a working jeweller, a most presumptuous, overflowing, and perennial coxcomb, whose English splash-dashed on in a true torrent at once vapid and *broken*, and lastly a Mr Adam Wilson either first mate or purser of an East Indiaman, who has been twice taken prisoner, and twice shipwrecked—a well-informed and intelligent young man, about six and 20, handsome and with agreeable and gentlemanly manners I made but one deep sleep from $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12 last night to $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 this morning, and no wonder for I had a most disturbed and unrefreshing series of doses during the night I slept at Birmingham So haunted was my fancy by the two $\begin{smallmatrix} L & C \\ | & E \end{smallmatrix}$ which I had found on my neck! the larger of the two was called *Scrubmocreep*, the other *Sclawmicraulo* and these during my first doze had been harnessed to a tiny plough by a little young scratch recently picked out with a needle from a whelk on old Scratch's nose, and still as young Nicholas Scratch urged on his plough and team over my back, sowing cow-itch in the furrows, his little long tail hung down so as just to come in contact with my skin, tickling it as he passed But my last sleep adventure was still more terrible—for I found myself within view of the Scotch corner of hell, the only spot in all Devildom free from brimstone It was an angle made by two walls—the walls seemingly composed of Thistle-beards and Dandelion-down of immense thickness and giving way to the least pressure In this angle sat a solitary Caledonian writhing and frowning as in the vain hope of making the very frown-wrinkles of his forehead scratch each other He every minute looked at his hands (which seemed armed with sharp long nails) with a sort of savage hope, still renewed and as instantly destroyed—for the moment he attempted to apply them to his limbs or shoulders, his fingers and thumbs turned at once into ten rabbits tails Pity seized me tho' in hell I determined to relieve him—the strong wish invented a large branch of prickly holly in my hands, and I was beginning to flog him with it when up started old Scratch, flew off with me, and threw me into a flaming oven—but in

a second of time I was drawn out, transformed into a large French roll or brick with the crust burnt black and the Devil was *rasping me*, when I awoke in the fright, and found that I had been furiously clawing my left shoulder bone

S T COLERIDGE

Dont speak to henny one if you plaze about them those two Lousses as I caught on my nek becaze they may take the *licence* to say, has how I has more of the first sillybull in my ed, than the last

LETTER 226

To JOHN J MORGAN, 7 *Portland Place, Hammersmith, London*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge Coleridge remained in Keswick until late in March, when he left for London never to return to the Lake country again]

Keswick,

Sunday Night,¹ March 2, 1812

MY DEAR MORGAN

I have been detained here two or three days beyond my first determination by the accidental sending for of Southey by Charles Lloyd, who is in such a state of mind as is little short of derangement—no sleep, eternal restlessness of body and mind (the other day he ran up and down and round and round his bedroom as hard as he could gallop from 12 at night till 4 in the morning)—in short it is in my opinion, his old constitutional disease which I can invent no better name for than a *diffused* epilepsy, an epilepsy that does not concenter itself in the crisis of a full fit—like the Phlegraean Plain in the kingdom of Naples that burns and trembles all over, without the power of periodically exhausting itself thro' a given crater and by a volcanic eruption—Last year he was in the same way, and neither suffered poor Mrs Lloyd either to leave him for a moment or even to sleep while with him—When Nature overpowered her, he would let her remain two or three minutes, and then run to her and awaken her with “O God! don't go to sleep!”

¹ Sunday was on March 1st

Can you conceive anything more dreadful—and she is now on the very eve and edge of parturition ! And what is worse is that I have not the least doubt but that those heart-afflicting self-sacrifices on her part are all injurious to him—and that contradiction and terror are the appropriate medicines In short his parents *should* contrive to have him placed under Dr Willis or some other physician of that sort He “ would see Southey ”—his “ mind was made up ”—Mrs Lloyd mentioned me and Wordsworth—NO ! it must be Southey—And so poor Southey who could not find in his heart to return a denial, was forced away from his study, at a time, when the loss of Time will be a loss of at least £30 to him, to a man to whom he can be of no service, whose manners and conversation annoy and disgust him even when he is at the sanest ! I expect him home tomorrow—so that as I must have one whole day to spend with him to settle certain literary engagements, I cannot leave Keswick till Wednesday Morning

As I have collected the Friends, and besides that have ascertained (and it is so understood by Mrs Coleridge) that should any unforeseen event occur between this (3 March) and the 7th of April to prevent me from either bringing the money to London or receiving it immediately on my arrival,¹ there is a hundred pounds at the Bank of Mrs Coleridge's which may be drawn upon before the first week of April, and that she will transmit to you (in case I shall not have myself paid it in to you before) an order for £50 before the bills become payable, I have not hesitated to draw upon you under the name of Brent and Co 103 Bishopsgate St, a bill for £50 at 5 weeks date which you will be so good as to accept or cause to be accepted— In truth, having let Mrs. C. have the few pounds, I had with me, I could not have left Keswick without doing it

Derwent left us to return in the carriage with his uncle and

¹ Coleridge's financial dealings with the Morgans are, as with others, too complex to be unravelled Apparently he was at first financially aided by Morgan, later when Morgan himself got into financial difficulties, Coleridge seems to have helped him out See Letter 321, August 9, 1821

Hartley goes tomorrow, and we hope will meet him halfway, where Southey means to quit the carriage and walk the other so that it may take Hartley Back—tho' he scoffs at the idea of 18 miles being too long a walk for him, since he walked from Grasmere to Kendal and back again to Ambleside in the same day in order to be confirmed For he is very religious, and quite orthodox—he says his creed and his Father's are the same He fully believes the Christian *Revelation* and more than *believes* the Christian *Religion*, but the former for the sake of the latter, not the latter for the former

I am quite recovered and the better for the attack, or at least for the consequence of it

Mrs Coleridge sends her love and best remembrances to Mary and Charlotte—and so does little Sariola Positively Mrs M and Charlotte must make up a little Bonnet or something of the kind to be sent down to her and to her cousin, in order that they may have your names in their thoughts and mouths—I shall miss a *Post* if I do not end that firm as a *Pillar* I trust that without end on this side of the grave at least I shall continue,

Your friend

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 227

To JOHN J MORGAN, 71 *Berners Street, Oxford Street, London*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge Published, *Rowfant Library Catalogue*, 1886, with the date incorrectly given as May Campbell, who quotes a few lines from this letter, erroneously gives the date as March 27 (Cf *Life*, 185)]

[*Postmark March 24, 1812*]

MY DEAR MORGAN

I leave Keswick on Thursday morning, shall take my place from Penrith all the way for London on Saturday, and of course (neck and limb safe) shall be in town on Monday morning Nothing can justify my not writing to you but in very truth I have been dreadfully bewildered—first of all I was trifled with most grievously, off and on, about the

Liverpool lectures¹ Secondly, the Grasmere business has kept me in a fever of agitation, and will end in complete alienation I have refused to go over and Wordsworth has refused to apologize, and has thus made his choice between me and Basil Montagu, Esq —and, to omit lesser matter, lastly Brown, the printer of the *Friend*, who had the *Friends* and £20 or £30 worth of paper of mine and £36 worth of Types about fourteen days ago ran off, and has absconded² Every day I meant to write to you but partly I was in hopes that by delaying it I might be able to say definitely when I might set off, but chiefly I have been in such a state of fever and irritation about the Wordsworths, my reason deciding one way, and heart pulling me the contrary—scarcely daring to set off without seeing them, especially Miss Hutchinson, who has done nothing to offend me, and yet—in short I am unfit to bear these things and make bad worse in consequence I have suffered so much that I wish I had not left London As to the Bill I would not have drawn it if I had not been sure of taking it up before the time If everything else fails yet I shall take up a draft with me for £50 upon the bankers

My dear Friend, forgive me for having made you anxious by my silence God knows I have been on thorns with the wish to rejoin you, and the causes of my procrastination in writing, though they would not satisfy you as reasons, yet as sufferings, would, I am sure, make you feel anything rather than displeasure at

your faithful and affectionate Friend

S T COLERIDGE

God bless you all !

¹ As far as is known these lectures were never delivered

² Brown was apparently involved in financial ruin over the failure of the *Friend* as a periodical He later went into bankruptcy Coleridge's dealings with printers and publishers were usually unfortunate Although allowance must be made for his sense of injury, the fact remains that he was many times woefully mistreated

LETTER 228

To JOHN J MORGAN, 71, *Berners Street, Oxford Street, London*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

Penrith,

Good Friday Night, March 27, 1812

MY DEAR FRIEND

In the haste I last wrote, I did not mention, as being indeed no excuse for my not writing what yet prevented my setting off ten days ago—that the roads are blocked up with snow so that no coaches can pass, there being only a way cut thro' for a single horse by which the mail is sent from Appleby to Greta Bridge I left Keswick on yesterday, as I informed you, taking for granted that the road would be open—there having been two fine days—but to-night a Traveller has arrived on horse, with a most tremendous account of his adventures, it having snowed here all the day, and it appears that the cut horse path is snowed up, and that in all the rest of the road the snow is four yards deep upon Stainmore It is at this moment thawing at Penrith—but even should this be the case likewise at Stainmore, it would be two or three days before the mail can pass My first thought was to go to Kendal—but I find that over Shap Hills the road is equally impassable I have therefore no alternative but to return to Keswick and so go to Grasmere, Ambleside, and thence to Kendal which will be an enormous increase of expense, as I must travel by Post Chaises As I have nothing to detain me but the weather, I hope still to be in London on Wednesday—but should this be impracticable I will send you a draft for the £50 to make all secure and your mind at ease I have been with Brown's assignee, and luckily the *Friends* (and I hope the paper) have not been taken into the account of stock—but the type has, and I must enter myself as a creditor to that amount beside the subscriptions received beyond his bill—but have of course authorized Mr Harrison to receive the dividend and return it to Brown whenever he can be found It seems he took to drinking, got nervous, and went off, more for sensibility

than debts, which are trifling. However this may be, money from the unhappy is a hateful thing¹ and I am sure you will do me the justice to believe, that I would not have put my name down among his creditors but for the purpose of doing him a little service.

O would to Heaven I were but once more by your fire-side¹ I have received four letters in 3 days about my not having called on Wordsworth as I passed thro' Grasmere¹—and this morning a most impassioned one from Mrs Clarkson—Good God¹ how could I? how can I? I have no resentment and unless grief and anguish be resentment I never had—but unless I meet him as of yore what use is there in it?—What but more pain? I am not about to be his enemy—I want no stimulus to serve him to the utmost whenever it should be in my power—And can any friend of mine wish me to go without apology received, and as to a man the best beloved and honoured, who had declared me a nuisance, an absolute nuisance—and this to such a creature as Montagu² and who since then has professed his determination to believe Montagu rather than me, as to my assertion to Southey that Montagu prefaced his discourse with the words “Nay but Wordsworth has *commissioned* me to tell you, first that he has no hope of you, etc—etc—etc—”

A nuisance¹ and then a deliberate Liar¹ O Christ¹ if I dared after this crawl to the man, must I not plead guilty to these charges and be a Liar against my own Soul?

No more of this¹ and be assured, I will never hereafter trouble you with any recurrence to it.

Mention me affectionately to Mary and Charlotte and unless I am utterly ignorant of my own heart assure yourself

¹ It was on the journey from London to Keswick that Coleridge, after stopping for Hartley and Derwent at Mr Dawes' school in Ambleside, had in an ecstasy of self-torture, driven by the Wordsworths' without turning in Mrs Coleridge, writing to Poole afterwards, says “Poor Hartley sat in speechless astonishment as the chaise passed the turning to the Vicarage where W lives, but he did not hazard one remark—and Derwent fixed his eyes full of tears on his father, who turned his head away to conceal his own emotions.” Cf *Hartley Coleridge His Life and Work*, E. L. Griggs, 1929, 55.

that I am by every feeling both of choice and gratitude both
your and their

sincere Friend and Brother

S T COLERIDGE

P S Mrs Southey and Mrs Coleridge who have twice debated the matter with Wordsworth as well as with his sister, are most vehement against Wordsworth and Mrs C says she never in her whole life saw her sister so vehement, or so completely overcome her natural timidity as when she answered Wordsworth's excuses. She would not suffer him to wander from the point—Never mind, Sir! Coleridge does not heed *what* was said—whatever is true his friends all knew, and he himself never made a secret of—but that *you*, that *you* should say all this, and to Montagu, and having never at any time during a 15 years friendship given him even a *hint* of the state of your opinions concerning him—it is *you* Sir, *you*, not the things said, true or false!

Southey never says anything but only "*that miscreant, Montagu!*" whereas¹ (I have nothing to complain of in Montagu) I think him in error—for—¹

LETTER 229

To MRS S T COLERIDGE, *Greta Hall, Keswick, Cumberland*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

April 15, 1812

MY DEAREST SARA

I begin almost to despair of my fate, for some misery or other either by fault or accident I am for ever causing to my friends. After a most fatiguing journey and three sleepless nights I arrived yesternight at 5 o'clock at the Bull and Mouth Inn, but not able to procure a hackney coach immediately, I was so ill, and in such a state of high fever with a sore-throat that I went to bed and slept for 8 or 10 hours continuously—so that I did not see the Morgans till just now—and good God! What a thunderbolt to me I

¹ This letter breaks off thus.

heard that Morgan had never received the draft for £50, which fearful of my being detained I begged you to send to him, and which [shows] you must never have received my letter To the best of my remembrance, it was the third day after Good Friday, that fully intending to set off on the next day if possible but forced to wait for information concerning the passability of the road, I wrote to you by a Mr Naylor, an elderly gentleman in a carriage who was then setting off for Keswick, and politely offered to take any Letter or parcel for me—as *you* would receive it sooner than by the Post—for the Post had gone off for that day— In the same letter I told you that instantly on my arrival in London I would send you an order for £50 on Gale and Curtis ¹ I am certain you did not receive this letter because I stated my great anxiety, and that if anything should even prevent you, that you should desire Southey to give you the order I am pretty well tho' the agitation, I am suffering, does not improve my penmanship I declare to God, I would have lost an arm rather than Morgan should have suffered the distress of mind and uneasiness, which he has done— So help me God! as I hereby vow that I will hereafter never have anything to do with any other money than what I have actually in my possession—

I have seen Gale and Curtis All goes on well there They are in great hopes respecting my work—but I really can write no more till to-morrow

God bless you

and S T COLERIDGE

Love to all—the dear Children

Of course, I shall not want the draft now as I can get it from Gale and Curtis

Mrs Morgan sends her kind remembrances to you—and bids me say that as *Table-spoons* are generally used for Soup— she supposes that Southey would not wish the *Desert* spoons made larger than the usual size— She thinks it would have an awkward look

¹ Gale and Curtis were issuing the *Friend* in book form

Mr and Mrs M think that it would look much handsomer to have the motto *over* and not under the black S The fashion too is to have the Motto *over*—not under the cypher or Letter

P S —All is well—attribute the beginning sentence to my agitation

LETTER 230

To WILLIAM SOTHEBY, 47 *Seymour Street*

[From the original letter in the possession of Col H G Sotheby]

[May 11, 1812]

DEAR SIR

The moment, I heard of the fatal event,¹ I hurried off, with a 3 line letter in my Hand, to Sir T Bernard to suggest [to] him the propriety of deferring my Lecture—in truth, my own incapability of giving it O Mercy! Such a man—he who had knit my very soul not only to my Country (for that it was always was) but to the immediate Government I never saw him—yet I loved him as if he had been flesh and blood to me rather than the mere Idea [of] a great and good, and most simple, great Man!

Sir T B was on his way to me, and on my return from his House I luckily met him He was coming with the same purpose—and on our return he found a note from Lady Beaumont likewise urging the same

You, I well know, think the same—the object therefore of this hurried Letter is to intreat you to let those of the subscribers, whom I owe to your kind exertions, know that the Lectures are deferred to the Tuesday after next—² Lady Beaumont, we trust, will take upon herself another third, and Sir T Bernard the remainder—³

¹ That is the death of Spencer Perceval (1762-1812) who was assassinated by Bellingham on May 11, 1812

² The lectures, originally planned to begin on Tuesday, May 12, were commenced on May 19, and continued until June 5th The deferring of the lectures “to the Tuesday after next” and the death of Perceval lead me to date this letter May 11

³ William Sotheby, Sir Thomas Bernard, and Lady Beaumont were the sponsors of this series of lectures For the prospectus describing these lectures see 11 69, note

Having no servant, I know no other way of preventing disappointment

dear Sir

Your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 231

To JOHN MURRAY, *Fleet Street, London*

[From the original letter in the possession of Col John Murray Coleridge's association with Murray really commenced with a proposal to translate *Faust* in 1814 (Cf *Letters*, II 624-627)]

71, *Berner's St*

Saturday, May 16, 1812

DEAR SIR

You would oblige and serve me much if you could (and if you *can* with *propriety*, I feel confident that you *will*) entrust to my care for two or three days only that Sheet of the unpublished Ed Ann Register, which contains the Remarks on the parliamentary Schemes and Labors of Mr Banks, and his co-adjutors of the Finance Committee, on Sinécures, audit office etc, etc My whole motive is this— I am writing on the same subject, and am anxious not to publish any thoughts, even tho' my own many years before Southey read to me that masterly paper, which are to be found in it— but having given such of my own, as have not been anticipated in the Ed Annual Register I intend to say— I should add many and much stronger grounds of Dissent, but having by favor of accident seen and perused a most masterly series of Reflections on the same Subject in the yet unpublished third Volume of the E A R —and these reflections supported by a chain of Facts, not less cogent as *proofs* than valuable as matter of general information, I deem it my duty rather to refer the Reader to the Work itself than to repay the obligation for so much interesting Instruction by an ungenerous anticipation I dare challenge the malignity of party spirit itself to deny, that the Historical Portion (two thirds of the whole) of this and the former volumes form beyond all com-

parison the noblest Specimen of recent and progressive History in the annals of Literature In all rival works I have found little or nothing which I had not or might not have previously learnt from the Newspapers, but in this independent of the dignity, perspicuity, and vivacity of the Style, more than half of the most interesting and important Facts, both domestic and foreign, are in the strictest sense new to the English Reader

My Subscription goes on most languid When I was young, I wrote an Epigram of which I remember the Thought only—namely, that I *dreamt*, that a great Lord had made me a most splendid Promise, awoke and found it as much a delusion, as if the great Lord had really made a Promise

If you can do any[thing] for me among your Friends, I am sure, you will A guinea for six Lectures is no extravagant Sum—

Your's, dear Sir,

Sincerely

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 232

To DANIEL STUART

[Original letter, British Museum Privately printed in part, *Letters from the Lake Poets*, 1889, 213-216]

Friday, August 7, 1812

DEAR STUART

Since I last saw you, I have been confined to my bed with the alarming symptom of a swollen leg, ankle, and Foot, and a painful oppression on my chest which for three days rendered me unable to sit up even in bed and with the pillows behind me more than 10 or 15 minutes at a time The Morgans were really alarmed, and I myself thought it the commencement of Dropsy on the Chest I called in a Physician, and a man in whom I have the greatest confidence, who has dismissed these apprehensions in good part—and declared the whole of my immediate Disease to be Indiges-

tion, and Erysipelatous Inflammation— Accordingly, the complaint on the Chest has already disappeared, and tho' my right leg is still visibly larger than the left, yet the swelling is greatly abated I informed Dr Gooch¹ without the least concealment of the whole of my *general case*, and have put myself under his direction The two evils produced by the use of narcotics on my constitution are, he says, a secretion of acid Bile from the Liver, and a relaxation of the extremities of the Blood-vessels—but without tormenting myself or imposing on my fortitude a burthen greater than it can bear, he entertains strong hopes that I shall either wholly emancipate myself, or, if not *that*, yet bring myself to such an arrangement as will not very materially affect my health or longevity These prescriptions are—Mercury in very small quantities, in the form of Carbyn's Blue Pill—Nitric Acid, 10 Drops in a glass of water, twice a day—and a known and measured quantity of Stimulant, with an attempt to diminish the opiate part of it by little and little, if it were only a single Drop in two days I have adopted this plan for the last four days, and find it not in the slightest degree burthensome and were it not [for] the remaining Inflammation in my Leg, I should feel myself better, livelier, and with more steady appetite and more regular Digestion than for some time past This I attribute, however, in great measure to the weight having been taken off my spirits by my having at length put a Physician in possession of the *whole* of my case with all it's symptoms, and all it's known, probable and suspected Causes

I called at the Courier Office on Wednesday, in hopes of the chance of seeing you, but the walk increased the heat and size of my leg—and therefore instead of walking over to Brompton, I must talk by the Twopenny Post I do not know whether I can be of any use to the Courier, but if I could, it would be of great use to me, who partly from Ill-health, but still more from my anxiety to finish the re-

¹ Dr Robert Gooch (1784-1830) had recently begun to practice in Berners Street He is remembered for his work in anatomy and for his medical writings

writing of my Play,¹ and 2 the second volume of the *Friend*,² have thrown myself behindhand and the sending off a paltry Bill of 2 or 3 pound the second or third time agitates and flutters me so as not only to injure my health but to put a stop for an hour or two to all power of writing or composing What I wish, would be this—not to write for any given time for the C, but to send in at once the whole of a stated quantity of Articles—³ all of which I have in a more or less fragmentary form by me, tho' my Lectures joined with the W—business to leave them in that form

1. Two Articles on America in relation to G B and on Maddison's Proclamation These Mr Street shall receive, the first to-morrow, the second the day after

2 The public character of Mr Perceval, and reflections on the consequences of his Fall, and the sentiments and tone of Feeling in and out of Parliament

3 On the ruinous tendency of all ranks of men to Disorganization or partial Organizations

4 Is the Church in danger? and (if so) from what causes?
N B The Bible Society—Egyptian Hall—Vansittart!—⁴

5 The Importance of the Established Church to the State, to Toleration, and to the best Interests of the Dissenters themselves

6 On Toleration, and the question of right and policy, as pleaded for the unconditional Equalization of the Irish Papists

7 The, alas! long promised Character of Buonaparte, commentary on that of Pitt, Mr Fox, Wyndham, Lord Wellington—and two or three short ones without a name

The whole will consist of twenty Articles from two Columns to two and a half on an average I pledge you most solemnly *my word of Honor*, that Numbers 1, 2, and 7

¹ This is the *Remorse* which Coleridge was preparing for presentation It was produced at Drury Lane on January 23, 1813

² No second volume of the *Friend* appeared at this time Coleridge did add to the *Friend* in the second edition (1818), a work which he called a "rifaccimento" of the original issue

³ The proposed articles for the *Courier* have not been identified Probably they were never written

⁴ Nicholas Vansittart, afterwards Lord Bexley (1766-1851) succeeded Perceval as Chancellor of the Exchequer

(which will form Half the whole) shall have been delivered to Mr Street within 14 days from the present day, and the Remainder before the end of the following Fortnight—and I ask for the whole 50£, 25 now, and 25 on the 21st of this month If you have no other objection than the doubt of my perseverance in the performance, I entreat you to confide in me *this once*—and I will disclaim all pretensions to your Friendship hereafter, if I disappoint you either in Time, Quantity, or Quality

But if you or Mr Street think, that the Courier will not be adequately benefited by the Essays, than I must beg your assistance, as a Friend, for 8 days¹—by which Time I shall have been able to submit my re-written Play to Morris or Coleman, and if they do not accept it, I will take Gale and Curtis's offer, and repay you Your's affectionately,

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 233

To JOSIAH WEDGWOOD

[Original letter, Wedgwood Museum, Etruria Published, *Coleridge and the Wedgwood Annuity, The Review of English Studies*, Vol vi No 21, January, 1930

This letter is in answer to one from Josiah Wedgwood, dated Nov 9, 1812 He had written to Coleridge asking permission to discontinue his share of the annuity granted to Coleridge in 1798, Tom Wedgwood's share (£75) being guaranteed by will, during Coleridge's life "My circumstances are now," J Wedgwood wrote, "so much changed that the payment of my share of that sum annually, diminishes my capital" (Original letter, Wedgwood Museum) At this time Wedgwood found drastic measures of economy necessary and he moved from Maer Hall to Etruria to save money His withdrawal of the annuity was perfectly justified (as most of Coleridge's biographers deny) in the light of the facts That J Wedgwood had lost faith in Coleridge cannot be questioned, but that he acted in a "high-handed manner" is a mistake The payment of the annuity was to be "independent of everything but the wreck of our fortune," and J Wedgwood had recently suffered a loss of almost £121,000 For a fuller account of the circumstances, see *Coleridge and the Wedgwood Annuity*, op cit]

71, Berners Street,
Oxford Street,
December 1, 1812

DEAR SIR

I should deem myself indeed unworthy of your and your revered Brother's past munificence, if I had had any

¹ "I sent £20" (Note by Daniel Stuart)

other feeling than that of Grief from your letter or if I looked forward to any other or higher Comfort, than the confident Hope that (if God extend my life another year) I shall have a claim to an acknowledgement from you, that I have not misemployed my past years, or wasted that leisure which I have owed to you, and for which I must cease to be before I can cease to feel most grateful Permit me to assure you, that had *The Friend* succeeded instead of bringing on me embarrassment and a loss of more than 200*£* from the non-payment of the Subscriptions, or had my lectures done more than merely pay my Board in town, it was my intention to have resigned my claims on your Bounty—and I am sure, that I shall have your good wishes in my behalf, when I tell you that I have had a Play accepted at Drury Lane, which is to come out at Christmas, and of the success of which both Manager, Comm -Men, and actors speak sanguinely ¹ If I succeed in this, it will not only open out a smooth and not dishonorable road to competence, but give me heart and spirits (still more necessary than time) to bring into shape the fruits of 20 years study and observation

Cruelly, I well know, have I been calumniated and even my faults (the sinking under the sense of which has been itself perhaps one of the greatest) have been attributed to dispositions absolutely opposite to the real ones—and—and I beseech you, interpret it as a burst of thankfulness and most unfeigned esteem, not of pride, when I declare that to have an annuity settled on me of three times or thrice three times the amount, would not afford me such pleasure, as the restoration of your esteem and Friendship

for your deeply obliged

S T COLERIDGE

P S Since the receipt of your letter I have been confined by illness, till last Tuesday, with a nervous depression that rendered me incapable of answering it, or rather fearful of trusting myself

¹ Coleridge's *Remorse* was not produced until January 23, 1813

LETTER 234

To JOHN RICKMAN

[Original letter, Huntington Library]

MY DEAR SIR

Tuesday Morning, [early 1813]

I would give 5*£*, (and that is a good deal for a Poet, notwithstanding his having got 300*£*, which has elevated his estate to O-O from -O-YX) that the Speaker's Dinner had not pre-engaged you on Saturday—tho' it was but for a fair Chance of prevailing on you to dine with us $\frac{1}{4}$ before six, on Saturday next You would meet Caldwell, my earliest College Friend, and a man deservedly loved and esteemed—and what tho' he has been the Tutor, and still is the Friend, of the Marquis of Sligo? Why, it would puzzle an angel to turn Chick-weed into Wheat tho' the Marquis himself contrived to turn his lordly *Honor* into Bar (e)-lye (It won't do—that Pun¹) (It looks so ugly upon Paper)

I expect a second Edition¹ of *Remorse* tomorrow—which as corrected and augmented I waited for, as better worth your acceptance than the first If Southey has any notion of reviewing it in the Quarterly, I should wish him to do it from the second Edition—but I do not know enough of the thing, to ask you to frank a second to him, for should it come near to any thing like an unusual privilege on your part, I need not say, that I should not think of it But I have some reason to suspect, that Mr Gifford² will not permit Southey to review it—for Mockery and abuse are ad libitum³ delivered up to the Journeymen, but to flatter a friend's work, is a Privilege which the Foreman commonly reserves to himself

Should you be able and inclined to drop in in the Evening, on Saturday, I need not say, that it would gratify,

My dear Sir,

Your's with unfeigned respect

S T COLERIDGE.

¹ Three editions of *Remorse* were published by W Pople, early in 1813

² William Gifford (1756-1826) had become editor of the *Quarterly Review* on its commencement in 1809

³ MS illegible

LETTER 235

To JOHN J MORGAN, 7, *Portland Place, Hammersmith*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

MY DEAR MORGAN

[1813]

I wish you would be my Organ
 And when you pass down Piccadilly
 To call in at Escher's who sells books wise and silly
 But chiefly in a lingo by the learned called German
 And who himself looks less like a man than a Merman
 And ask him if he still has a Work called *Ardinghello*¹
 It was in his catalogue I am sure, and of course to sell O
 And if it is to buy it for me Dont forget it, My Dear
 Fellow !

S T C

LETTER 236

To MISS SMITH, *the actress*

[Original letter, Library of Owen D Young Miss Smith took the part of Donna Teresa in the *Remorse*]

Thursday Night, [Jan 1813]

DEAR MADAM

If composition had been an Act wholly in the power of the Will, you should not have been made uneasy at the Delay of the Epilogue— Here it is, such as it is—I had meant to have added ten or 12 more lines , but as they are somewhat unlicked, and I feared that it may be already too long, I have not stayed to polish them—You shall see them tomorrow, and adopt or not as you like—²

With sincere respect

dear Madam

Your obliged

S. T COLERIDGE

¹ *Ardinghello*, by Heinse, was published in 1787

² "An *Epilogue for Remorse*, written by the Author, and spoken by Miss Smith in the character of Teresa, was printed in *The Morning Chronicle*, January 28th, 1813 " *A Bibliography of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, T J Wise, 1913, 89

LETTER 237

To the MORGANS, 19 London Street, Fitz, oy Square, London

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge
Coleridge left London in October for Bristol]

White Hart,

Sunday afternoon [October 24], 1813.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS

I have received yours, and am glad to hear that Mary is better. I will not trouble you with the detail of my operations, or of difficulties I have met with, at least not till I can give you middle and end as well as beginning. Suffice it that I have no doubts of succeeding as far as to secure the B St business for the nonce. The proposed scheme of lecturing has met with such support, that I have resolved on it—and shall give the first at the White Lion on Thursday Evening at 7 o'clock¹ and hope I shall be able to send you within a week—²

I am pretty well and have heard an excellent sermon from Mr Porter, whose style of reading prayers however I greatly prefer to his mode of preaching, which (like mine) is too uniformly emphatic, and when he speaks loudest he is least articulate—viz where most audible, he is least intelligible. But he is a most respectable performer. Dr Small is miraculously recovered.

I am ashamed to say, I have not seen Allston—but his address I learnt from Mr Morse³—viz 5 Richmond Place, Clifton, and that he has sold both pictures to Mr Visgan for £160. Mr King has performed several operations on him—and it appears that I was too much in the right in penning it to be an analogous case to Thomas Wedgwood's. It is a stricture, or thickening of the colon—but it will not put a period to his life I trust—Indeed he is very much better and out of pain.

S. T. COLERIDGE

¹ Coleridge's first course of lectures at Bristol was given from October 28, to November 23, 1813. Cf *Coleridge's Shakespearean Criticism*, T M Raysor, 1930, II 253 note. Six of these lectures were on Shakespeare and two on education.

² MS mutilated.

³ Samuel F B Morse (1791-1872), the inventor of the telegraph, was at this time studying art under Benjamin West.

LETTER 238

To the MORGANS, 19, London Street, Fitzroy Square

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

White Hart, Bristol

Monday Morning, [Postmark Oct 25, 1813]

MY DEAR FRIENDS

On Thursday and Friday I dined at Mr Porter's and spent Thursday Night in compliment to P at Mrs Wensley's, and Friday at Porter's and at half Play, to see the stupid humbug Elliston's Dog Gellert, who tho' a better actor than any of the bipeds did no more than I would undertake to teach a Poodle in a couple of days On Saturday I dined and spent the evening at Mr Elton's who has an amiable wife, and six [of] the most beautiful children I ever saw in my whole life i e *all* together One of them is so startlingly like Sara, only of less flimsy growth (but the very same eyes with the same manners and expression) that (I found) Porter had often mentioned it to the Mother, herself a bright-eyed Dame It was quite curious to see 14 such eyes, all at once, as hers and the children's On Sunday I dined and spent the evening at Mr. [?] York Place—a friend of Tobin's, and Sir H Davy's, and the gentleman that accompanied Sadler¹ in the balloon. To-day I am to dine at Kiddle's, tomorrow at the Colsons', Wednesday at Mr Hood's Mr Hood dines with us to-day I waited on Michael Castle yesterday, who received me very graciously, and enquired after Morgan and you with apparently warm interest, and to-day at one o'clock I am to be presented to Mr Protheroe, and (if possible) to Mr Hart Davies, the two members, whose names are to head the list of my subscribers I hope I need not say that *I* at least have not lost a moment in bringing the main (as till I arrived it was the *sole*) object of my journey to

¹ W W Sadler (1796-1824) made balloon ascents on May 5, 1785, October 1811, and October 1, 1812 I have not been able to identify the companion Coleridge mentions

some satisfactory conclusion¹ "Judge not lest ye be judged" This I bear in mind and without withdrawing my esteem from your friend, say only, yet dare venture to say that after so unconditional an offer, as his, twice repeated, and with a long interval between each, I could have leapt to the moon physically with as much ease, as I could have leapt back from such a promise *morally* It is, however, but common apprehension imprest on his conviction by his mercantile friends, that he would not only not be serving M and you permanently but only Lloyd and the bill-holders, but likewise be putting it out of his power to serve you afterwards, when he might be of active service After frequent and long discussions, however I have succeeded in convincing them that the *B G St Bss* may be saved, ought to be saved, and can only be saved by making some immediate satisfactory settlement with Lloyd—not indeed to the fullness of my own belief—but as the plan proposed by them consequent and their remaining doubts, appeared to me more delicate and less oppressive on your feelings than any other, I have heard, I have assented to it It is that Porter, Hood, and Kiddle should advance whatever sum is immediately necessary taking Charlotte's Hand for each, so that *in case* of failure they may *appear* as joint creditors, and so have it in their power at once to serve you and to manage for you. And now my very dear Friend¹ do let me conjure you to do as I do—measure others entirely by what they wish and mean (which is beyond all doubt to serve M) and not by the difference between their feelings and ours, each of which depends on the difference of habitual pursuit, employment, and perhaps in the original construction of the mental frame I must say, that excepting the expressions of deep regret, that Morgan had not stayed at Bristol and pursued the Law in good earnest, I have not heard a symptom of that ordinary indelicacy, retrospective censure and criticism on a friend in

¹ Morgan's business in Berners Street (legal ?) was in a very bad way, and Coleridge, as this letter shows, was doing what he could to aid his friend Just what the various problems were it is impossible to conjecture, but it is certain that Coleridge not only used his influence, but added whatever financial support he was able

adversity This evening, I trust, all will be settled that can be, in this place, and for the future we will rely on our own efforts

And now for my own—nay why do I say so?—for the second and accidental part of *our* concerns—the Lectures The subscription promises to go on with a steady breeze—but you must be so good as immediately on the receipt of this to hunt out for me the three volumes of *Schlegel's Vorlesungen*¹—they are in paper covers one of the volumes thicker and more dirtied than the other two—I think they are in pink coloured paper, and likewise my two *square* thick memorandum Books (not the large quarto one with the Plays and Music in it) I am sure, you will be able in the Title pages of the Books, that are not bound, to distinguish the words *Vorlesungen* on the Top, and Schlegel as the author's name, at the end (excepting the place and name of the Publisher) Besides, you will remember that I used to take them to the Surrey Institution (There are two other unbound Octavos, in blue covers, which I have been reading lately, and taller than the 3 Schlegels—these are *not* what I mean) There is likewise another *little wholly unbound* memorandum book of mine very much rumpled written all thro' and square in the first 5 or 6 leaves there is, I remember an extract from an old play of Robin Hood and Marion “As I am much [?] the miller's son, who left his mill to go with thee, and nill repentance I have done This pleasant life contenteth me”—it is part of the extract at the end of the opposite page to the beginning This too I wish Likewise I must have a pair of Drawers, one of the best shirts, and two of the double cravats—if they have come from the wash They must be sent by the first coach, booked for Mr Coleridge, White Hart, Bristol so that I may have them (if possible) on Wednesday Afternoon—and you will be so good as by a Letter by the Post to let me know, by what coach they were sent, and at what Inn in Bristol it puts up

¹ Coleridge refers to C W F von Schlegel's *Philosophische Vorlesungen*, published in fragments, 1804-1806, and more completely in 1836-1837

My health continues pretty good If possible I will see Allston this afternoon—I said in my last, I am ashamed, but I had no reason so to accuse myself For I am like a boat getting off from a shoaly shore—every two yards I am grounded and detained I have not yet been able to see Cottle, Dr Estlin, Mr King (T Poole's brother-in-law) or King the Surgeon, or Danvers, tho' I met the last in the streets, and Mr King in the grand commercial Room, which is very beautiful indeed

May God bless you and rely on me as

Your sincere and affectionate friend

S T COLERIDGE

P S Pray read all thro' this ¹ and a pair of white stockings

LETTER 239

To the MORGANS, 19 London Street, Fitzroy Square

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

Bristol, [Postmark October 29, 1813]

MY DEAR LOVES

I have written to Lloyd, and informed him that by Monday's Post he will receive an 100*£*, with an arrangement for the rest Yesterday Evening's Lecture was tolerably attended, and I doubt not, the scheme will be profitable You can scarce conceive how I am hurried—especially as dining out every day and sitting up every night makes me invisible till 11 o'clock of the morning Be assured I will neither neglect nor delay anything Pray write me whether you want any money yourself I can send you from 20*£* to 30*£* for your immediate use ¹—and will do so by Sunday's Post I have not had time to call at the office to-day The

¹ Explaining why he helped the Morgans despite other claims upon him, Coleridge says "The fact is, that I came hither [to Highgate] embarrassed—the successive Losses and increasing Distress of poor Morgan and his family while I was domesticated with them—and which being before my eyes scarcely left me the power of asking myself concerning the Right or Wrong—absorbed and anticipated my resources, even to the leaving of my own small debts unpaid" (Letter 321, to De Quincey, August 9 1821)

Pocket books unfortunately had nothing of what I hoped they would have had. If you would be so good as immediately in the same way as before to send me all my memorandum Books (*except* the little ones with brass clasps and chemical paper, some black, some red for these I do not want) but all the others, and should you have an hour to waste in looking over the loose papers, and to send all such as you saw [of] any lecture hints or notes on (Poetry, Drama, Shakespeare, Macbeth, etc., etc.) you would oblige me, but direct to me at

Josiah Wade's, Esqre
2, Queen's Square
Bristol

I will write at large by Saturday's post— I shall be too late for the Post if I add more than that I am,

My very dear Mary and Charlotte,
Your constant and affectionate
Friend

S T COLERIDGE

To-day I dine with Mr T King (Poole's Brother-in-law)

LETTER 240

To CHARLOTTE BRENT, 19 *London Street, Fitzroy Square*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge.]

*Mr Wade's, 2, Queen's Square
Tuesday night, 12 o'clock,
November 10, 1813*

MY DEAR FRIEND

I cannot express the uneasiness I have suffered from not hearing from you. It *really* so deprest my spirits, and so haunted me, that the Lecture of to-night, which I had expected to have been the best and to have produced the most lively effect, that on Othello, was the worst, I ever delivered and a humiliating contrast to the Lecture before I so confidently depended on a letter from you by this day's

Post, that since two o'clock, when Mr Wade assured me that no letter had arrived, I could do nothing else but torment myself with conjectures and fancies. The root of the Evil is, that neither of you ever formed a just appreciation of my affection toward you. You never believed that I loved you and Morgan as (God knows) I have done. But what is most unfortunate is, that to-morrow at one o'clock I must be at Clifton, tho' with no probability of even more than enough to pay the Lecture room, and the printing¹. I have had experience enough to expect nothing but meanness from the fashionable world, and therefore shall not be disappointed—tho' I confess that I am vexed at heart at the inferiority of the lecture I delivered to-night—tho' all I spoke to said it was a whim of my own. But I know these things by Tact. But in consequence of this I must set off to Clifton by twelve o'clock, just an hour before the Post Office is open, and do what I will, cannot expect to return time enough to read and answer your letter, if letter there should be. But if not, I must write to Mr Evans, 103, B G St to know what is become of you. You cannot conceive how unhappy this has made me. I pray God fervently that it may be accident, or even your fault, and not illness or any new misfortune. Sure there cannot have been anything in my latter letters that has affronted you? Pray, pray write immediately—and let the letter be circumstantial first and foremost, as to Mary's Health; 2d as to your private and Household Bills, what have remained unpaid—and lastly as to your immediate Plans, and what you think of my proposal as to settling on or near Bristol for the next 4 months—As I shall not be able to write to-morrow, I bid you goodnight with my old God love you all and

S T COLERIDGE.

Pray hereafter write every other day, and I will do the same, till things are settled one way or the other, and pray

¹ Along with the series of lectures which Coleridge was now giving in Bristol, he arranged to give a second series of lectures at Clifton, a suburb of Bristol. For a fuller account of these lectures, see *Coleridge's Shakespearean Criticism*, T M Raysor, 1930, II 254-255

dear Meguin¹ be particular about Mary's health God forbid, you should have anything to say of your own!

S T C

LETTER 241

To the MORGANS, 19 London Street, Fitzroy Square

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

Bristol,

Wednesday Night, November 17, 1813

It just happened, as I had stated to those who insisted on my attending at Clifton Hotel to-day—some 12 persons present, and among them one only of the score who had overpersuaded me to hazard the negotiation and to incur the expence Is not this shameful? I am not angry, yet I am vexed not in the most distant kind for or with respect to myself, but because against my will I am compelled to prostrate myself an unconditional captive, at the feet of my own understanding and previous experience, as to the hollowness of zealous *acquaintances* Zealous *Friends* are among God's prime blessings but oh! even while you live, be suspicious [of] *acquaintances*! (Do you remember poor Hartley's distinction of *Ac*—and *In*—quaintance, to which by adding *con* I affirmed that we might arrange all which we were in the frequent habit of seeing?—viz 1 *Acquaintances* 2 *Conquaintances* 3 *In* quaintances) Well my dear *In* quaintances! I must again express my regret at sending off your letter, as (from Kiddle) I find, I did, not only in that the 10^s inclosed, but even without a wafer—since K informs me that Mr Tipton immediately wrote to you, and I fear, may have hurt your feelings In this instance alone have I been, directly or indirectly, the cause or the occasion of anything you or M could wish otherwise I write now, because beginning a letter does with me, ensure, by facilitating, the concluding it—for I shall not send it off, till I can enclose a second £100, and have heard from you that you have received my eye-fatiguing lengthy epistle of to-day,

¹ A pet name for Charlotte Brent.

with its inclosure I have not seen Allston again Yesterday (Tuesday) was the first of my re-emersion since Thursday O *mercy*! such an account of my last night's (6th Lecture) in Mills' Paper! it is so strangely throughout the *direct opposite* of what I said, that I triumph in it It has given *me*, the Philosopher so convincing a proof of the effect of all *uncommonplace* discourses on the commonplace minds, that admire the other *me*, the Lecturer The account is a compleat Lord's Prayer read backwards—of course a most *charming*, *bewitching* account Gutch¹ and Mills are at daggers-drawn, both as men and news-paperists Gutch is an old schoolfellow of mine, and has been ostentatiously civil—but yet because Mills has given [an] account of my Lectures, he will not

Thursday Night

Well, my dear Loves! I have made a famous Lecture to a crowded room, and all the better, because on account of my mortification at the ill-conduct of those who had forced me against my own exprest convictions on the Cliftonian Lecture, I had not prepared one single word or thought till 10 minutes before the Lecture commenced It was, therefore, quite in my [best vein] and pleased more than any This was to have been the last— However I am to give one on Tuesday next—and probably, for an indefinite time I might with advantage But I can determine nothing till I hear from you, which I expect to do by tomorrow's post This only I can say, that if you were with me, I could make all things answer both for my Family and you But if your feelings are insurmountable, I will take leave of my Bristolian Friends, and instantly go off with you to Keswick with no other serious repugnance but that of giving up a scheme, hitherto flattering, of making Morgan's friends zealous and under promise to do their best for him, should he return to his birth-place and devote his time (not himself) to his pro-

¹ John Matthew Gutch (1776-1861), an old Christ's Hospital friend of Coleridge's, edited *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, to which Coleridge contributed

fession But I will not say another word about it—only whithersoever you go, I will accompany you, till I re-deliver the goods to the rightful owner J J. Morgan Esqr N B Miss Polly Parker that charming Nymph ' has sent to me hoping that I will call on " his old and affectionate friend " these were the very words of the message as delivered to me by Kiddle—the overture of the Farce being a broad grin on his part Kiddle the Immutable ! So I have christened him—for he is the *very same* being, I knew 20 years ago—and a most worthy being it is Good night ! To-morrow I shall hear *from* you, and *of* Miss Brent *From* Miss B ? O La ! no ! Write to a man, tho' old enough to be my father ! My neck-and-breast-kerchief is downright scorched and iron-moulded with the intensity of my expansive blush Well then, be it so ! for my dear Mary ! may have been able to measure one of Meguin's Blushes ! I can only swear to pour the base interspace on her head, (formed by her horrid torture of her beautiful hair) down to a *little* beyond the lowermost end of her tiny pretty Bird's-neck O while I write I try to *see* you laughing—or looking as you do, Mary, while sky-larking—

If I do not receive tomorrow a minute circumstantial account of your health, what it *has* been, as well as what it is at the moment of writing, I shall be deuced angry

S T C

Friday Afternoon.

No Letter from you ! Did you not receive mine of Wednesday with £20 inclosed ? Two posts missing I am half alarmed Pray write

LETTER 242

To MRS JOHN J MORGAN, No 19 London Street, Fitzroy Square,
London

[From the original letter in the possession of A H Hallam Murray]

MY DEAR MARY

[Postmark, November 22, 1813]

Most assuredly I will be with you as soon after Tuesday Night, as Stages can carry me You will see by Gutch's Paper that I am already *engaged* to give a further Lecture on Education on Tuesday Night—Of course, I cannot set off till Wednesday If your feelings render the vicinity of Bristol out of the question, there is no use of saying anything further—but my friends here were disposed to exert their utmost influence in bringing about the plan, that I had long so fondly fostered, of a *system* of private Lectures with Discussions afterwards, conveying all the knowledge that a gentleman ought to have, whether Lawyer, Clergyman, Medical Man, Merchant, or Senator—and which if realized would secure me 600*£* a year, and yet leave me time for other things My *notion* was, if such a thing could be effectuated, instantly to send down for Hartley and Derwent, to take Lodgings answerable till [by] my own and my friends' efforts we could furnish a suitable House—to take it in Morgan's name, and for Morgan—so as to give him a home, opportunity, and increase of connections for re-suming his profession here However be it understood that I leave Bristol on Wednesday Evening, unless I hear from you either by Tuesday's (the first possible day) or by Wednesday's Post— In the mean time (N B this is Saturday Midnight* for from some neglect Barnard did not bring home the Letter before I was forced to go out to dinner, to Revd Mr Glen's, and I have therefore just received and read it) I will employ my time and efforts (as far as the Lecture permits me) to settle Lloyd's †

Forgive me, my dear Sisters † but how comes it that when, Mary, you are unwell, that you, Charlotte! do not write to me? Have you no confidence in me? Have I not told you, that I burn every letter as soon as I have done reading it? and that with the exception of the Letters sent

in the Parcel I have read every one the moment it was delivered—and even those on the same day? You write a good hand, and you express yourself naturally and like an unaffected Gentlewoman, but in the name of Love and Friendship, have you known me so long as to fear that my Regard for you, or my respect for your Understanding, could be increased or diminished by your Style or your handwriting? If that were at all possible, it could only happen from your Style being too bluestocking fine and correct, and your Handwriting *too* exquisite. So help me Conscience! I should always Anticipate a more natural Letter, more really wise, and more unaffectedly affecting, the more ill-spelt words there were in it, and the fewer stops and divided Sentences. You yourselves *cannot* write half as sweetly and heart-touchingly, as with *your* thoughts and feelings you would have done, if you had never heard of Grammar, Spelling, etc.—O curse them—at least as far as Women are concerned. The longer I live, the more do I loathe in stomach, and deprecate in Judgement, all, *all* Blue-stockings! The least possible of it implies at least two Nits, in one egg a male, t'other a female—and if not killed the sense of the Lady will be *Licencer*! .¹ crawls

I have at the same time with yours received a letter from Allston. I transcribe “From your letter I conclude Mrs Morgan is better *well*, I hope. Bless her bright Eyes! I wish they were the illumined Windows of a *Heart* of Sunshine!—and the inexpressible archness, yet honesty, shrewdness yet meekness, in her Sister's!—I doubt, whether the Sun's Beams ever did or will visit any of better Hearts than theirs!—As to my own Health, Mr. King told me a few days since, that if no accident occurred to obstruct my present progress, I should in short time be a *well man* and indeed I *seem* such even *now* in all but strength.” Mrs A is but poorly—bashfulness alone has prevented her (A says) from writing to you, but she loves you dearly. They remove on Monday from Clifton to No 18 Pritchard Street, Portland Square, Bristol.

¹ MS mutilated

Perhaps, I may receive a Letter from you tomorrow, more fully explaining your Ideas and Intentions I wish it, only because I am a little puzzled, there existing so general a wish that I should give the Miltonian Lectures at Bristol I have made Friends of them all, even by my sarcastic observations on the contrast between Bristol and Clifton Patronage Guignette is (as I always thought) a wretched Creature—seemed to have never heard of Morgan, or to have seen me!—I dined yesterday at Mr Castle's played four Rubbers of Whist, and lost only two shillings—and Michael Castle sent from his table to mine (there were 4 card tables) to beg a pinch of snuff, and just after came over to me and said—"I have wished a keepsake of your's—let us exchange boxes—I assure you, I shall preserve your's as a Relic" (you remember my Miss Fenner 10d one) and presented me with one of the most elegant boxes of richest Tortoise shell mounted in gold. So rich was the Tortoise shell that till I looked thro' it by candlelight I mistook it for Jetsum I tell you these things because they pleased me chiefly in the anticipation that they would give you pleasure Had your feelings been such, as on the whole I could have wished them, I had proposed to myself after Tuesday to have fetched you from London, to have gone with you to my friend, T Poole's at Stowey (a mere half-day's journey from here) to have procured comfortable Dwelling, Acquaintance etc—till such time as M could return and settle at Bristol¹—or if that was too distant to have taken Lodgings at Wrington, 12 miles from Bristol—where you would have found in Mrs and the Miss De Quinceys unaffected women² prepared to love and esteem you. But on Thursday I will be with you, Life and Health permitting

[No ending or signature]

¹ The Morgan family moved from London in December, 1813, to a cottage at Ashley, half a mile from Box, on the Bath road, where they lived in reduced circumstances

² "From Sore throat's Letters to them in consequence of which they asked *solicitously* about you, whether you were not *charming* women No, Madam! (says I) I never saw anything charming in them NB I said that only to heighten their Surprise when they saw the Beauty, the compleat Woman"—This note by S T C was written at the top of the original letter.

LETTER 243

To JOHN J MORGAN

[Original letter, Huntington Library Coleridge's activities between November, 1813, and April, 1814, are difficult to trace During these months he nearly yielded body and soul to opium, he seems to have ceased writing to everyone, and though he was to make desperate efforts to emancipate himself, it was not until after 1816 that any real cure was effected]

[1814]

MY DEAR MORGAN

Tomorrow morning, I doubt not, I shall be of clear and collected Spirits, but tonight I feel that I should do nothing to any purpose, but and excepting Thinking, Planning, and Resolving to resolve—and praying to be able to execute

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 244

To the REV JOHN P ESTLIN, *St Michael's*

[Original letter the property of the Bristol Museum and Art Gallery Committee Privately printed, *Unpublished Letters from Samuel Taylor Coleridge to the Rev John Prior Estlin*, H A Bright, 112-117

In one of his Bristol lectures Coleridge referred to Milton's Satan as a "sceptical Socinian" Estlin very naturally resented the phrase, and though Coleridge in this letter offers both an apology and an explanation, his remark cost him the friendship of Estlin]

Saturday Night, April 9, 1814

DEAR SIR

And is it possible that you can reject, and drive from your presence "a friend, once dear to your Heart," unquestioned? unheard? I have this very moment returned home and on eagerly opening your note was, as it were, thunderstruck and I have no reason to believe that I should have guessed the cause, had it not been for an accidental speech of Mr. Le Breton's to me, after my Lecture¹ "At a certain phrase of yours, (said he) I looked round to see whether Dr E. was there" I instantly replied to him—would to Heaven, he had been¹ the very sight of him would

¹The course of lectures on Milton was delivered in Bristol during April, 1814

have made it impossible that so foolish an expression should have entered into my mind, much less have been uttered by me And (I continued) yet I solemnly declare, that to the best of my Belief I should have been just as likely to have used it, being in a similar tone of mind, at the time that I was myself a most sincere and fervent Unitarian

First, dear Sir ! let me entreat you to consider that my Lectures, with exception only of the general Plan of leading Thoughts, are literally and strictly extempore, the words of the moment ! Next, let me hope that the expression used by me has not been represented with all the palliating circumstances Whoever was your Informer, can likewise tell you that the immediately preceding part of the Lecture had been of a (*for me*) unusually cheerful and even mirth-exciting nature—and in speaking of a sublime Invention of Milton, unsupported by the natural and obvious sense of the Text (for had it been a mere quotation, like that of “ Let there be Light ! etc ”, where had been *his* Sublimity ?) I said in previous explanation these very words “ *for Milton has been pleased to represent Satan as a sceptical Socinian* ”

Now had I said, that Milton had represented Satan as convinced of the prophetic and Messianic character of Christ, but sceptical concerning any higher claims, I should have stated the mere matter of fact—and can I think it possible that you should for ever withhold your affection and esteem from me merely because most incautiously and with improper Levity, I confess and with unfeigned sorrow, I conveyed the very same thoughts or fact in a foolish Phrase ? Permit me, Sir, to ask you one Question Have you ever had reason to suppose or suspect, that in my expressions of gratitude and affectionate esteem toward you, I have been ever influenced by a single selfish expectation, or the most distant interested motive ? Has that been *my* character ? or if it had been, can it be supposed that deliberately and with malice *prepenſe* I could have openly insulted a body of Christians, not only comprizing a large number of the wealthiest and most respectable Citizens of Bristol, but among these full half of all, whom I knew most intimately,

most respect, and who have been most kind and attentive to me, as MM Castle and family, and Brothers, Mr Danvers, etc.

Dear Sir ! Let not tomorrow's Prayer offered to our common Father for forgiveness pass without an inward forgiveness of me for an offence, which, I call Heaven witness, was never intended—which was the result of a momentary Levity, for which I should be most eager to make any apology, public or private, as far as is consistent with the truth—namely, that it was a mere Levity, and not meant to convey any serious sarcasm on the opinions you profess I do again assert, that as far as I know my own heart and nature, it is my full conviction, that in the same careless mood of mind I should have been just as likely to have used the same words to the same purpose at the time that I was myself a zealous Socinian, and let Danvers or any one who knew me then intimately in my unguarded Talk, decide whether I have said aught improbable in this assertion I hope, I need not say, that it is the desire of being present to you in your kind wishes, and not any great pleasure I find in *visiting*, except as far as I at once enjoy and gratify friendly feelings, has occasioned you the trouble of reading this long Letter from him, who (however unkindly you may think of him) will ever be and avow himself with high esteem your obliged and grateful,

S T C

LETTER 245

To JOSEPH COTTLE, *Brunswick Square*

[Original letter, New York Public Library. Published, with the postscript omitted, *Letters*, II 616-619. The letter is published in *Early Recollections* in two places, Cottle leading the reader to suppose that there were two separate letters. Cf. *Early Recollections*, II 112 and 155-158. F. H. Coleridge took his text from Cottle, for he duplicates Cottle's variations of the text and does not add the postscript, "I am, therefore, printing in full this heart-rending letter."

The circumstances are as follows: at this time Cottle first discovered Coleridge's excessive indulgence in opium and on April 25, 1814, wrote a long letter to Coleridge (*Early Recollections*, II 150-155). The letter given below was Coleridge's reply. In answer Cottle was "afflicted to perceive that Satan is so busy with you, but God is greater than Satan. Did you ever hear of Jesus Christ?" (*Ibid* II 159).]

April 26, 1814

You have poured oil in the raw and festering Wound of an old friend's Conscience, Cottle! but it is oil of Vitriol! I but barely glanced at the middle of the first page of your Letter, and have seen no more of it—not from resentment (God forbid!) but from the state of my bodily and mental sufferings, that scarcely permitted human fortitude to let in a new visitor of affliction. The object of my present reply is to state the case just as it is—first, that for years the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable, the sense of my danger *staring*, but the conscience of my *guilt* worse, far far worse than all!—I have prayed with drops of agony on my Brow, trembling not only before the Justice of my Maker, but even before the Mercy of my Redeemer. "I gave thee so many Talents. What hast thou done with them?"—Secondly—that it is false and cruel to say, (overwhelmed as I am with the sense of my direful Infirmary) that I attempt or ever have attempted to *disguise* or conceal the cause. On the contrary, not only to friends have I stated the whole case with tears and the very bitterness of shame, but in two instances I have warned young men, mere acquaintances who had spoken of having taken Laudanum, of the direful consequences, by an ample exposition of its tremendous effects on myself—Thirdly, tho' before God I dare not lift up my eyelids, and only do not despair of his Mercy because to

despair would be adding crime to crime, yet to my fellow-men I may say, that I was seduced into the *accursed* Habit ignorantly I had been almost bed-ridden for many months with swellings in my knees—in a medical Journal I unhappily met with an account of a cure performed in a similar case (or what to me appeared so) by rubbing in of Laudanum, at the same time taking a given dose internally It acted like a charm, like a miracle¹ I recovered the use of my Limbs, of my appetite, of my Spirits—and this continued for near a fortnight— At length, the unusual stimulus subsided—the complaint returned—the supposed remedy was recurred to—but I can not go thro' the dreary history—suffice it to say, that effects were produced, which acted on me by *Terror* and *Cowardice* of *Pain* and sudden Death, not (so help me God !) by any Temptation of Pleasure, or expectation or desire of exciting pleasurable sensations On the very contrary, Mrs Morgan and her Sister will bear witness so far, as to say that the longer I abstained, the higher my spirits were, the keener my enjoyments—till the moment, the direful moment, arrived, when my pulse began to fluctuate, my Heart to palpitate, and such a dreadful *falling-abroad*, as it were, of my whole frame, such intolerable Restlessness and incipient Bewilderment, that in the last of my several attempts to abandon the dire poison, I exclaimed in agony, what I now repeat in seriousness and solemnity—"I am too poor to hazard this ! Had I but a few hundred Pounds, but 200*£*, half to send to Mrs Coleridge, and half to place myself in a private madhouse, where I could procure nothing but what a Physician thought proper, and where a medical attendant could be constantly with me for two or three months (in less than that time Life or Death would be determined) then there might be Hope Now there is none !"—O God ! how willingly would I place myself under Dr Fox in his Establishment¹—for my Case is a species of madness,

¹ Coleridge was unable to place himself under the care of Dr Fox, because of the interference of his Bristol friends, but they arranged to have him under the supervision of Dr Daniel, a medical man in Bristol If Coleridge expected Cottle to respond with an offer of money he was disappointed Before writing Coleridge, Cottle had sought Southey's

only that it is a derangement, an utter impotence of the *Volition*, and not of the intellectual Faculties—You bid me rouse myself—go, bid a man paralytic in both arms rub them briskly together, and that will cure him Alas ! (he would reply) that I cannot move my arms is my complaint and my misery —

My friend, Wade, is not at home—and I sent off all the little money, I had—or I would with this have included the 10*£* received from you

May God bless you

and

Your affectionate and

Most afflicted

S T COLERIDGE.

Dr Estlin, I found, is raising the city against me, as far as he and his friends can, for having stated a mere matter of fact, viz —that Milton had represented Satan as a sceptical Socinian—which is the case, and I could not have explained the excellence of the sublimest single Passage in all his writings had I not previously informed the Audience, that Milton had represented Satan as knowing the prophetic and Messianic Character of Christ, but was sceptical as to any higher Claims—and what other definition could Dr. E himself give of a sceptical Socinian ? Now that M has done so, please to consult, *Par Regained*, Book IV from line 196. —and then the same book from line 500.

advice, and Southey, a little unkindly perhaps, had pointed out that Coleridge should return to Greta Hall, apply himself, and assume responsibility for his family Cottle, therefore, replied to Coleridge with advice, rather than financial assistance Cf *Reminiscences*, 373-379

LETTER 246

To JOHN J MORGAN, *Mrs E Smith's, Ashley Cottage, Box
near Bath*

[Original letter in possession of A H Hallam Murray]

2—*Queen's Square,
Saturday, May 14, 1814*

MY DEAR MORGAN

If it could be said with a little *appearance* of profaneness, as there is feeling or intention in my mind, I might affirm, that I had been crucified, dead, and buried, descended into *Hell*, and am now, I humbly trust, rising again, tho' slowly and gradually I thank you from my heart for your far too kind letter to Mr Hood—so much of it is true that such as you described I always wished to be I know, it will be vain to attempt to persuade Mrs Morgan or Charlotte, that a man, whose moral feelings, reason, understanding, and senses are perfectly sane and vigorous, may yet have been *mad*— And yet nothing is more true By the long long Habit of the accursed Poison my Volition—by which I mean the faculty *instrumental* to the Will, and by which alone the Will can realize itself—(it's Hands, Legs, and Feet, as it were) was compleatly deranged, at times frenzied, dissevered itself from the Will, and became an independent faculty so that I was perpetually in the state, in which you may have seen paralytic Persons, who attempting to push a step forward in one direction are violently forced round to the opposite I was sure that no ease, much less pleasure, would ensue and, was certain of an accumulation of pain But tho' there was no prospect, no gleam of Light before, an indefinite indescribable Terror as with a scourge of ever restless, ever coiling and uncoiling serpents, drove me on from behind The worst was, that in *exact proportion* to the *importance* and *urgency* of any Duty was it, as of a fatal necessity, sure to be neglected because it added to the Terror above described In exact proportion, as I *loved* any person or persons more than others, and would have sacrificed my Life for them, were *they* sure to be the most bar-

barously mistreated by silence, absence, or breach of promise I used to think St James's text, "He who offendeth in one point of the Law, offendeth in all," very harsh, but my own sad experience has taught me it's awful, dreadful Truth What crime is there scarcely which has not been included in or followed from the one guilt of taking opium? Not to speak of ingratitude to my Maker for the wasted Talents, of ingratitude to so many friends who have loved me I know not why, of barbarous neglect of my family, excess of cruelty to Mary and Charlotte, when at Box, and both ill—(a vision of Hell to me when I think of it!) I have in this one dirty business of Laudanum an hundred times deceived, tricked, nay, actually and consciously *lied* And yet *all* these vices are so opposite to my nature, that but for this *free-agency-annihilating* Poison, I verily believe that I should have suffered myself to have been cut to pieces rather than have committed any one of them At length, it became too bad I used to take 4 to 5 ounces a day of Laudanum, once

¹ ounces i e near a Pint—besides great quantities of opium From the Sole of my foot to the Crown of my head there was not an Inch in which I was not continually in torture, for more than a fortnight no sleep ever visited my Eyelids—but the agonies of remorse were worse than all!—Letters past between Cottle, Hood, and myself—and our kind Friend, Hood, sent Mr Daniel to me At his second call I told him plainly (for I had sculked out the night before and got Laudanum) that while I was in my own power, all would be in vain—I should inevitably cheat and trick *him*, just as I had done Dr Tuthill—that I must either be removed to a place of confinement, or at all events have a Keeper Daniel saw the truth of my observations, and my most faithful excellent friend, Wade, procured a strong-bodied but decent, meek, elderly man, to superintend me, under the name of my Valet—all in the House were forbidden to fetch anything but by the Doctor's order—Daniel generally spends two or three hours a day with me and already from 4 and

¹ MS cut away for autograph signature from opposite side of quarto sheet

5 ounces has brought me down to four tea-spoonfuls in the 24 Hours—the terror and the indefinite craving are gone—and he expects to drop it altogether by the middle of next week—Till a day or two after that I would rather not see you

1

LETTER 247

To JOHN J MORGAN, *Ashley, Box near Bath*

[Original letter, Library of Owen D Young]

2, *Queen's Square*
Sunday, May 15, 1814

MY DEAR MORGAN

To continue from my last—Such was the direful state of my mind that (I tell it you with horror) the razors, penknife, and every possible instrument of Suicide it was found necessary to remove from my room! My faithful, my *inexhaustibly patient* Friend, *Wade*, has caused a person to sleep by my bed side, on a bed on the floor so that I might never be altogether alone—O Good God! why do such good men love me! At times, it would be more delightful to me to lie in the Kennel, and (as Southey said) “unfit to be pulled out by any honest man except with a pair of Tongs.”² What *he* then said (perhaps) rather unkindly of me, was prophetically true! Often have I wished to have been thus trodden and spit upon, if by any means it might be an atonement for the direful guilt, that (like all others) first *smiled* on me, like Innocence! then crept closer, and yet closer, till it had thrown it's serpent folds round and round me, and I was no longer in my own power! *Something* even the most wretched of Beings (*human* Beings at least) owes to himself—and this I *will* say and *dare* with truth say—that never was I led to this wicked direful practice of taking Opium or Laudanum by any desire or expectation of exciting *pleasurable* sensations, but purely

¹ MS cut away to obtain autograph

² Southey, as his letters to Cottle (*Reminiscences*, 373-379) show, had completely lost faith in Coleridge.

by *terror*, by cowardice of pain, first of mental pain, and afterwards as my System became weakened, even of bodily Pain

My Prayers have been fervent, in agony of Spirit, and for hours together, incessant ! still ending, O ! only for the merits, for the agonies, for the cross of my blessed Redeemer ! For I am nothing, but evil—I can do nothing but evil ! Help, Help !— I believe ! help thou my unbelief !—

Mr Daniel has been the wisest of physicians to me I cannot say, how much I am indebted both to his Skill and Kindness But he is one of the few rare men, who can make even their Kindness Skill, and the best and most unaffected Virtues of their hearts *professionally* useful.

Anxious as I am to see you, yet I would wish to delay it till some 3 days after the total abandonment of the Poison I expect that this will commence on Tuesday next

Dr Estlin has contrived not only to pick a gratuitous quarrel with me, but by his female agents to rouse men who should be ashamed of such folly, for my saying in a Lecture on the Paradise Regained, that Milton had been pleased to represent the Devil as a sceptical Socinian Alas ! if I *should* get well—wo' to the poor Doctor and to his Unitarians ! They have treated me so ungenerously that I am by the allowance of all my friends let loose from all bonds of delicacy Estlin has behaved downright cruel and brutal to me

I scarce know what to say or to bid you say to Mary or to Charlotte—for I cannot, of course, address myself to the reason of Women and all that their common sense, their experience and their feelings, suggest to them, must be irreversably against me. Nevertheless, strange as it must appear to them and perhaps incredible, it is still true, that I not only have loved ever, and still do *love* them ; but that there never was a moment, in which I would not have shed my very blood for their sakes—At the very worst, I never neglected them but when in an hundredfold degree I was injuring myself But this I cannot expect women to understand or believe, and must take the alienation of Mary's and

Charlotte's esteem and affection among the due punishments of my Crime

I am as much pleased as it is possible I can be at present in the present state of my body and mind at the improving state of your affairs Nothing would give me truer delight, than being recovered, to be able by my exertions to aid you and assuredly, either this will [be] the case, or my Death

I ought to say, that Mr Daniel is *sanguine* respecting my total recovery tho' he admits, that after the Laudanum has been totally discontinued, there must be a long process to remedy the ravages in my constitution, which it has caused, and to bring down my carcass to something like a bulk proportionate to my years—

Allston has altogether forgot me . but I have not forgot him,—but I am an Englishman, and he is an American ¹ I was in my bitterest affliction glad to learn that his Picture had been noticed, however unworthily and by such a scurvy set of Judges I intreated Bird to call on him and intreat him to write to me, tho' but *two* Lines—But I fear, Allston, tho' the very best and prime, is an American ¹

I dare not ask you to give my Love to Mary—it is sufficient, that she has it As soon as I am better, if I do not come over, I will write and ask you to come hither after Miss Brent's Return from London—

Your affectionate Friend

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 248

To MISS COTTLE

[From the original letter in the possession of Mrs H G Eggar]

2, *Queen's Square*,
May 19, 1814

DEAR MADAM

In my yet unconfirmed Health (a specific irritation, moreover, of the lower part of the intestinal Canal affecting by nervous sympathy my knees with frequent, scarcely

¹ It will be interesting to compare this remark on Americans with the last part of a letter to Allston, Letter 261, dated October 25, 1815

tolerable, aching, and with *quite* intolerable restlessness—almost, Heaven's Master be praised, the only relict and sediment of my Illness) the Walk to Brunswick Square and back is too much for my strength or I should not have suffered so many days to pass without having called to inquire after my good friend's state of Body¹ Barnard will pass by your door, and you will be so kind as to let me know by him (do not trouble yourself with writing) how your Brother goes on I hope, that finally this distressful accident may prove in some degree serviceable to him by removing or lessening the inflammatory ferment of his Blood and consequent turgescence and weakness of the Vessels But I wish, he could sit in a more airy room and still more, that he had a small riding chair, which a Lad might with ease push along thro' the open air —

My affectionate respects to Miss Anne, and be assured, that I am,

dear Madam,

with unfeigned regard

Your friend and servt

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 249

To JOHN J MORGAN, *Ashley, Box, Bath*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

2, *Queen's Square*,
June 2, 1814

MY VERY DEAR MORGAN

I have been so almost alarmed by neither hearing from or seeing you, that I should have come over to Box, but for the most unfortunate *Burthenment* upon me of Lady Beaumont's sister, Mrs Fermor² who has taken lodgings close by us, in order, forsooth, to have the comfort of my religious openings and consolations The Lord has de-

¹ In the midst of his activities in endeavouring to pry loose the Devil which he was convinced was in possession of Coleridge, Cottle burst a blood vessel

² Cf *Memorials of Coleorton*, W Knight, 1887, u 171-174

served her, she says—and good innocent woman, as ever lived, but doleful as a dull Tragedy, or as the Miss Cottles It is really a direful Burthen, which the *usual* wisdom and Delicacy of Lady Beaumont have imposed upon me—

However, before this week is over, if I continue but as I am, I will be with you— By the bye, Jo Cottle who is fizzling and desperately disposed, spite of all poetic decency, to *let* a third epic, called *Messiah*¹ (O such an Epic !!!) he gave me 10 pounds for reading thro and correcting seven books out of twenty FOUR—and never galley-slave earned a penny so painfully and laboriously (confound the Pens !) I can scarce write with them— Well, poor Jo has burst a small blood vessel in his chest—but is convalescent—and instead of applying his conscience to himself he has taken into his skull (heaven knows ! there is room enough for any alien guest) to turn it all on me—and I have had some 4 or 5 letters, arms length each, and (except the occasional bad spelling very fairly *sentenced*) the object of all which is to convince me, that it has not been Opium, quoad Opium, that has injured me, but (what think you ?) the *Devil*—Yes, says he, the Devil, depend upon it has got possession of you— It is the Devil that is even now within you—“ a strong man armed (that is, this said *Devil*) has the mastery of you, but a stronger than he will not suffer him, I hope, to keep possession— Do not deceive yourself about opium etc it is the evil spirit, it is the *Devil* that is in you ” Now is not Jo a rare comforter to a poor fellow in dreadful low spirits ? I verily believe that Wade would have gone, and setting fire to all his MSS have suffocated him in his own poetry, if I had not prevented it, and poor Jo had not burst a Blood Vessel—God bless him ! he is a well meaning Creature but a great Fool

Not a line from Allston—tho' I had so *earnestly* intreated him to write to me, and especially begged him to get The Friend from Wallis It is the improved Edition, and the whole is quite out of print, so that this is of importance I ordered it from Bulgin—and the answer from his London

¹ Cottle's *Messiah* was published in 1815

Correspondent was "Out of Print and the Publishers Gale and Curtis have long given over the hope of inducing the Author to prepare a second Edition"—How my good qualities diffuse themselves! Bulgin did not know me, which was lucky I am better Love to Mrs M and if she be with you Miss B— dear Morgan, your *very* friend

S T C

P S Quere As I *could* not have swallowed the Devil with his antlers dispreading, whether it does not follow, that he must have *pocketed his Horns*, consequently that the Devil is a poor cowardly Wittol? Indeed, I never had a good opinion of him

LETTER 250

To JOHN J MORGAN, *Ashley, Box, Bath*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

Bristol, June 11, 1814

MY DEAR FRIEND

I should have been with you ere this, but for an ugly erysipelatous inflammation on and round my right ancles and toward night, when the leg has been for many hours down a puffiness in the instep which Daniel looked graver at yesterday than he has done at anything for some weeks I believe, however, that it was brought on, first, by staying out till past eleven at George Kiddle's with Hood and J Castle which was more their fault than mine, for I had ordered Hatherfield, my keeper, to come for me at a $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8, and made strenuous efforts to go, but they all rose up in arms, and forced me back to my chair, under pretence that Mr Daniel had said, I might stay till 9. Then in came Wade, who did however approve of it—and so it spun on till $\frac{1}{2}$ past eleven— A few evenings after I stayed till 12 at Daniel's own house, and after supper Mrs Daniel made a jorum of Hollands and water, and I looked at Daniel and said, Is this lawful? "Why, why," (quoth Daniel, the master of the house casting a veil over the doctor) "once now and then"

I believe his conscience sorely misgave him, as he uttered the words—but the conversation was mantling like champagne—and laughter as I have often observed, is the most potent producer of forgetfulness, of the whole Pharmacopoeia, moral or medicinal

During convalescence and as the system begins to restore itself, even the least deviation betrays itself at once, and *tells* against the health, tenfold more than it would have done or appeared to do, in the height of the disease

I dined with Hood yesterday and tho' I drank no wine at dinner, and confined myself rigorously to the pint of Madeira prescribed me, yet such was the stimulus of conversation (there was a Devonshire family, the Grangers, Hood's relation by marriage, who are intimate with my relations by gone), that both insteps were swoln at my return tho' I left him at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7, and both went and returned in a coach This morning the puffiness is entirely gone and the Blush much fainter, but the small of the leg still remains a misnomer and makes its fellow leg for the first time in its life look quite genteel by the comparison The etymology of the word erysipelas is clearly this—the first man in England affected with it was called Harry—a great Topper Every time the doctor visited him, he said to him—Harry! sip the less—which being constantly repeated by the man's friends became the name of the disease, and by quick pronunciation got corrupted into Erysipelas Indeed if I recollect rightly this Harry was a Staffordshire man where they use and omit the H by the rule of contraries Those who are fond of far fetched etymologies may go to the Greeks for me Poor Kiddle too is confined with his old complaint, erysipelas in the face

Allston called on me yesterday, but there was [such] a Levee in my bedroom that I had no opportunity of talking to him, till I was too much exhausted to ask any questions of any interest I was very glad to see him, tho' he ought to have written to me After repeated intreaties to which he payed no attention has gone off with the *Friend*. and where or how to procure another copy with the reprinted

Numbers I know not What makes it more provoking is that to a certainty Wallis will never read five pages of the Book He is either a bad man or a mad man, but I believe, the last positively, and the former only negatively

I am as much disposed as you, to think with at least comparative respect of the New Englanders, but I cannot explain or altogether get over, the almost uniform experience of all who have had any concerns with any American

Should my leg be entirely reduced by Monday, I will take the Stage and be with you—if not, yet as soon as it is It will give you pleasure to see the doses of Laudanum I shall bring with me

My kind love to your wife and sister There is a coolness between me and Porter I will tell you the particulars when we meet—but all common friends highly approve both of my feelings and conduct There is, I hear and fear some danger, that Porter's head will be turned by the flatteries and evening parties of his parish

God bless you

and S. T COLERIDGE

P S I have not been altogether idle, of late and hope to make my industry keep pace with my convalescence I have been perfecting myself in the Spanish and am reading with high delight the minor works of Cervantes (in a lovely edition) his *Persiles*, his *Galatea*, Novels, *Voyage to Parnassus* and *Numancia a Tragedy*—and the *Trato del Argel* ¹

Lady Beaumont's sister (Mrs Fermor) left Bristol for Bath yesterday. Poor afflicted Dowager ¹ she clings obstinately to the faith that the whole source of her sufferings [are] from her head and heart

2

¹ Coleridge refers to the following works of Cervantes *Los Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda* (1617), *Galatea* (1617), *Novelas Exemplares* (1613) *Viaje del Parnaso* (1614), *La Numancia Tragedia*, and *El Trato de Argel* (1784)

² Personal details of Mrs Fermor's ailment

LETTER 251

To JOHN J MORGAN, *Ashley, Box, Bath*

[From the original letter in the possession of A H Hallam Murray]

*Thursday, July 7, 1814*¹

MY DEAR FRIEND

Suppose, I borrowed Hood's Horse for a fortnight, to ride over myself, in order to give you a little Horse exercise, is there any stable near you, at either of the Farm Houses, in which it could be properly and safely stabled? Be so good as to let me have an immediate answer Ten miles and back again every morning from 11 to 3 would do you a world of good and let me persuade you to leave off the magnesia, unless when you are *certain* of an acid in your Stomach .

2

I begin to hope confidently, that I shall be able to work profitably, and somewhere or other to renew our former Relations I can at all events get six guineas a week and that in a country Cottage would be ample for us—As I have nothing to say, I shall shut up this Letter till I return from Allston's¹ Merchant Tailor's Hall, to which I go (please God) at 12 o'clock—and will fill up the letter with my Impressions from his Pictures—God bless you—and let Charlot kiss her crooked little finger for me—and Mary (if she can) the Dimple on her chin

S T COLERIDGE



Wednesday afternoon, $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3¹ Too late for the Post—Had taken Mrs Daniel and a female friend of her's together with small *Sore-throat* who unexpectedly popped in on me, to Allston's It [I was?] disappointed in finding only the great Picture at the Merch-Tayl-Hall (opposite to Guild Hall in Broad Street, up one of the Bristol *Urēthras*) I was more than gratified by the wonderful Improvement of the Picture,

¹ This letter was apparently begun on Wednesday, July 6, 1814² Coleridge here gives to Morgan a series of specific remedies

since he has restored it to his original Conception I cannot by words convey to you, how much he has improved it within the last Fortnight ' Were it not, that I still think (tho' ages *might* pass without the world at large noticing it) that in the figure of the Soldier there is too much motion for the distant Expression, or rather too little expression for the quantity and vehemence of Motion, I should scarcely hesitate to declare it in it's present state a *perfect* work of *art* ¹ Such Pictures with such variety of Colors, all harmonizing, and while they vivify, yet deepen not counteract, the total effect of a grand Solemnity of Tint, I never before contemplated I must defer seeing his other pictures, which are at his Lodgings, till Friday when I expect to go with Daniel, first to the M T Hall, and then to the good *bad* little Hydatid's [?] The same game in Bristol as in London—A can visit *me*, but his own House and real Feelings belong as exclusively Property to his "Countrymen," as he called one of the Beasts last Night · when to Wade's great Delight I gave him a justly complimentary, but from that very cause a most severe Reproof "Countryman?" (said I) "Live the age of Methusalem, and you *may* have a right to say *that*, Allston —At present, either the World is your Country, and England with all it's faults your *home*, inasmuch as it contains the largest number of those who are capable of feeling your *Fame* before the idle Many, (the same in *kind* in all places but better (even these) in *degree here*, than in any other part of the world) have learnt to give you *Reputation*, or you are *morally* not worthy of your high Gifts, which as a Painter give you a *praeternatural* Privilege, even beyond the greatest Poet, by the universality of *your* Language . and you prefer the accident of Place, naked *Place*, unenriched by any of the associations of Law, Religion, or intellectual *Fountaincy*, to the essential grandeur of God in Man " I said it loftily, and tho' mildly yet not without perceptible Indignation · and it faintly tinged his cheeks, tho' the increased yellow was the predominate Hue. Good Heavens! that

¹ Coleridge probably refers to Allston's painting, "Dead Man Revived by Touching the Bones of the Prophet Elijah "

such a man with such a Heart and such Genius should be—not *an* American, but downright *American*, and I do believe, 9 parts in 10 *owing* to the little Hydatid O that (if only his Health could have been preserved) instead of being a *good* little Hydatid she had been an absolute Sarah + Mary + Edith + Eliza—*Fricker* (Christ ! what a name for Coleridge to be transferred to !)¹ with all the discontent, and miserableness of the Angel of the Race, self-nibbling Martha !—Then perhaps he might have hated her and been a fine fellow

11 o'clock, Wednesday Evening

I have dined out at York Place with Clayfield—Turbot, Lobster sauce, Boiled Fowls, Turtle, Ham, a quarter of Lamb and cauliflower and—then Ducks, Green Peas, a gooseberry, and a currant Pie, and a soft Pudding Desert, Grapes, Pine Apples, Strawberries, Cherries, and other more vulgar Fruits and Sweetmeats Wines ? he is a Wine-Merchant !—Champagne, Burgundy, Madeira—I forget the Commonalty !—Company ? not one to make such a Dinner less unendurable to me, except a very lovely woman called Mrs Grove, the wife of a Major Grove Further I know not—On my return I found your letter—your Letter (*Brief*, as the Germans call it) I want no money Would to God, I could send you 10000£ instead of having 10£—Whether

¹ “ If I know my own feelings, it was no *arrogance* that prompted this admiration of the name in only the remotest way connected with myself, but in and from itself I think, that the word CölérIDGE (amphimacron = long on both sides) has a noble *verbal physiognomy*—Ex gr Suppose me married to little Meguin, and that a Brentus Coleridge should discover the North West Passage, or (he being by the Mother’s side of a ship building generation) a power and machinery capable of rendering a vessel in the open seas independent of the winds) can you conceive a nobler Sound than Baron CölérIDGE of CölérIDGE, in the County of Devon ?—But if Charlotte prefers it, he shall be a Baronet, Sir Brentus Coleridge, of CölérIDGE Hall and Hundred [?], the Son of the celebrated S T Coleridge lawfully [sic] etc, on the etc of Charlotte Brent of *Brain-town* ? Brent is very well and so is Morgan, but I appeal to both Mary and to Charlotte, whether there is not a peculiar indescribable Beauty of the lofty kind in CölérIDGE ? For it is one of the vilest Beelzebubberies of Detraction to pronounce it Col-ridge, or CöllérIDGE, or ever Cöle-ridge It is and must be to all honest and honorable men, a Trissyllabic Amphimacron—o—”) ” Note by S T C

your suspicion is right or wrong, I request you earnestly not even to give it a thought, till I have in person told you the whole Be assured, that had no previous respect, or rather sympathy with the respect felt by those, I dearly love, interfered, it was a thing to laugh at, and for the miserable Reverend's sake to *pity* ! Whoever it be, he has incurred the *contempt* (not merely forfeited the Esteem and Regard) of all his oldest Bristol Friends I will bring you my answer, of which I (for once in my life sacrificing Indolence to Prudence) made a copy ¹

I am still improving in Health and Spirits , but that Lignum vitae Leg of mine will not go Partners in the *thinning* Line with my Body, or in the *prettying* Line with my Face An ugly obstinate Son of a Thigh Bone ! it is a downright Forgery for him to *lignify* before amputation, and mismetamorphose before Putrefaction *Right* as he may flatter himself, he is, I must inform him, that it is a *sinister* mode of Proceeding , but, however, I don't wish him to be *mortified*, and indeed would dispense with his hot *Blushes*

How sweet the tuneful Bells' responsive Peal !—this, you know, is thanksgiving Day God bless you all three

J J M M , and C B ,
And likewise me,

S T C

I send this to Ashley direct In your next tell me, which is likeliest to bring it soonest to you

¹ Probably referring to the Rev John P Estlin, whom Coleridge had offended by saying in one of his lectures, that " Milton has been pleased to represent Satan as a sceptical Socinian " Cf Letter 244, April 9, 1814

LETTER 252

To JOHN J MORGAN, *W Allston's Esq*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge
Published in part, *The Life and Letters of Washington Allston*, J B Flagg,
1893, 128-129]

[1814]

MY DEAR FRIEND

An hour after dinner I was taken very ill, and I am sorry to add not without some Botherment of Thought at every effort of attention. The elimination of a large quantity of bile (for the production of which I am obliged to Mrs Daniel's excellent glass of punch last night) has indeed relieved me, but I am so faint and feeble, tho' with no disquieting feelings, that I dare not undertake the walk to Portland Square—especially as I am enforced to give one of the actors (whose name I know not) a meeting at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 this evening at Mr Ambrose's, he having to enact some part in the *Remorse* and tomorrow morning at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8, Mr Bengough the *Ordonio*, is to breakfast here and have the part read and commented on to him ¹

I will take care if God grant me Life, that this unlucky indisposition shall be no injury to Allston. I should have done more, had I not been so anxious to do so much. I could not bear the thought of putting in an ordinary puff on such a man—or even an *anonymous* one ². I thought that a bold avowal of *my* sentiments as to fine Arts, as divided into—Language of Poetry—of the Ear—and of the Eye—and the last subdivided into the plastic (statuary) and the graphic (painting) connected and as it were *isthmused* with common life by the link of architecture and exemplifying my principles by continued reference to Allston's pictures—would from the mere curiosity of malignity and envy answer our

¹ The *Remorse* was presented in the Provinces after a successful production in London

² Coleridge's *Essays on the Fine Arts* were published in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal* in August and September, 1814. The editor of this journal on August 6, 1814, announced "the commencement of a series of Essays on the Fine Arts, illustrated by criticisms upon the pictures now exhibited by Mr Allston, in this city" Cf *Miscellaneous* by S T. Coleridge, T Ashe, 1892, 3-35

friend's *pecuniary* interests best his *Fame* he will make for himself—for which indeed (and you may tell him so from me) he has but *one* thing to do Having arrived at perfection, *comparative* perfection, certainly, in colouring, drawing and composition, to be as equal to these three in his *Expression* (not of a particular passion, but of the living ever-individualizing *soul*, whose chief and best meaning is *itself*) as even in *this* he is superior to other artists He will remember the Galatea of Rafael in the Farnesi which we saw together and understand, my dear Morgan,

Your faithful and loving friend

S T C

LETTER 253

To JOHN MURRAY, *Albemarle Street, London*

[Original letter in the possession of Col John Murray Coleridge had left Bristol on the advice of Mr Daniel, finding that in Bristol he "could pursue nothing uninterruptedly" Cf *Letters*, II 631 But his improvement was temporary]

Ashley, Box, Bath
September 10, 1814

DEAR SIR

I cannot persuade myself, that I can have offended you by my openness I think the "*Faust*"¹ a work of genius, of genuine and original Genius The Scenes in the Cathedral and in the Prison must delight and affect all Readers not pre-determined to dislike But the Scenes of Witchery and that astonishing Witch-Gallop up the Brocken will be denounced as *fantastic* and absurd Fantastic they *are*, and were meant to be, but I need not tell you, how many will detect the supposed fault for one, who can enter into the philosophy of that imaginative superstition, which justifies it I have shewn to the full conviction of no small number among our first rate men that every one of the Faults so wildly charged on the Hamlet by the Decriers of Shakespear, and palliated even by his admirers only on the score of their being overbalanced by it's Beauties, forms an essential part

¹ Arrangements for a translation of *Faust* for Murray, for £100 were well under way, but unfortunately nothing came of the plans See *A Publisher and His Friends* . (condensed edition), S Smiles, 1911, 117-121

of the essential Excellence of that marvellous *Plenum* of the myriad-minded man—a bold phrase, which I have transferred from a Patriarch of Constantinople, to whom it had been applied by a Greek Monk. In my Essay I meant to have given a full tho' compressed critical account of the 4 stages of German Poetry from Hans Sachs to Tieck and Schlegel, who with Goethe are the living Stars, that are now culminant on the German Parnassus. In reference to the *Labor* and to the Quantity of thoughtful Reading I deemed the price inadequate, not as less than you were justified in offering. I trust, however, to hear from you at all events. I have left Bristol for a Cottage 5 miles from Bath, in order to be perfectly out of the Reach of Interruption.

There are, however, two Works, which I could dare confidently recommend to you for Translation—the first, the minor works of Cervantes, namely his novels, his divine *Galatea*, his *Persiles*, *Numancia*, a Tragedy, and his humorous voyage to Parnassus—6 volumes in Spanish, but which might be printed in 3 sizable octavos in English. I will not say, that they are equal altogether to *Don Quixote*. What indeed is? What can be? But I will dare affirm, that in their *kind* they are equal, and of most consummate Excellence. A middle thing between the Novel and the Romance, they are more natural than the latter, more elevated and of more permanent Interest than the former—and with all the charms of the most delicious poetry in the most unaffected melody of Prose they may be re-perused for the 20th time with added pleasure. The second, the Prose Works of Boccaccio, excluding the *Decameron*—these two are of the same class as the above mentioned of Cervantes, but I dare affirm them far more interesting, affecting, and eloquent than the *Decameron* itself—and if less amusing, yet (if there be no contradiction in saying so) more entertaining. Either of these works I would undertake at any moderate price. Pray let me hear from you—Your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

Direct to Mr B Morgan, [sic] Chemist, Bridge Street, Bath
for Mr Coleridge. I am at a Mrs Smith's, Ashley, Box, Bath

LETTER 254

To MRS JOHN J MORGAN, *Ashley*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge Coleridge had recently removed from Ashley, Box, near Bath, to Calne, at a Mr Page's, surgeon]

It was at this time that Southey finally succeeded in making arrangements for Hartley Coleridge to be sent to Oxford Southey's letters to Coleridge about the matter were unanswered, and the former was driven to call on the Coleridges at Ottery, and various friends for assistance. Eventually Hartley was sent to Merton College Coleridge's neglect of his beloved children is inexplicable, save in the light of his opium indulgence Cf *Hartley Coleridge His Life and Work*, E L Griggs, 1929, 58-60]

Sunday, December 19, [1814] ¹

Yesterday was the first day, Mary, that I could leave my bed, except in a blanket, to have it made—even from the day I quitted you The Terrors of the Almighty have been around and against me, and tho' driven up and down for seven dreadful days, by restless Pain, like a Leopard in a den, yet the anguish and Remorse of mind was worse than the pain of the whole Body O I have had a new world opened to me, in the infinity of my own Spirit ¹ Woe be to me, if this last warning be not taken Amidst all my anguish you and Charlotte were present to me and formed a part of it Dr Parry, who was called in by accident (for I was too wild with suffering to direct anything myself) attended me day after day, and often twice a day, with parental kindness Mrs May says, he did what she never knew him do, stay with me two and three hours at a time, and to him under God's mercy I owe that I am at present alive For seven days consecutively I never swallowed a morsel Dr Parry said daily, so much the better, why should you take what you cannot digest ?

I shall put myself into a Post Chaise this afternoon, please God ¹ and proceed to Bristol (from thence I will write you immediately) Feeble as I am, and so depressed in spirit, I dare not come over to you, lest I should not be able to get away, and Dr Parry says it is quite necessary that I should

¹ December 19, 1814 was on Monday

be in company and drawn away from my own Thoughts
I will send you word as soon as I have settled myself in
Bristol, that is within 3 or 4 days May God protect you
both and your severely yet most deservedly visited

S T COLERIDGE

P S —*If possible*, I will come over on the 24th and spend the
Christmas Eve and Christmas Day with you

LETTER 255

To JOSEPH COTTLE, *Brunswick Square, Bristol*

[From the original letter in the possession of Lord Ernle Published
in part, *Early Recollections*, ii 174-176 Cottle characteristically omits
the portion of this letter relating to himself]

March 7, 1815

MY DEAR COTTLE

I received by means of Mr Wade's son your "Mes-
siah" a few days ago or by Mr Hood, I do not remember,
which I have read about one half, and tho' I myself see
your plan, yet I find it difficult to explain it, to the Public so
as to make it consistent with the received conception of a
Poem, call it epic, heroic, divine or what you like The
common end of all *narrative*, nay, of *all*, Poems is to convert
a *series* into a *Whole* to make those events, which in real or
imagined History move on in a *strait* Line, assume to our
Understandings a *circular* motion—the snake with it's Tail
in it's mouth Hence indeed the almost flattering and yet
appropriate Term, Poesy— $\epsilon\ \rho\omicron\iota\epsilon\sigma\iota\varsigma$ = *making* Doubtless,
to his *his* eye, which alone comprehends all Past and all
Future in one eternal Present, what to our short sight appears
strait is but a part of the great Cycle—just as the calm Sea to
us *appears* level, tho' it be indeed only a part of a *globe* Now
what the Globe is in Geography, *miniaturizing* in order to
manifest the Truth, such is a Poem to that Image of God,
which we were created with, and which still seeks that
Unity, or Revelation of the *One* in and by the *Many*, which
reminds it, that tho' in order to be an individual Being it
must go forth *from* God, yet as the *receding* from *him* is to

proceed towards Nothingness and Privation, it must still at every step turn back toward him in order to *be* at all— Now, a straight Line, continuously retracted forms of necessity a circular orbit Now God's Will and Word *cannot* be frustrated His awful *Fiat* was with ineffable awefulness applied to Man, when all things and all living Things, himself (as a mere animal) included, were called forth by the Universal—*Let there be*—and then the Breath of the Eternal superadded to make an *immortal* Spirit—immortality being, as the author of the "Wisdom of Solomon" profoundly expresses it, the only possible Reflex or Image of Eternity The Immortal Finite is the contracted Shadow of the Eternal Infinite Therefore nothingness or *Death*, to which we move as we recede from God and the Word, *cannot* be nothing, but that tremendous medium between nothing and true Being, which Scripture and inmost Reason present most, most horrible! I have said this to shew you the connection between things in themselves comparatively trifling, and things the most important, by their derivation from common sources

The addition of Fiction, such as that of the Quarrel between Satan and Beelzebub, could not have been blamed (unless we blame the Paradise Lost) had it been written before the Paradise Lost But as all your Readers have learnt from Milton alone, that Satan and Beelzebub were different Persons (in the Scriptures they are different names of the same Evil Being) it produces an effect too light, too much savoring of capricious Invention, for the exceeding Solemnity of the Subject These are the two faults of your Poem. I do not say, these appear to me because, my dear Cottle, if I am not *sure* of this, I have no sense of Surety and I must write to you in *sincerity*—i.e., sine cera, without wax, entire, unrivettèd. But with the same sincerity I can and will say, and that forthwith, thro' the best channel, I can procure (alas! I have no interest in the Edinburgh or Quarterly Reviews, but in the Eclectic or the Christian Observer hope to have my Review inserted) that all exclusive of the Plan is most praiseworthy—that the Plan, as it is, is

well executed—that the fine passages capable of quotation as separate Flowers are many—and that the metre and language rises in simplicity, dignity, and variety, above some of the very *Idols* of the Age

You will wish to hear something of myself In Health, I am not worse than when at Bristol I was best—yet fluctuating, yet unhappy—in circumstances ¹ poor indeed ! I have collected my scattered and my Manuscript Poems sufficient to make one volume—Enough I have to make another But till the latter is finished, I cannot without great Loss of character, publish the former—on account of the arrangement—besides the necessity of corrections For instance, I earnestly wish to begin the Volumes with what has never been seen by any, however few—such as a series of odes on the different Sentences of the Lord's Prayer—and more than all this, to finish my greater Work on Christianity, considered as Philosophy and as the only Philosophy ² All the materials I have—no small part reduced to form, and written , but O me ! what can I do, when I am so poor that in having to turn off every week from these to some mean subject for the Newspapers ³ I distress myself, and at last neglect the greater wholly to do *little* of the Less If it were in your power to receive my manuscripts (for instance, what I have ready for the Press of my Poems) and by setting me forward with 30 or 40£, ⁴ taking care that what I send and would make over to you, would more than secure you from Loss, I am sure, you would do it— But I would die, after my recent experience of the cruel and insolent Spirit of Calumny, rather than subject myself as a slave to a club of Subscribers to my Poverty ⁵ If I were to say, I am easy in my Con-

¹ MS illegible

² This is probably the first reference to the *magnum opus*, of which Coleridge talked so much in his later years

³ No contributions to the newspapers during this period have been identified.

⁴ Cottle declined this request but enclosed a £5 note

⁵ Not long after sending off this letter Coleridge applied to Hood and his Bristol friends for an advance of money, offering his MSS as security In April, Hood (in association with others) lent Coleridge £45 plus the amount due on his insurance policy

science, I should add to it's pains by a Lie, but this I can truly say, that my embarrassments have not been occasioned by the bad parts, or selfish indulgences, of my nature I am at present five and twenty Pounds in arrear, my expenses being at 2£, 10s, per week You will say, I ought to live for less—and doubtless, I might, if I were to alienate myself from all Social affections, and from all conversation with persons of the same education—Those, who so severely blame me, never ask whether at any time in my Life I had *for myself and my family's* wants, 50£ before hand— God knows ¹ of the 300£ received thro' you *what went to myself* ¹ No, bowed down under manifest infirmities, I yet dare appeal to you, for the truth of what I say—that I have remained poor by always having been poor, and incapable of pursuing my one great Work for want of a competence before hand—

S T COLERIDGE

My best regards to your Sisters—Let me, I pray you, at least hear from you and immediately

LETTER 256

To LORD BYRON, *care Mr Murray, Albemarle Street, London*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge
Published, *Coleridge and Byron*, E L Griggs, *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, Vol xlv No 4, December, 1930, 1085-1088]

Calne, Wilts [Postmark, March 30, 1815]

MY LORD

I feel that I am taking a liberty for which I shall have but small excuse and no justification to offer, if I am not fortunate enough to find one in your Lordship's approbation of my design, and unless you should condescend to regard the writer as addressing himself to your Genius rather than your Rank, and graciously permit me to forget my total inacquaintance with your Lordship personally in my familiarity with your other more permanent Self, to which your works have introduced me If indeed I had not in *them* discovered that Balance of Thought and Feeling, of Submission and

¹ This was the gift of £300 made by De Quincey in 1807

Mastery, that one sole unfleeting music which is never of yesterday, but still remaining reproduces *itself*, and powers akin to itself in the minds of other men—believe me, my Lord! I not only could not have hazarded this Boldness, but my own sense of propriety would have precluded the very Wish. A sort of pre-established good will, not unlike that with which the Swan instinctively takes up the weakling cygnet into the Hollow between its wings, I knew I might confidently look for from one who is indeed a Poet, were I but assured that your Lordship had ever thought of me as a fellow-laborer in the same vineyard, and as not otherwise unworthy your notice. And surely a fellow-laborer I *have* been and a co-inheritor of the same Bequest, tho' of a smaller portion, and tho' your Lordship's ampler Lot is on the sunny side, while mine has lain upon the North, my *growing* Vines gnawed down by Asses, and my richest and raciest clusters carried off and spoilt by the plundering Fox. Excuse my Lord! the length and "petitionary" solemnity of this Preface, as attributable to the unquiet state of my spirits, under which I write this Letter, and my fears as to its final reception. Anxiety makes us all ceremonious.

Long since from many and respectable Quarters I have been urged—and my circumstances now compel me to publish in two volumes all the poems composed by me from the year 1795 to the present Date, that are sanctioned by my mature judgement, all that I would consent to have called mine, if it depend on my own will. Of these the better Half, comprizing the poems of great comparative importance from Length and the Interest of the Subject and (*me saltem* judice) from their superior worth—exist only in Manuscript—The remainder consist 1 of a selection from Poems, which have at very different Periods appeared in different Newspapers, London and Provincial, and in other yet more obscure and equally perishable vehicles, most of them without my consent or previous knowledge, many imperfectly, all of them incorrectly 2 of the Poems published in the Lyrical Ballads and omitted in Mr Wordsworth's collection of all his minor poems, as was agreed on mutually by us—and which tho'

much called for have been out of Print for some years, in consequence of Mr Wordsworth's determination not to re-edit the Lyrical ballads separately To those I have added a few of the better compositions inserted in the Second edition of my Juvenile Poems, and which are my own property The whole have been corrected throughout, with very considerable alterations and additions, some indeed almost re-written 3 The Remorse enlarged, the Plot altered, the character of Teresa re-written, and those of Albert and the Inquisitor nearly so A general Preface will be pre-fixed, on the Principles of philosophic and genial criticism relatively to the Fine Arts in general, but especially to Poetry and a Particular Preface to the Ancient Mariner and the Ballads, on the employment of the Supernatural in Poetry and the Laws which regulate it—in answer to a note of Sir W Scott's in the Lady of the Lake Both volumes will be ready for the Press by the first week in June

Now, my Lord ¹ if I offer these myself to the Booksellers, and unprotected I know too certainly, that they will take advantage of my Distresses, but if your Lordship would have the goodness to allow me to send the MSS. volumes to you as soon as they are fit for your perusal, and if you should be led to think well of them, which my Hopes flatter me that you will, so that you could with inward satisfaction recommend them to some respectable Publisher ¹ (I should rather it were *not* Longman) your weight in society and the splendor of your name would, I am convinced, (and so is Mr Bowles who in truth suggested this application so far as to lead me to flatter myself, that if you rejected you would at least not be offended by it) treble the amount of their offer, and be ashamed to propose such terms to your Lordship as without remorse they would attempt to extort a concession to from my poverty Some years ago a Publisher of the first note offered me a 100*£* for a first Edition ²—1000 copies of a

¹ Nothing came of Coleridge's plan to have Byron find a publisher for his two volumes of poetry Byron wrote on March 31, 1815, that he would do all he could for Coleridge, but Coleridge soon offered his MSS to Gutch, a Bristol publisher Byron, however, was instrumental in gaining Murray as the publisher of *Christabel*, in 1816

² T N Longman

volume of Poems I did not then wish to publish at all—but a year and a half after I went to him, and foolishly enough let him know, that I was exceedingly distressed, having from forgetfulness delayed the payment to the Assurance Office (which I have done for the last 17 or 18 years in order to secure something for my Widow) to the very last day—and the only friends I could apply to, able to advance the money were out of town. He instantly offered me £100 for the Copyright in perpetuum ! In like manner I have earnestly wished to employ myself at such times as my spirits were not quite equal to original compositions, in a translation of the *Persiles*, *Galatea*, *Novels*, *Voyage to [Parnassus]* and *numantium of Cervantes* with an *Essay on the Don Quixote* as likewise a translation of all Boccaccio's works, the *Decameron* excepted. I wrote to Mr Murray—and wished not any sum in advance but merely to know whether he would purchase them when completed—and I described at large the merits and the kind of merit, of those exquisite performances which if translated in the spirit of the original, in the same genuine rhythm of unaffected yet harmonious Prose, could not but be a great acquisition to our English Literature, and a Classical Work. He did not even condescend to return me an answer—whether because I had the open-heartedness to dissuade him from hazarding any money on the translation of the *Faust* of Goethe much as I myself admired the work on the whole, and tho' ready to undertake the translation—from the conviction that the fantastic character of its Witcheries, and the general tone of the morals and religious opinions would be highly obnoxious to the taste and Principles of the present righteous English public, I know not—But the consequence was that some other Gentleman is employed in translating one of the works of Cervantes, which I had possessed—I cannot conclude a letter already, I fear, unduly long without intreating your Lordship's mildest construction of a Liberty, which, great as it is, most certainly did not spring from any want of unfeigned respect to your Lordship, from, my Lord, your Lordship's obedient servant

S. T. COLERIDGE

With the exception of one or at most two poems in that juvenile collection, the copy-right of which belongs to Mess. Longman and Co —so disposed of by one who knew that it was never considered by me or by himself, as a copy-right—I having received for the three editions but 20*£*, my whole *poetic* profits (the “Remorse” not included as a theatrical accident) and against which I have to put near *£*100 lost by the “*Watchman*” and nearly three times that sum by the “*Friend*”—chiefly in consequence of not half the Subscriptions having been received, and those, that were, at such distant periods as to make the money of no service to me—It was this unfortunate volume which subjected me to the Last of your Lordship’s satires¹—not unjustly, as far as respects the Poems themselves—but permit me to say, not quite so fairly as to the Author, who published them—God knows! “his poverty, and not his will consenting,” and never thought of them as other or better than the not unpromising attempts of a young man. A Laugh at their obscurity, false splendour, and bucksome diction neither did or could offend me, who had myself ridiculed those faults and them in the third of “the Sonnets by Nehemiah Higginbotham” published in the second number (I think) of the monthly magazine. But it was unjust and has been injurious to me that having run the gauntlet for one set of faults and published nothing in the interim I should be attacked in almost every other number of the Edinburgh Review, and half-a-dozen other publications for the very opposite, merely because I happened to be an acquaintance of Mr Wordsworth and Mr Southey. But so it was! The cataracts of anonymous criticism never fell on them, but I was wet thro’ with the spray, and without any participation in the Praise, which their merits extorted even from Calumny itself.

¹ Cf. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, 255-264 and 918. In his answer dated March 31, 1815, Byron retracted his criticism, saying “I shall always regret the wantonness or generality of many of its attempted attacks” (*The Works of Lord Byron, Letters and Journals*, R. E. Prothero, 1899, III 190-193).

LETTER 257

To JOHN MAY

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E. H. Coleridge
John May was an early friend of Southey]

*Calne, Wiltshire,
September 27, 1815*

DEAR SIR

You may perhaps remember the circumstance of my having accompanied you with my nephews through the Royal Observatory at Richmond—a day I often call to mind, were it only for the pleasure of reviving the idea of Mr Rigaud's genial kindness and instructive remarks. Of all that I then saw what most impressed me and has most frequently recurred to my thoughts was the model of an arch constructed by Atwood in the mistaken hope of explaining the properties of the wide from the rectilineal. Mr Rigaud's remark has ever since been working in my mind—I know not whether I should say as a germ or as a ferment—or rather as both. To the best of my recollection the component parts were cubes or dies of polished brass, but as I feel a dimness in my memory with regard to them, I have taken the liberty of troubling you with the request that, if possible, you would procure for me, or inform me where I can myself procure, any distinct account or engraving of the model—or if that should be out of your power, that you would be so good as to ascertain for me the precise figure of the pieces of brass, and whether all of them were of the same size. It is of the first importance to me, that I should not be guilty of any mistake in my apprehension of the details of the experiment.

From your habitual kindness to my name and family, I flatter myself that you will not be displeased to hear, that I have delivered compleat to my printer (Mr Gutch of Bristol) the MSS of two volumes octavo—the first Biographical sketches of my own *literary* Life, and of my opinions on Religion, Philosophy, Politics, and Poetry, with the principles scientifically deduced of all just judgement respecting the Fine Arts—the second a collection of poems written

since the first publication of my juvenile compositions in 1795¹

I am now compleating a Tragedy for Drury Lane, which I trust will better deserve success than the Remorse, though I shall be more than content if it should meet with the same² My highest object in writing for the stage is to obtain the means of devoting myself a *whole and undistracted man*, to the bringing forth a work, for which I have all the materials collected and ready for use, a work which has employed all my best thoughts and efforts for the last twelve years and more, and on which I would ground my reputation, that is, the proof that I have *labored* to be *useful* The work will be entitled *Logosophia*³ or on the *Logos* divine and human, in six Treatises The first, or preliminary treatise contains a philosophical history of philosophy and its revelations from Pythagoras to Plato and Aristotle—from Aristotle to Lord Bacon including the scholastic metaphysicians of what are called the dark ages—from Bacon to Descartes and Locke—and from Locke to the revival of the eldest philosophy, which I call *dynamic* or constructive as opposed to the material and mechanic systems still predominant (a perspicuous compendium of the Hist of Phil has been long wanted for Enfield's is a mere Booksellers *Job* Abridgement of Brucker, a man of great learning and unwearied industry, but scantily gifted with the true philosophic instinct)

The second treatise is (*Δόγος κοινός*) or the science of connected reasoning a system of Logic purified from all pedantry and sophistication, and applied practically to the

¹ The two volumes eventually were enlarged to three, the *Biographia Literaria* occupying two volumes instead of one The printing of most of the *Biographia Literaria* was done by Gutch, and of the poems (*Sibylline Leaves*) by Evans of Bristol, for Gutch Rest Fenner, however, published both works in 1817 It is interesting to note that Morgan served as Coleridge's amanuensis, keeping Coleridge at his task as Sarah Hutchinson had done with the *Friend*

² This tragedy was never written The only other play, *Zapolya*, completed by Coleridge and presented to the Drury Lane Committee, was not a tragedy

³ The *magnum opus* was never completed or published Numerous fragments of this work in the handwriting of Joseph Henry Green, Coleridge's later amanuensis, are still extant

purposes of ordinary life, the Senate, Pulpit, Bar, etc I flatter myself that I have not only brought together all the possible forms of Deception and Delusion in Reasoning, from the grossest Bull which raises the laughter of a Taproom to the subtlest sophism which has set nation against nation, illustrated by instances from writers of the highest names, but have likewise given some rubs for the easy detection of false reasoning I have laboured to make it not so much a novum organum, as an Organum vere Organum—The III (Logos Architectonicus) or the Dynamic or Constructive Philosophy—preparatory to the IV or a detailed commentary on the Gospel of St John—collating the *Word* of the Evangelist with the Christ crucified of St Paul

The Vth (Λόγος ἀγωνιστής) on the Pantheists and Mystics with the Lives and Systems of Giordano Bruno, Jacob Behmen, George Fox and Benedict Spinoza

The VI (Λόγος ἄλογος) or the causes and consequences of Modern Unitarianism

Previously to its being sent to the press I mean to submit the work to some one or more learned and dignified Divines of the Church of England, the defence of whose articles I have most at heart, next to that of the Gospel Truth, which in all but some inessential and comparatively trifling points I sincerely believe coincident with our Articles and Liturgy I have announced the work in my Biographical Sketches, and shall circulate a prospectus of it, stating the necessity of requesting patronage, not for any immediate pecuniary subscription but merely to enable me to publish it with a moral certainty of not finding my remuneration in a Gaol

With my best respects to your household, be assured that I am, dear Sir, with respectful esteem your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 258

To JOHN GUTCH, *Bristol*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

*Calne,**Thursday Night, October 12, 1815*

MY DEAR GUTCH

Your delicacy has suggested a thought, that never did, and I trust, never could enter my mind, much less sojourn there I merely mentioned the fact, as supposing it an instance of the difference of journeyman's Wages in the different places and it is not at all improbable, that the Printers, Harrisons of Devizes, young men just set up, offered it in ignorance as the price, at which they had printed Marsh's Sermon— I thank you for Mr Montgomery's *very* beautiful and affecting poem It appears to me as faultless as it is interesting I have not even cut open the Gull's Horn Book, but in looking *into* it I detected a mistake of your's in altering *proface* into *profess* *Pro face* (pronounce, *pro fache*, the *ch* as in *cherry*) is the common Italian courtesy when a friend is sitting down to his meal, and answers exactly to our English, much good may it do you! Literally, it is *faciat pro* or *proficiat* may it make for you! Likewise *Op Zee Freeze*—(properly *opzee Vries*) cannot be derived from half Dutch, half German—still less from *Fressen* which applies only to a beast's, or an eager beast-like mode of *eating* I am not certain of its etymology; but I believe it to be a pun upon *Vries*, a Dutch Cant word for strong Beer answering to our Lambs' Wool and the name of one of the Straits on their Coast

The Printing is everything, I could wish, but the compositor forgot my request to write out the last Page in the MSS copy

I had the same fears, as you, when I read Husband's note.

I shall write to Mr Hood tomorrow, I would have sent it in this parcel; but we spent the evening out, and I did not receive it till 11 o'clock, and it is now chiming 12— But if the Servant should not be up time enough to take this before

7 tomorrow morning I will inclose it— I am not anxious, because it must be your busy day

On the parchment cover of an old Book of James 1st reign, I have found a curious fragment of the History (as I conjecture) of the miracles wrought at the Tomb of Thomas of Becket, written seemingly by one of the Monks long after It is in a very cramp character of monkish Latin, but the names of the persons miraculously cured are very interesting If I can make it all out, I think of sending it to the Gentleman's Magazine

In sending backward or forward a Proof Sheet by the Post how do they charge it ? As a single sheet Letter (P S I find by inquiry that if there be no envelope it is charged only as a single sheet)

From everything, I can collect, Husband is a very honest man • and only needs instruction to do his best—

God bless you and

S T COLERIDGE

P S Do not forget your kind promise of mentioning Hartley Coleridge, Merton College, to your family at Oxford¹

Friday Noon—I expressed myself of Mr Montgomery's poem as I felt after the first perusal, and therefore as I should express myself in general. But on a careful re-perusal I would point out to himself if I were with him two or three little faults First, the word " vanished " not only does not carry on the image in the foregoing line, but contradicts it—and (but more doubtfully) I think that the stanza would have been improved by ending the thought, as it begun, namely, with the idea of motion, instead of changing it at once—without the intervention of any pause, into holding colloquy—The following " so " I object to, because the point of Likeness is so much less than the difference—but still more to the " Thus, thus," whether it be taken as referring to the Moon (=in the same way, as) or as merely referring to the

¹ Hartley Coleridge matriculated at Merton College on May 6, 1815

three lines preceding If the former the calmness and even unconquered course of the moon so beautifully described contrasts too violently with the throbbing brain etc, to permit the mind to recognize any similarity if the latter, it is obscure—

In the stanza, "All gone" ¹ I object to the second line, as either both obscure and useless (save for the rhyme) or as destroying the image in the 4th line—I remember that I was rewarded by Bowyer ¹ for a simile of Friendship compared with the Moon, that in prosperity hides itself or becomes a thin [?] of a cloud, but when the darkness of adversity etc—and in my Letters to Judge Fletcher I resorted to the same image ² "Not more modest than benignant is the Light that streams from the countenance of human Wisdom while it gazes reverentially on its source and centre . which, when it would rival, into how wan and worthless a Day-moon does it fade, outshone by every Cloudspeck that floats beside it" ³—Now the day-morn vested in a *dusky shroud*, if that means a cloud, could not be seen at all—and if it mean the moon itself, it does not look dusky—but wan and white—for dusky does not signify dim— Of the last 3 stanzas I speak unwillingly because I know, that they would please very many, whom Mr. M from his own religious feelings would not wish to please Seneca has said—What cannot be thought of too often, cannot be too often exprest—but he certainly would not apply this to Poetry Besides the commonplaceness (thank God ! that thoughts so noble, and at once so elevating and so consoling, are commonplace in this country—in our heads at least)—the line While forth the Spirit springs, is something like a rhyme-botch and contra-distinguishes He from the spirit which is not translatable into sense I should prefer its ending with the fine stanza "And dreams realities" But these are indeed mere

¹ The Rev James Boyer, Headmaster of Christ's Hospital during the school days of Coleridge and Lamb

² Coleridge's *Letters to Judge Fletcher* appeared in the *Courier* from September 20, to December 10, 1814 See *Essays on His Own Times*, 1850, iii 677-733

³ For this quotation, *ibid.* iii 692

Cloud-specks I admire the Poem still more on the re-perusal

Be so good as to let your Lad deliver the enclosed at Mr Wade's or (which will be nearer) at Mr Hartley's Office—and the Letter to Mr Hood

I give you great credit for the ingenious and beautiful Letter-vignettes in the Gull's Hornbook I read it through this morning, and was much amused It is a pity, you had not annexed Dedekind—with Roger Bull's translation¹ Barclay² was not the author but the translator of the Ship of Fools, the original by Sebastian Brandt

P S If you could borrow Hart's Life of Gustavus Adolphus³ and send it me immediately, so that I might keep it three days, you would be doing me an essential service—Unfortunately, it is not in the Bristol Library, at which I wonder It ought to be ordered¹ Do you know any Subscribers of the Blind School? Mr Bowles and the Marquess of Lansdowne want to send a blind Girl from Bremhill—they or the Parish will pay the weekly 3 shillings and whatever else is necessary—

LETTER 259

To LORD BYRON, *Piccadilly, London*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge Published, *Coleridge and Byron Publications of the Modern Language Association*, Vol xiv No 4, December, 1930, 1089-1091]

Calne,
Oct 17, 1815

MY LORD

I have no better way of expressing the grateful sense I have, of your Lordship's very kind letter, than by informing you of what I have done in consequence A few Friends at

¹ Roger Bull's translation of Dedekind's *Göbrianus, or the Compleat Booby* was published in 1739

² Alexander Barclay translated Brant's *Narrenschiff* as *The Shyp of Follys* in 1508

³ Walter Harte's *History of the Life of Gustavus Adolphus* was published in 1759

Bristol undertook the risk of printing¹ two volumes for me, which are now entire in the Printer's possession a copy of which I shall take the liberty of forwarding to your Lordship, previously to the Publication Should your opinion be favourable, I shall then offer the edition and the Copy-right for sale to the London Booksellers I am so little known to your Lordship that I scarcely dare venture to say what yet I know to be true—that your censure however extensive it should be, would be welcomed by me with unfeigned pleasure, as a mark of your kindness The first volume is entitled, *Biographical Sketches of my own literary Life and Opinions, in Politics, Religion, Philosophy and the Theory of Poetry*—my object to reduce criticism to a system, by the deduction of the Causes from Principles involved in our faculties The Chapter on the *Γένεσις* and Functions of the Imagination, its *contra*-distinction from the Fancy (as to which I unexpectedly find my convictions widely different from that of Mr Wordsworth as explained in the new Preface to his collection of his Poems) and the conditional necessity of the Fine Arts The second volume I entitle, *Sibylline Leaves* . as a collection of all the Poems that are my own property, which I wish to have preserved

All my leisure Hours I have devoted to the Drama, encouraged by your Lordship's advice and favourable opinions of my comparative powers among the tragic Dwarfs, which exhausted Nature seems to have been under the necessity of producing since Shakespear² Before the third week in December I shall I trust be able to transmit to your Lordship a Tragedy, in which I have endeavoured to avoid the faults and deficiencies of the Remorse, by a better subordination of the characters by avoiding a duplicity of Interest, by a greater clearness of the Plot, and by a deeper Pathos. Above all, I

¹ Hood, who with others, had loaned Coleridge a considerable sum of money with Coleridge's MSS, as security, passed on the portions of the *Biographia Literaria* to the printer as Coleridge dictated them to Morgan

² On March 31, 1815, Byron wrote Coleridge, "If I may be permitted, I would suggest that there never was such an opening for tragedy . I should think that the reception of [*Remorse*] was sufficient to encourage the highest hopes of author and audience" Cf *Life*, 216.

have labored to render the Poem at once tragic and dramatic May I be permitted to enquire whether it will be too late for representation after Christmas, if it be presented by the 12th of December, on the supposition that the Piece is approved ?

During my stay in London I mentioned to Mr Arnold or Mr Rae my intention of presenting three old plays adapted to the present stage The first was Richard the Second—perhaps the most admirable of Shakspear's historical plays, but from the length of the speeches, the entire absence of female Interest, and (with one splendid exception) its want of visual effect the least *representable* in the present state of postulates of the stage I had conceived a new plot and a new female character But this was brought out, with what success I know not The second Play which I mentioned to Mr Arnold, and I believe to Mr Rae, was B and F's Pilgrim—this I had determined to re-write almost entirely, preserving the outline of the Plot, and the main characters, and to have laid the scene in Ireland, and to have entitled it *Love's Metamorphoses* This too has, I understand, been brought out But the third was that, on which I not only laid the greatest stress, and built most hope, but which I have more than half written, and could compleat in less than a month, was the *Beggar's Bush* The first act is entirely my own, and in the others three fifths at least of the language and thought are original—in short a few of the characters and the story comprize all I have borrowed I was struck with the application of the Fable to the present Times—and this too (*the third of the only three Dramas, I ever thought of as rifacimento*) the newspapers have announced as about to be brought out at Drury Lane for Mr Kean Will your Lordship condescend to inform me, whether, 1, the newspaper account has any foundation, and 2, if so, whether the Pieces already prepared so as to preclude my services I should say my presentation of my *Rifacimento* as a candidate ? Having mentioned my intention to Mr Arnold, and having from him received the assurance that the pre-existence of the story and some of the characters in Beaumont and Fletcher

would be no objection to its acceptance, I seem to myself to have some slight claim on the Theatre ¹

We had a company of Players at Calne, some little time ago—and very far superior to my expectations. There was a female actress, Miss Hudson, who pronounced the blank verse of Shakspear, and indeed verse in general better than I ever heard it pronounced, with the solitary exception of some passages by Mrs Jordan. She hit the exact medium between the obtrusive Iambic march of recitation, and that far better yet still faulty style which substituting *copy* for *Imitation* and assuming that the actor cannot speak too like natural talking destroys all sense of metre—and consequently, if it be metre, converts the language into a sort of Prose intolerable to a good ear. It was a real luxury to hear her give the speech of Portia (on Mercy) I could not have believed, that it had been possible to have rendered the part of *Teresa* in the Remorse so interesting and pathetic as she made it. The whole audience was in tears, and in Jane Shore she was almost faultless. In private life she was much respected. Where she is now I know not. The Calne Company I know she has left.

Of the Actors the best incomparably was a Mr Glendore, who acted the Ghost in Hamlet, and Banquo in Macbeth better than I ever saw them acted on the London Stage, and I say this, with more confidence, because Mr Bowles (and I might add several of his Friends who were with him) was equally struck and of the same opinion, declaring both most perfect display of action, for the *parts*, that he had ever witnessed. He is a gentlemanly *comedian*, and if his voice be powerful enough (which I have no reason to *doubt*, but which from the smallness of the Calne Theatre I cannot judge) I should think him a great acquisition to a London Theatre, for all the respectable second characters, in Tragedy and Comedy. For instance, he shewed great powers in the character of Isidore—Cassio in Othello, Orlando, in As You Like It—etc, etc. In the Heir at Law he acted Dick Dowllas in a manner that led me to think highly of his Talents in

¹ None of these “*rifacimentos*” seems to be extant

Genteel Comedy, for the only fault was that he appeared too much a gentleman by habit I owe it to him to acknowledge that I desired assistance in one of the characters in my Tragedy by imagining him as acting it, while I was composing I promised that if I had an opportunity I would mention his name to your Lordship and as he is now in London, I shall take the liberty of giving him an introduction to Mr Dibden or Mr Rae

I hope your Lordship will pardon my having applied to you for an answer to questions, which I might more properly have addressed to the official Managers Among my poems there is one respecting yourself¹—which, I assure you, was written all but the last stanza and half of another before the publication of your *Childe Harold* and indeed before I had ever seen a line of your composition except in the Review which occasioned the poem You will see that the stanza and a half written since are mere completions of the Thought—you were to me an *Abstract Being* at that time, and that the Possible has become real, is an accident As I have no claim to Prophecy (for not having seen any composition of your Lordship's I had no ground even for conjecture) so I would avoid the suspicion of antedating a poem in order to give the appearance of it—

Your Lordship's obliged servant

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 260

To LORD BYRON, 13 Terrace, Piccadilly, London

[From the original letter in the possession of Col John Murray
Published, *Coleridge and Byron, Publications of the Modern Language Association*, Vol xlv No 4, December, 1930, 1091-1094]

Calne,

October 22, 1815

MY LORD

The *Christabel*, which you have mentioned in so obliging a manner, was composed by me in the year 1797—I should say that the plan of the whole poem was formed and

¹ This poem apparently has not been preserved

the first Book and half of the second were finished—and it was not till after my return from Germany in the year 1800 that I resumed it—and finished the second and a part of the third book This is all that Mr W Scott can have seen Before I went to Malta, I heard from Lady Beaumont, I know not whether more gratified or more surprized, that Mr Scott had recited the *Christabel* and experienced no common admiration ¹ What occurred after my return from Italy, and what the disgusts were (most certainly not originating in my own opinion or decision) that indisposed me to the completion of the Poem, I will not trouble your Lordship with It is not yet a whole and as it will be 5 Books, I meant to publish it by itself or with another Poem entitled, *The Wanderings of Cain* ²—of which, however, as far as it was written, I have unfortunately lost the only Copy—and can remember no part distinctly but the first stanza —

Encinctur'd with a twine of Leaves,
That leafy Twine his only Dress ¹
A lovely Boy was plucking fruits
In a moonlight Wilderness
The Moon was bright, the Air was free,
And Fruits and Flowers together grew
On many a Shrub and many a Tree ,
And all put on a gentle Hue
Hanging in the shadowy Air
Like a Picture rich and rare
It was a Climate where, they say,
The Night is more belov'd than Day
But who that beauteous Boy beguil'd,
That beauteous Boy to linger here ?
Alone, by night, a little child,
In place so silent and so wild—
Has he no *Friend*, no loving Mother near ?

Sir G Beaumont, I remember, thought it the most impressive of any compositions and I shall probably compose it over again. A Lady is now transcribing the *Christabel*, in the form and as far as it existed before my voyage to the Mediterranean. I hope to inclose it for your Lordship's

¹ See Letter 222, Dec 1811

² Cf *Poems*, 285-292

gracious acceptance to-morrow or next day I have not learnt with what motive Wordsworth omitted the original advertisement prefixed to his *White Doe*, that the peculiar metre and mode of narrative he had imitated from the *Christabel*. For this is indeed the same metre, as far as the *Law* extends—the metre of the *Christabel* not being irregular, as Southey's *Thalaba* or *Kehama*, or Scott's *Poems*, but uniformly measured by four Beats in each line. In other words, I count by Beats or accents instead of syllables—in the belief that a metre might be thus produced sufficiently uniform and far more malleable to the Passion and Meaning.

I was much gratified, I confess, by what your Lordship has said of this Poem, the *Love*, and the *Ancient Mariner*, but I was far more affected, and received a far deeper and more abiding pleasure from the kindness with which in the following paragraphs you have conveyed to me the Regrets of many concerning “the want of Inclination and Exertion which prevented me from giving full scope to my mind.” Before God and my own Conscience I dare judge myself by no other rule, than the *Nihil actum si quid agendum*—the limit of our faculties in the limit of our Duties. But by men I ought to be judged *comparatively*—i.e. with others possessing at least equal powers and acquirements. To think of myself at all except *representatively* and for psychological purposes was new to me, but to think of myself comparatively was not only new but strange. Yet the Report had done me such exceeding Injury, such substantial Wrong—and had besides been published in the broadest language in the *Ed Annual Register*, the *Ed Review*, the *Quarterly Review* and other minors of the same family, that I felt myself bound in duty to myself and my children to notice and prove it's falsehood. This I have done at full in the *Autobiography* now in the Press: as far as delicacy permitted. But what I could not or at least would not discuss in public ought to have been taken into consideration by those who have circulated the opinion in private. No one of my bitterest Censors have ever charged my writings with

triviality, but on the contrary they have been described as over elaborate, obscure, paradoxical, over subtle, etc—and I know myself, that I have written nothing without as much effort as I should or could have employed whatever had been the subject Yet if my published works, omitting too all that is merely temporary, were collected they would amount to at least 8 considerable octavo volumes—if I should have any moderate success at Drury Lane, the ensuing year will at least give a proof of what I have been doing for the last 10 years, exclusive of what I have done My Logosophia may be confuted or confirmed, valued or deemed useless, but I dare affirm, that no intelligent Judge will deny that the Treatises must have been the product of intense and continued Effort both in Thought and in systematic Reading

Still however the question returns—why has not some one Work already been produced, something that may be referred to? And it is this, my Lord! which delicacy forbade me to answer in a public work But in private and to my friends I would ask in return Has there been during the whole of my Life since my return from Germany in 1800 a single half year, nay, any three months, in which I possessed the *means* of devoting myself exclusively to any one of many works, that it would have been my Delight and *hourly* pleasure to have executed! So help me God! never one! At all times I have been forced in bitterness of Soul to turn off from the pursuits of my choice to earn the week's food by the week's labor for the newspapers and the like. At this very time I should have had not only the Tragedy ready for presentation, but two other pieces, the one a musical opera on a most interesting plot and characters, and which I had framed and (as far as I have gone) executed *con amore*, and in the belief that if there be any one quality in which I could excel, it would be in the sweetness of lyrical metres as adapted to vocal music—the other, I cannot call it a Pantomime but a Hemimime—a sort of splendid speaking Pantomime Now, my Lord! were it known what I have been *obliged* to do weekly, now writing Sermons, now articles for a provincial Paper—in short, almost anything that is not dishonorable

(for I write no Reviews)—it would in a kind mind rather exceed than fall short of, expectation that I have done even what I have done, *towards* something less temporary

My Lord ¹ I will honestly tell you, that at this very time, within a fortnight of this very date, instead of sending Mr. Kinnaird ¹ the first act of my intended Merchant King, or The King and the Beggar, I could send the whole Play—and Mr Kinnaird's kind communication of *his* plan and my Confidence in his Candor, would strongly dispose me to remit it *entire* with the reasons, which long reflection has suggested to me, why I entertain *fears* concerning the success of *his* Plan—several parts of which had occurred to me, and some had been begun upon, but afterwards rejected But in the meantime I am almost compelled to write as much in point of paper at least, on the Duke of Wellington, Mr. — [sic] Picture Gallery, and the Lord knows what, in order to procure 15*£*, as the *completion* of my engagement, and it's ultimate reward ¹ even if I procure *as* much as fifteen pound Excuse my apparent warmth, my Lord ¹ but I felt a desire to let you know the whole truth in proportion as your kindness inspired a wish to gain your esteem of me as a man

If, my Lord ¹ you were not yourself a *Committee-man*, I should have ventured to say to the Committee of D L — Simply *enable* me to do it—and I will pledge my Honor and my Existence, that, if I live, I will present you a Tragedy by the beginning of December and a Romantic Comic Opera by February—and in the interim correspond with Mr Dibdin on the subject of a sort of Pantomime, on which I long ago conversed with him—But at all events, I will rest your Lordship's opinion on the groundedness of this Self-defence on the presentation of the Tragedy by the beginning of December I have written to Miss Hudson, but merely as from *myself*—not exciting Hopes which perhaps may not be gratified

I trust, your Lordship will excuse this I myself I Scrawl
from your Lordship's obliged

S T COLERIDGE

¹ Douglas J W Kinnaird (1788-1830), the friend of Byron and a member of the Drury Lane Committee

P S ¹ When I mentioned to Mr Kinnaird that Miss Hudson had bad Teeth, I unintentionally exaggerated the Case I should have said, deficient and the deficiency could, I imagine, be easily supplied for all stage appearance by the London Dentists for 10 $\frac{1}{2}$

In looking over my mass of Manuscripts I find the following, as connected with the Theatre—I do not include my Tragedy

1 Two Acts and the Skeleton of the Remainder of a Tragi-comedy, entitled Love and Loyalty ² I wrote it with a view to Stage Effect—and that merit, I think, it would have

2 Laugh till you lose him—a dramatic Romance Putting all merit out of the question, it is in the scheme more analogous to the Tempest than any other The songs, and one act written

3 An entertainment in two acts—the Scene in Arabia—First act finished, and the Songs for the second

4 The three Robbers, a Mime or speaking Ballet—for Christmas

5 A scheme at large for a Pantomime, from a story in the Tartarian Tales, which delighted me when a Boy— ³

I remain

My Lord

Your obliged Servant

S T COLERIDGE

¹ This fragment (which is a loose sheet among Col Murray's MSS) was apparently intended as a postscript to the letter of October 22, 1815, to Lord Byron

² This may be *The Triumph of Loyalty, Poems*, II 1060

³ Fragments of several dramatic works of Coleridge's are to be found in the British Museum (Add MSS 34225) Coleridge was optimistic if he thought them any where nearly completed

LETTER 261

To WASHINGTON ALLSTON

[From a transcript of the original letter sent by the editor of *Scribner's Magazine* to J D Campbell Published, *The Life and Letters of Washington Allston*, J B Flagg, 1893, 114-117 This letter was written to Allston soon after Mrs Allston's death Allston, not long before this, had painted his famous portrait of Coleridge, now in the National Portrait Gallery]

October 25, 1815

MY DEAR ALLSTON

I could have wished to have learnt more particulars from you respecting yourself I have, perhaps, felt too great an awe for the sacredness of grief But those of our household know with how deep and recurrent a sympathy I have followed you and I know what consolation it has been to *me* that *you* have in every sense the consolation and the undoubting hopes of a Christian Blessed indeed is that gift from above, the characteristic operation of which it is to transmute the profoundest sources of our sorrow into the most inexhaustible sources of our comfort The very virtues that enforce the tear of earthly regret, fill that tear with a light not earthly There is a capaciousness in every *living* heart which retains an aching vacuum, what and howsoever numerous its present freight of worldly blessings may be . and as God only can fill it, so must it needs be a sweet and gracious Incarnation of the Heavenly that what we deeply loved, but with fear and trembling, we must now love with the love of Faith that excludeth fear ! love it in God, and God in it !

From such thoughts none but an abrupt transition is possible. I pass, therefore, at once, by an effort, to the sphere in which you are appointed, because brightly *gifted*, to act , and in this I can but pour forth two earnest wishes First, that equal to the best in composition, and I most firmly believe superior in the charm of colouring, you would commend your genius to the universally intelligible of your *παγγελώσσης τέχνης*—expression ! Second, that you never for any length of time absent yourself from nature, and the communion with nature for to you alone of all contemporary artists does it seem to have been given to know what

nature is—not the dead shapes, the outward *Letter* but the life of nature revealing itself in the *Phaenomenon*, or rather attempting to reveal itself Now, the power of producing the true ideals is no other, in my belief, than to learn the will from the deed, and then to take the will for the deed The great artist does what nature would do, if only the disturbing forces were abstracted

With regard to my MSS, I had no other wish, and had formed no higher expectation than this that a copyright as exclusive as the American Law permits, should be vested in some one bookseller who should have the copy in time enough to get it printed in America two months before the work should arrive from England, that is to say, have it published in Boston or Philadelphia at the same time of its first publication in England, and that the bookseller, in return for the copy and copyright, should secure to me some portion, say one-third, of his net profits If this can be done, I shall think it worth while to continue the transcription, though the ultimate profits should be but from £20 to £50 os od One volume of 900 pages octavo contains the history of my life and opinions, the second, my poems composed since 1795, &c, those not in my volumes of 'Poems' already printed

In the "Ode on the death of General Ross"—if ever I finish it, I shall utter a voice of lamentation on the *moral* war between the child and the parent country, a war laden with curses for unknown generations in both countries! You may well believe, therefore, that I shall not make myself an accomplice directly or indirectly, by flattery or by abuse, in what I regard as a crime of no ordinary guilt, the feeding or palliating the vindictive antipathy of the one party, or the senseless, groundless, wicked contempt and Insolence of the other. Even now it would not be too late, if the Spirit of Philosophy could be called down on Ministers and Governments. The true policy is palpable and simple. A child, wearied out by undue exercise of parental authority, elopes, marries with an independent fortune and sets up for himself The matter is irrevocable a reconciliation takes place, and

the parent himself is convinced that he had acted tyrannically and under false notions of the extent of his authority, and that in the same proportion his child had acted justifiably. What then would a good parent do? Evidently treat the child with the kindness of the parent, but with additional respect and etiquette, as now a householder, and himself the master of a family, and thus he will show in the character of his messengers, in the style of his letters, etc. But if in addition to the duties of family love, their two trades or estates played into each other's hands, so that they could not really prosper without increasing their dealings with each other (suppose the father a shoemaker finisher, and the son a tanner-currer), then common self-love would dictate the abandonment of every act and impulse of jealousy. Were I a dictator, I would not only send to America men of the highest rank and talent, with more than usual splendor, as ambassadors, ministers, etc., but would throw open not only the West Indies, but the whole colonial trade to the Americans, confident that every new city that would thence arise in the United States would add a new street to some town in G. Britain. Alas! that the dictates of wisdom should be but dreams of benevolence, to be interpreted by contraries! The malignant witchcraft of evil passions reads good men's prayers backwards! And I cannot help dreading that the hot heads of both countries will go on to make folly beget folly, both the more wrong in proportion as each is right. How little then ought we to value Wealth and Power, seeing that every nation carries its only formidable enemy in its bosom, and the vices that make its enemies elsewhere are but the systole to its Diastole.

I have received a most flattering letter from Lord Byron. Should my Tragedy be accepted (of which I have little doubt), I shall, God willing, see you about Christmas. Meantime may God bless you. Let me hear from you soon.

S T COLERIDGE

P S—Friday last (20th) my forty-fourth birthday, and in *all* but the brain I am an old man! Such ravages do anxiety and mismanagement make

LETTER 262
To WILLIAM SOTHEBY

[From the original letter in the possession of Col H G Sotheby]

*Calne,
Tuesday Evening ½ past 7
[January 30, 1816]*

MY DEAR SIR

I have been seldom more agitated than when on my return from Devizes I found your letter, and could gain no account of that which you were so justly surprized at my not having acknowledged—At length, after enquiries at the Post office had proved vain, and I had determined to return—a non inventum est—our maid-servant began to recollect, that some time ago she had brought up a letter to me to my bed room, and finding me asleep she had put it upon my writing-table (for my bed-room and study are one), and it being the second day of her being in a new place, she had forgotten to mention it to me, and in giving in her weekly account to Mrs Morgan had put down the Postage to the account of a Parcel which came by the same Mail, but as it happened Carriage paid—there then was ground of hope for a new search—and after a full hour's Flurry Mrs Morgan's Sister in re-examining my papers, and chaos of book Manuscripts, one by one, found the desideratum in the middle of the printed Sheets of my *Biographia Literaria*¹ I am really so much flurried by this blundering accident, that I can merely acknowledge the receipt of the Letter without having read it with sufficient attention to return a fit answer by tonight's post—for I have not 10 minutes to do it in—

I will therefore answer it tomorrow

Your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

¹ This would indicate that a portion of the *Biographia Literaria* had been printed Campbell says, on what authority I know not, that up to the end of 1816 nothing of the *Biographia Literaria* had been printed. Cf *Life*, 214

LETTER 263

To WILLIAM SOTHEY, 14 *Lion Row, Chifton*

[From the original letter in the possession of Col H G Sotheby The postmark is almost illegible, but "Jan 31, 1816" seems to be the correct reading]

Calne, Wilts

Wednesday,

[*Postmark, Bath, January 31, 1816*]

DEAR SIR

Accept my poor but sincere thanks for your kind reply Mr Bowles is at Salisbury—he returns to Bremhill next Saturday s'nnight Of my dramatic Romance I have little more to do than to write 1 a general Prologue, in which I shall endeavour in about 40 lines, as terse, pointed, and popular as possible to defend the judgement of Shakespear in the construction of his Plays, and to expose the absurdity of the French Poets in mistaking the accidents of the Athenian Stage and the rules which the Tragic Writers were compelled to prescribe to themselves in order to make the whole piece harmonize as much as possible with the unfortunate Fixtures (the Chorus, consequent confinement to one place, absence of a Curtain, and of Acts, etc) which were independent of their choice for the essential Rules of Tragedy in genere ¹— and 2 a character-prologue spoken by *Time*, between the Prelude and the Play For I have preferred this division to calling it a Play in 5 acts—tho' I had the authority of Shakespear's Winter's Tale for the latter—but for the former there is the analogy of the Dilogies, Trilogies, and Tetralogies of the Greek Stage

I shall have the whole compleat by Saturday next I shall think it a great advantage to have your judgement on the Piece, before I take it to London It will not be as interesting in the Closet, as the Remorse—I mean, that it is less a Poem—but I hope it will be proportionally more so on the

¹ *Zapolya*, as published in 1817, did not contain this prologue, but merely an "Advertisement" in which Coleridge says he has given a Prelude instead of a first act and cites the great trilogies for authority, he goes on to remark that an arbitrary time-limitation is irrational

stage All passages of independent or ornamental beauty I purposely avoided

I greatly wish, that the Volume of my Literary Life, and Principles, were printed off— In the latter part I believe myself to have settled the controversy concerning the nature of poetic diction, as far as Reasoning can settle it ¹ I anticipate, that my criticisms will not please or satisfy Wordsworth, or Wordsworth's Detractors, but I know, that a true philosophical Critique was wanting, and will be of more service to his just reputation than 20 idolaters of his mannerisms But at present I refer more to the first Half of the Volume, as containing a fair statement of the Facts, on which I deemed myself to have a claim to the temporary assistance of an association of the Friends of Literature—for I wished the nature of the Works, on which I am engaged, rather than my personal distresses, to act as the determining motive for relieving the latter—

Tho' I have but few Bills of any pressing nature, yet the Few, tho' not exceeding fifteen Pound, that must be paid very speedily, are sufficient to break in upon my better Hours, now that it is of such especial importance to my immediate Prospects that I should be tranquil—and I must leave the Piece to work it's own way with the Managers, from inability to accompany it—

I have, I assure you, greater confidence in you, dear Sir ¹ than I should have in myself, that what can be done with propriety and prudence will be done as soon as possible; but I fear, that in the painful state of mind, in which I wrote the Letter to you, I might not have distinctly or intelligibly stated the nature and urgency of the Pressure, and the fair chances, I have, of catching a favorable gale within a few months I had flattered myself, that I should have been able to have eked out my scanty resources till the fate of my Play, had been ascertained, and my two volumes published—and this indeed would have been the case, but for my sudden and alarming Illness which utterly incapacitated me from all, even the slightest, exertion of composition for great

¹ Cf *Biographia Literaria*, chapters xvii-xx

part of November and the beginning of December Altogether, I lost six weeks—at a most unfortunate time

Should you visit Bristol and feel the least curiosity to run over the sheets of the work already printed, you will find them at Felix Farley's Office in Bristol—that is at Mr Gutch's who is my printer

With high esteem and regard

I remain, dear Sir,
your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 264

To LORD BYRON, *Tenace, Piccadilly, London*

[From the original letter in the possession of Col John Murray Published, *Coleridge and Byron, Publications of the Modern Language Association*, Vol xlv No 4, December 1930, 1095-1096]

*Calne, Wiltshire,
Thursday,*

[*Postmark February 17, 1816*]

MY LORD

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your Letter with the 100[£]¹ inclosed What can I say ? Till a Friend and House-mate addressed me at my bedside, with—" You have had a letter franked by Lord Byron ? Is it from *him* ? " I had, as it were, forgotten that I was myself the object of your kindness—so completely lost was I in thinking of the thing itself and the manner in which it was done

Whether, my Lord ! it shall be a Loan or not, depends on circumstances not in my power tho' in my hope and expectation. Thank God ! this is of the least importance—the debt and the *pleasure* of Love and Gratitude stand unaffected by anything accidental

I trust, that I shall soon have the honor of waiting on you—and now, my Lord I am about to take a Liberty with you I hope, you will not be offended—it is a request, that you will be so good as to make me a present of your works Your

¹ Byron was moved by what he had learned of Coleridge's financial distresses and sent £100 at a time when he could ill afford it

own kindness has put it completely in my power to purchase them without inconvenience, but *from you* they would be a Heir-loom in my Family and as a family anecdote interesting to my Son at least, I should be pleased to write in the Blank Leaf, that the Poem in my Volume, which I am a little proud of as a Poet, on your Lordship, was written before I had any correspondence or chance of correspondence with you—and that your kindness was shewn to me while my name was known to you, only as a man of Letters

My Lord! I write with a painful effort to suppress my feelings, and an anxiety lest they might lead me to say something that might wound your delicacy

I will therefore conclude—with affectionate Respect

Your Lordship's obliged

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 265

To DR R BRABANT, *Devizes*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge Published in part, *Westminster Review*, Vol xxxviii July 1870 J Dykes Campbell quotes extensively from this letter Cf *Life* 217 Brabant was a physician at Devizes, near Calne]

[*Calne, March, 1816*]

MY DEAR SIR

By following your plan, as far as the nature of my circumstances permits, I am as well, if not somewhat better, than I have been for some years In one thing only I have ventured to make an alteration Calomel by some peculiarity of my temperament acts on me first as an anodyne, then as a soporific, and (during sleep) as a powerful stimulant of the brain or whatever be the organ of visual reproduction—

1

Should I have such success in my dramatic enterprizes as to be able to say “for six months to come I am not under the necessity of doing anything,” I have strong hopes that I should emancipate myself altogether from the most pitiable slavery, the fetters of which do indeed cut in to the soul In

¹ The omitted passage deals with the physiological effects of calomel.

my present circumstances and under the disquieting uncertainty in which I am, concerning my place of residence for the ensuing year all I can do is to be quite regular and never to exceed the smallest dose of poison that will suffice to keep me tranquil and capable of literary labour What I refer to in this last sentence I would rather say than write to you Therefore be so good as to take no notice of it It will be a sore heart-wasting to me to part from Mr Morgan for never was there a man of stricter integrity or higher honor, nor have I or can I have a more faithful, zealous and disinterested Friend

Before I had given up the thought of accompanying Mr Money¹ to All-Cannings, Morgan thought it adviseable if not necessary to communicate to me part of what you had told him Need I say, it only strengthened my esteem and gratitude toward you² But a plain statement of the facts will prove to you, that even the Devil may be painted too black The worse parts of the charge were that I had been in the first place imprudent enough, and in the second place gross and indelicate enough to send out a gentleman's servant in his own house to a public house for a Bottle of Brandy —what is the Fact, I was taken ill at Mr Money's and unluckily had no laudanum with me I desired Mr Money's servant to procure a lad for me to take a letter into Calne He did and procured a lad the son of one of the laboring masons then at work Him I despatched with a Letter to Mr Bishop our Calne druggist, in which I desired Mr Bishop to put up two ounces of Laudanum, two oz of Tincture of Rhubarb and half an ounce of Tincture of Cardamoms, in and with a half-pint *flat* bottle of British Gin, to wrap each and all in town and making up the parcel in brown paper and sealing it to send it by the bearer, directed to me, and with the word, *Medicine* at the corner This was accordingly done I suppose that I carelessly left the Bottles, and this and my desiring to have a tumbler of hot water furnished the ground for the present shape of this

¹ The Rev Wm Money lived at Whetham, a few miles from Calne Coleridge was often his guest Cf *Letters*, II 651

precious anecdote "One nectar drop from Truth's own shop will flavour a whole Butt of slander"—To turn from what is always wearisome to me, and on those subjects disgusting, my worser self—I have read Spurzheim's book and Bayley's Morbid Anatomy The former is below criticism Of Gall's anatomical discoveries, of course, I can be no judge, but even of these so called discoveries, I can show full half, stated either as Truths or as absurdities in one single chapter of Plattner's anthropology, a work published 20 years before Gall had been exhaled from the Boeotian swamp of Vienna Of the rest ¹ I have two grounds for wonderment—the first—that it should have been extolled by Dr Parry and secondly that a Book so stupendously absurd should be so dull It is mere butter of lead Let the twymouthed English-Greek terminal jargon stand for *Bismuth* (by an allowable, at least appropriate derivation as correspondent to the *Δίστομος*, *bilinguis*, or *one duplice praeditus*) the beggarly glitter of his facts and analogies for the tin-foil—and the lead need no explanation His answer to *your* objection rests on the *assertion* of the duplicity of every organ analogous to two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, two arms, two Testes etc, etc, and the cases of Hydrocephalus he explains by asserting that in these instances the brain is only expanded not disorganised—and this Dr Bayly in his last edition of his M A has condescended to honour Of the latter work I guess that your opinion is that it does not contain much, but perhaps almost all that can be relied on But I should like, if I had time, to examine Morgagni and Lieutaud for myself It is most certain that Dr Bayly *favors* the hypothesis if not of equivocal yet of absimilar generation or the production of a specific *Individual* from an organic part of a diverse individual without impregnation by deranged action or metastasis of function His facts are— 1 Worms in animals, appropriate to each animal and incapable of living elsewhere 2 Hydatids—at least those of the Liver and the

¹ The various writers on anatomy to which Coleridge refers are, J C Spurzheim, E Plattner, F J Gall, W Bailey, C H Parry, J B Morgagni, and J Lieutaud

Ovarium whose vitality he supposed proved by the undoubted vitality of the mouth and neck Hydatids in the heads of sheep— 3 by the cyst of hair and fangless teeth found in the womb of a girl of 13, with an imperforated Hymen, and a similar cyst in a gelding, supposed to have been a metamorphosed testicle that had not descended into the scrotum The last appears to me a particularly narrow basement for so gigantic a column, that swells too as it rises—and in the two former I can see neither plausibility nor common logic How many score of germs would never have been actualised if no putrefaction had ever furnished the requisite nidus ? Why should not nature have made vermin to live within other animals as well as on their skin ? I doubt not, but if any new arrangement of edible or calorific matter were to take place, germs pre-exist who would be the Adams and Eves of the new Paradise And as to the cysts, it is not a case in point, for the question is not what metamorphosis life may be capable of effecting in the compounds subject to its action but the possibility of an organic living Whole by the single deranged energy of a component part of an animal utterly *ἐτέρου γένους* Excuse both my scrawl and my prattle, I wish I had you here to read an act to you of a Play I have just finished Affectionate respects to Mrs B and love to Ruth and her brother— Your obliged friend,

S T COLERIDGE

P S *Ultra solitum modum usque in taedium hanc epistolam porrexi, sed non apud te cui nulla est pagina gravior quam quae me loquaciorem apporatat tibi Augustini Epist 72* Whatever this quotation wants in self-flattery I attribute to your kindness

* LETTER 266

To LORD BYRON, *Terrace, Piccadilly*

[From the original letter in the possession of Col John Murray
Published, *Coleridge and Byron, Publications of the Modern Language
Association*, Vol xiv No 4, December 1930, 1096-1097

This letter concludes the correspondence between Coleridge and
Byron Ten days later Byron left England forever]

42, *Norfolk Street, Strand* ¹
Wednesday, April 10, 1816

MY LORD

Scarcely had I arrived in town when I became indisposed about the third day most seriously, and the interval has been passed in bed with a physician or medical attendant almost constantly at my side The strength of my constitution has prevailed over the effects of year-long errors, and imprudences commenced most innocently, and grown into the Tyranny of Habit before I was aware of my Danger I refer to the daily habit of taking enormous doses of Laudanum which I believed necessary to my Life, tho' I groaned under it as the worst and most degrading of Slaveries—in plain words, as a specific madness leaving the intellect uninjured and exciting the feelings to a cruel sensibility, entirely suspended the moral Will—*Video meliora proboque, Deteriora sequor* ² was the motto of my Life—as far as this process of slow self-destruction was concerned Yet let me say that long ago I should have been a free man, had I not been persuaded by medical men that it would be fatal to leave it off at once—and as to leaving it off by degrees, it is mere ignorance of the nature of the Distemper that could alone inspire the hope or belief

To the wisdom of my physician and the great firmness, inflexibility, and constant watchfulness of the apothecary I

¹ Lamb's comment on Coleridge's lodgings will bear quotation "Nature, who conducts every creature by instinct to its best end, has skilfully directed C to take up his abode at a Chymist's Laboratory in Norfolk-Street She might as well have sent a *Helluo Laborum* for cure to the Vatican God keep him inviolate among the traps and pitfalls" He has done pretty well as yet" *Letters of Charles Lamb* . . . W C Hazlitt, 1886, II 20

² Cf Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, VII 21

owe the happy knowledge, not only that the direful practice may be at once abandoned even after 15 years habit without danger, but with a very speedy restoration of such sensations as enable the patient to bear with a smile and without distraction of Thought bodily pain which looked at thro' the magic glass of an opium-poisoned imagination would have maddened him with fear and horror

I have troubled your Lordship with this account, because I really must appear an inexplicable Being without it I am so very weak that it is not in my power at present to wait personally on your Lordship and therefore have taken the Liberty of sending, as my proxy, my excellent and faithful Friend, Mr Morgan, who has been my Amanuensis and Councillor during the composition of my later works, and who takes with him to your Lordship a tragic Romance on the plan of the Winter's Tale—only that what in Shakspear is a first Act I have called a Prelude As this *irregularity* is announced in the very title, a Christmas Tale, I do not think, it will be any great objection The *passiveness* of Zapolya and the last Act seems to me the greatest, but if the first four were approved of, I doubt not, I could re-write the 5th, or rather re-plot it, so as to make the mother (Merope or Lady Randolph of the Play) more prominent The lines, which I think might be omitted in representation are either marked with inverted commas, or added at the end of the Play with the pages marked to which they belong Doubtless, many more must be cut out, but I thought that the choice would better belong to the actors themselves and acting manager during the Rehearsal At all events, your Lordship will be so kind as to read it over as a Poem at least ¹ I shall immedi-

¹ *Zapolya* was not presented at either Covent Garden or Drury Lane Lamb, writing to Wordsworth on April 9, 1816, says "In the first place, the Covent Garden Manager has declined accepting his [Coleridge's] Tragedy, though (having read it) I see no reason upon earth why it might not have run a very fair chance, though it certainly wants a prominent part for a Miss O'Neil or a Mr Kean" Again on April 26th, he writes to Wordsworth that "Coleridge has sent his tragedy to D L T", it cannot be acted this season, and by their manner of receiving I hope he will be able to alter it to make them accept it for next" *Lettters of Charles Lamb*, W C Hazlitt, 1886, 11 20 and 23

ately recommence the regular Tragedy, which alone I had designed for you in the first instance, but from the wretched state of my mind and body sank under it. After this week it is my hope and intention to pass a month at Highgate, boarding and lodging in the House of a respectable Surgeon and Naturalist for the perfecting of my convalescence mental no less than bodily ¹

In Drayton's Moon-calf your Lordship will find a very lively description of the War-Wolf. Of course, it is supposed to exist only in the fancies and fears of the ignorant Rustics. I remain your Lordship's much obliged and grateful Servant,

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 267

To JOHN MURRAY, *Albemarle St, Piccadilly*

[From the original letter in the possession of Col John Murray.]

[Postmark—Highgate, April 27, 1816.]

DEAR SIR

When I wrote my jesting letter yesterday, I had no conception, it was Mr *Rose Junr*,² who had the *Carl Gozzi*³—and had fancied that the *Father*⁴ had refused it under the impression of the old Calumny of my being or having been a Jacobin—which would have annoyed me some little from the fact, that unknown and disinterestedly I had so often fought his battles in the *Morning Post* and *Courier*. For the Son I have a high respect, as I have for every man who like him, dares *think* and *can* think.

¹ Coleridge, despite his efforts in Bristol and Calne, had not been able to conquer his opium habit, and he was still seeking for a friend who could help him. Such a friend James Gillman, a surgeon at Highgate, proved to be. The "month at Highgate" saw Coleridge firmly entrenched in the hearts of James and Ann Gillman, and his domestication with them lasted the rest of his life. Highgate proved a port after the storm, and there Coleridge found, if not happiness, at least peace.

² William Stewart Rose (1775-1843), the person here alluded to, was a poet and translator. He translated both the *Amadis* of Herberay des Essarts and *Arnosto*.

³ Coleridge refers to Carlo Gozzi (1720?-1806), the Italian dramatist, but what work he had in mind is not clear.

⁴ George Rose (1744-1818), a politician.

With regard to the cause of the Gozzi being denied to me, I can only say, on *my Honor* that it is founded in pure Slander which owes its only Color to a *mistake* I have been sinned against most grievously in respect of my own books, but have never sinned—and the only instance, that approximates to a resemblance of retaining a Book, was that of having in the languor of Sickness aggravated by the Bustle of Departure left Mr Sotheby's Petrarch at Keswick when I went to Malta—which Book a single Inquiry of Mrs Coleridge or Southey would have instantly procured for him, and which has been in fact restored to him With this one exception (if exception it can be called) I solemnly and on my honor as a Man and a gentleman declare the charge to be utterly false, and unsupported by one single fact If I have in one or two instances detained Books not to be procured in this country for a length of time, it has been with the permission of the owner—and even of this I know but one instance, viz—the German complete Edition of Spinoza's Works with his Life of Colerus, a work absolutely necessary to me in an undertaking, which has occupied my best Thoughts for the last 10 years or more

Well! We must bear and be silent: at least for the present

Do you know whether Lord Byron extends his Tour beyond Switzerland, and whether he is expected to return before the end of the present Year

With respect

your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 268

To JOHN MURRAY, *Albemarle Street.*

[From the original letter in the possession of Col John Murray]

*James Gillman's, Esq, Surgeon,
Highgate,
May 8, 1816*

MY DEAR SIR

Could you be so good as to let me have *for one week* (and Mr Morgan will pledge himself to restore them within the appointed time) Dunlop's *History of Fiction*,¹ and any edition of Ariosto, English or Italian

I am very sorry that Mr Frere² (of whose Taste I think *more* highly than of any other man, I ever met with, and whose *Genius* I estimate at least *as* high as that of any contemporary) should be out of town and likely to be absent so long a time My God! if that man could be induced to translate all the unpolluted poems of Catullus! There would not be ten volumes of Poetry in our Language, which would take precedence of it in *fame*, by which I mean *permanent* reputation I say this not lightly but after long and most impartial meditation on the difficulties of translating the Parabases of Aristophanes and on the quantity and quality of the inventive and discriminative Powers manifested in the unexampled Conquest of them all I assure you, I regard the day, when I first saw Mr Frere, among the most memorable Red Letter Days of my Literary Life

Mr Morgan has, I find, placed my Christmas Tale in your Hand and has informed you, that out of this Poem in dialogue a Melodrama is to be constructed, with additional Songs and Choruses, that Mr Kinnaird thinks that the publication of the former immediately, as a Poem, will be of

¹ John C Dunlop's *History of Fiction* appeared in 1814

² John Hookham Frere (1769-1846) was an author and a diplomatist, but a natural lack of perseverance led him to be a dilettante In 1818, just on the verge of achievement he retired to Malta, where he remained the rest of his life Coleridge admired Frere tremendously, and the latter was often a visitor at Highgate

advantage rather than disadvantage to the latter and finally, that in the Terms for the Poem I propose to secure to you the Offer of the Melodrama, should it be theatrically successful—indeed, I should have had no objection to have included both in one Bargain, with such subtraction of Price, as the degree and nature of the chances might render equitable and honorable to both Parties ¹ But Mr Moigan has not, it seems, yet mentioned to you that I have the whole outline, and a sheet or so finished of the Essay promised in the Preface to the Remorse on “Dramatic Poetry exclusively in it’s relation to Theatrical Representation” ¹ generally and ² specially and in detail, to the present state and circumstances of the two Metropolitan Theatres, D Lane and Covent Garden—with a distinction between evils that are necessary and those that may be and ought to be removed It would make a pamphlet from 150 to 200 pages Now as the subject is of necessity to a certain degree personal and immediate, I have some reason to hope that it would excite interest among the Frequenters of the Theatre, coming from a successful Dramatist— Now which would be the more prudent plan, to publish this Essay separately [?] or as part of the volumes with the Christmas Tale [?] Would *you* like to concern yourself with it [?] Be so good as to give Mr Morgan a few minutes of your Leisure Time to converse with him on the point

In the course of a few days I shall send a parcel, containing what is hitherto printed of my Biographical Literary Sketches, and all my Sibylline Leaves, with a Letter, for Mr Frere, which I shall request you to address and forward

My Health is evidently progressive, and my mind and spirits daily more easy, and tranquil

Believe me, dear Sir,

with great respect

your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

¹ Murray accepted *Zapolya* for publication, advancing Coleridge £50 on account, eventually Fenner became the publisher, however, and the £50 was returned to Murray *Zapolya* was not published until 1817

LETTER 269

To JOHN MURRAY, *Albemarle Street*

[From the original letter in the possession of Col John Murray]

DEAR SIR

[May, 1816]

I hope, that my friend, Morgan, will be able to have 20 minutes conversation with you to-day on the subject of your Letter of this morning There are 3 points— 1 I *must* have disposed of it or something else—for I not only wish to finish *Christabel*, but I have two musical Entertainments, so far proceeded with, that two months' unanxious application of two hours a day will suffice to finish them for the stage—and as every scene will have undergone the advice of a manager, there will be no chance of their rejection in the first instance 2 Mr Kinnaird fully intends to bring out the Christmas Tale next Christmas, but as a Melo-drama, with songs and choruses, and the story transmuted into a domestic not a political occurrence—the Usurper to be made a Baron etc, etc ¹ Now that this may all suit much better to the present state and size of Drury Lane Theatre, I have no right to doubt, but every right to entertain some fears, that my *literary* Reputation would suffer a little by the Change, unless the original Play were or had been published as a Poem— At present it is a Poem, and I have no alterations of consequence to make 3 The *Prelude* would be lost Now it is not my own opinion only, but Lord Byron's express decision, and Mr Bowles, and several other of my friends on whose Judgement I can rely, that this is, both as Poem and as Dramatic Poem, the best and noblest part of the work. But on all this Mr Morgan will talk with you I am sorry to hear of Mr Frere's indisposition, tho' it is my own opinion, that Gout is no disease, but a sanative action removing diseased *sensation* by Pain and Disorder

Your's very truly S T COLERIDGE

My Health continues to improve—mind more than body

¹ Coleridge agreed to the suggestions of the Drury Lane Committee, "but instead of setting about the alterations at once, he gave way to a fit of despondency Nothing more was heard of *Zapolya* as a stage play," at the Drury Lane Theatre *Life*, 223

LETTER 270

To JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge
Published in part, *John Hookham Frere and His Friends*, G Festing, 1899,
218-219]

Highgate, July 2, 1816

DEAR SIR

Should I have the good fortune to find you at home and disengaged this morning, I shall have superseded this Scrawl, the object of which is to excuse myself for the liberty, I take, in obtruding on you the accompanying Sheets—which consist of a 1st Volume and part of a Second of my literary Life¹—more accurately perhaps, Sketches of my intellectual Life, and Principles—in which my chief purposes were, 1 to defend myself (not indeed to my own Conscience, but) as far as others are concerned, from the often and public denunciation of having wasted my time in idleness—in short, of having done nothing—2 not merely to state my own principles of Taste, but to settle, if possible, and put to rest with all men of sense the controversy concerning the nature and claims of poetic diction There is with these a third Volume entitled “*Sibylline Leaves*,” a collection of such poems as I dare consent to be known as of my own will as well as Authorship

I had hoped to have sent them during your confinement—and then I might have ventured to hope that you would have returned them enriched with a few marks of your pencil—if they were only mere symbolic signs of disapprobation of particular passages, lines, or words With grey hairs and a subdued spirit it would be too late for me to *begin* the attempt to flatter—and be assured, it will be but an act of justice to the simplicity of my character if you give full belief to my assurance, that my sole motive for entreating your friendly perusal of these pages originates in my thorough conviction, that of all the men, whom I have yet met with in public or literary life, you possess beyond comparison the purest and manliest Taste and I say less than I mean and

¹ The sheets of the *Biographia Literaria* printed in Bristol by Gutch

feel, when I add that I have on my shelves long original poems, epic, and romantic, full of images and incidents and *mother-and-child* sentiments and sensibilities, and these of great celebrity, (*reputation* at least) the whole excellencies of which concentrated do not impress on my reason that sense of inventive and constructive power, which I appeared to myself to see in the one Imitation of the Parabasis from the Knights of Aristophanes ¹

That this decision is grounded on, and anticipated *potentially* in, convictions formed and organized long before I had the pleasure of seeing you, you will perceive in the two first Chapters of my second Volume

With the most unfeigned prayers for your Health and Well-being I remain, with very high respect, dear Sir,

Your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

P S Whenever you shall have had time to have looked over the Sheets, be so good as to have them left directed to me at Mr Murray's

LETTER 271

To JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge
Published in part, *John Hookham Frere and His Friends*, G Festing, 1899,
224-226]

Highgate,
Tuesday Noon, July 16, 1816

MY DEAR SIR

Friday is the same to me as Thursday · and were it otherwise, the inconvenience must, I flatter myself, have stood under the rubric of Duty to have kept it's ground against the pleasure of meeting Mr Canning.² Tho' I should take shame to myself, if I were torpid to the interest, which an eminent public character naturally excites, *as such*, yet the recollections of his being your friend and school-

¹ J H Frere's *Aristophanes* was not published until 1840

² Frere was a close personal friend of Canning's

fellow were uppermost at the instant, that I received your kind invitation

According to the *Physiosophy* (Natur-philosophie) of the Schellingians, the Air, which (I beg their pardon, I ought to have said, *whom*) they regard as a living organized Person, is at present in a very bad state of Health In *Indifferentifcentia* ἀσχετος, ἄλογος of the oxygenous and hydrogenous Tensions of the air is the proximate cause, *all* affirm, but they are not agreed, whether the morbid product is to be deemed an atmospheric Diabetes, or a Σύντηξις ἰδρωτικός However this may be, if it should prevent my seeing you tomorrow, I shall forget my philosophy, and with Homeric phrase and vehemence wish that Jupiter Pluvius had set off on his old Tour of Ethiopia—or to Hanover, if it pleased him better

Your remarks on the 9th Book of the Iliad were perfectly convincing to my mind, and have strengthened an old persuasion of mine, that we shall never feel as Englishmen what the Iliad really is till we have it translated as a metrical Romance, with such enrichment of metre and rhythm, as he who had a right to attempt such a work, would have supplied to him by the Genius that constituted that Right That such a thing is practicable, your Aristophanics have now satisfied me.

I heard yesterday from a German Literatus, that a complete Translation of Aristophanes has been found among Voss's Papers and is about to be published by his Son (Voss is the celebrated German Translator of Homer, and of the Georgics They are truly marvellous Translations—alter et idem)

Now, my dear Sir, will you pardon me if I take the liberty of unbosoming myself to you on a circumstance which tho' a seeming trifle has both wounded and injured me Many years ago Mr Sotheby lent me the old Folio Edition of Petrarch's Works I read it thro', and communicated my remarks Just on the eve of my leaving England for Malta, I had the Book put up, to be returned, but in the depression of Disease, and amid the bustle and the heart-sickness of

leaving all, I loved, with little confidence of ever seeing them again, this was forgotten, and the Book remained at Keswick. It was not till long after my return that I discovered this. I then had the Book sent up to London, and supposed it to have been returned—but by another piece of Ill-luck it was sent (tho' directed to Mr Sotheby) among Morgan's Books to Bishopsgate Street—from which place it at length did arrive at its true owner. Likewise, some 10 years ago Poor Charles Lamb took it into his head that he had lent me a Volume of Dodsley's old Plays. I thought him in joke at first, but hearing, that he talked it off whenever he was tipsy (an effect, which 3 glasses of wine will produce at any time) I begged him to let me have the other volumes and I would send him a new set. This he refused with oaths, said he would never speak to me again if I attempted it. At length however, I was lucky enough to procure the odd volume from Southey, and gave it to Lamb. His wild speeches (half joke, half dream) had it seems been caught up by Robinson, who had talked (and O ye Gods! how he does talk!) at the Westminster Library, and elsewhere. Yesterday I had an opportunity of cross-questioning him. Robinson, I have borrowed more Books from you, than from all my acquaintance collectively because I could not procure German Books elsewhere. Have I ever lost one? No.—Have I ever retained your Books beyond the given time without obtaining your permission? No.—Then you ought in justice to do your best to contradict the calumny, which your knowledge of poor Charles Lamb's Character ought to have prevented you from helping to spread.

Except these two cases, and I dare challenge all my acquaintances to mention a single instance in which I have ever furnished an occasion for this Charge. I have been most grievously sinned against in this respect, and for that very reason have been cautious not to offend myself. Yet on the strength of this Slander Mr Rogers (I write without the least resentment) prevented Mr Rose from lending me Carl Gozzi's Works, which he was previously most ready to do, and which I had in vain endeavored to procure from Leghorn.

From the same cause I doubt not, Mr Hare refused to let me have the Reading of such Works of Giordano Bruno, as I had not had an opportunity of seeing (a unique collection of which he purchased for a trifle at the Roxburgh Sale) tho' I had in the *Friend* announced my intention of writing the Life of G Bruno with a critique on his System and that of the Pantheists of the same *age* (*Behmen* etc) I could mention other instances and as I never borrow a Book but for some specific purpose and that too of importance to me, this has been a very serious injury to me even in a pecuniary View. For instance, Murray has offered me 200*£* for an Octavo Volume of Specimens of Rabbinical wisdom in the manner of those in the *Friend*, and including them ¹ The descriptive Title of the work would be— The modes with the advantages and disadvantages of *oral* instruction compared with the age of Books—and if it be well-executed, it will be worth more than twice 200*£*. Yet I am much deceived, if but for the aforesaid cruel Slander I should not have had the Surcuhusius [?] procured for me, without which or some other translation of the Mischna and *Gemara* I cannot go on with the work

Now, Sir, should you have a favorable opportunity of mentioning these circumstances to Mr Rose, or any other proper person, you would greatly serve me But at all events forgive the freedom, I take, in making the request—for it is with most sincere respect and sense of acknowledgment that I remain

my dear Sir

Your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

¹ Cf the *Friend* (original issue), xi and xii, for a few "Specimens of Rabbinical Wisdom" This proposed work for Murray was never published

LETTER 272

To MR BOOSEY, Broad Street

[Original letter, Yale University Library Campbell refers to this letter Cf *Life*, 224 Printed *Catalogue of the Collection* formed by A Morrison, 1883-1892

Nothing came of the comprehensive plans which Coleridge draws up in this letter]

*J Gillman's Esqre, Highgate,
Saturday Morning, August 31, 1816*

DEAR SIR

I thank you for your polite Letter, accompanying the Books which arrived yesterday afternoon I was prevented from calling by a sudden indisposition, a bowel complaint, but the first time, I am able to reach the City, my first call will be on you The Schneider's Greek and German Lexicon, Schelling's Denkmäl, and the Plato you will be so good as to put to my account the others I shall bring with me as early in next week, as possible I have some intentions of trying the Sea-air for a month, in company with the excellent family, whose Housemate I at present am, and am likely to continue I have of late been inforced by over anxiety occasioned by overwork and this latter on the account of others, not my own By the Sea side I hope to finish my Christabel and if this and Tranquillity with exercise and change of air should give me confidence in myself, I shall probably attempt to realize a Plan which I have long had in agitation—viz—a fortnightly or monthly Letter to my literary Friends in London and elsewhere concerning the real state and value of the German Literature from Gellert and Klopstock to the present year, as to all points in which the German Literati are at all peculiarized—excluding therefrom subjects of mere Science, as Mathematics, etc.—and admitting Natural history, comparative anatomy, and chemistry only as far [as] these have been treated on a new System by Kant and Schelling and the Scholars of Schelling.

What most aggrieves me in the greater part of Goethe's Compositions, is the *Irrememberable* His Sorrows of Werther, the Mignon and old Hasper of his Wilhelm

Meister, his Gotz von Berlichingen, and his Faustus, with many others, are such glaring exceptions, that they might seem to justify the direct contrary—But yet thro' all his works there is a sort of facility of rhyming, which makes it difficult to understand, why the one part is in prose, the other in metre Ex gr read the Lila—What one song is there, which in and for itself is interesting, as a poem? What feeling, what imagery, to justify it's lyrical form?—yet in a private Room, a Concert rather than a Theatre, I can conceive that it may be interesting—Certainly not [in] a large Theatre as a drama Two or three preparatory Letters would give a brief but clear and discriminating History of German Literature before Gellert, Bodmer etc — 1 from Otfried, nearly contemporary with our Alfred, to the Minnesingers and Meister singers,— and 2 from Hans Sachs to Opitz, including the fugitive Literature, Ballads, Songs etc—and from Opitz to Gellert 3 the Theology and Metaphysics from Luther, Melanchthon, and Ulrich von Hutten to Leibnitz and Wolf—and the interval of the popular and eclectic philosophy to the famous controversy of Lessing with Goetz—which will conclude the preliminary information After these I propose to take each great name by itself, beginning with Klopstock, and attaching a short biographical Sketch to each My object is to remove the cloud of Ignorance and Prejudice which to a disgraceful and even inhospitable and ungrateful excess overglooms the mind of the learned Public with regard to German Literature— I furnished a friend, who is attacking the Bertram in the Courier, with one Paragraph respecting the fashionable phrase, the *German Drama*, which you will probably see early next week ¹

At present I should be glad to have, as speedily as possible, whatever catalogues you can lend me, for a few days As soon as you can get them over, I am anxious to have *all* the works of Schelling, with exception of those, I already

¹ Maturin's *Bertram* was accepted in place of Coleridge's *Zapolya* for presentation at Drury Lane Coleridge was responsible for the attack in the *Courier*, and he later added a critique of *Bertram* to the second volume of the *Biographia Literaria*

possess, of which I gave you the List in my last Letter, and to which you have now to add the *Denkmal* — and should Voss's translation of Aristophanes edited by his Son have come out, I wish to have it I have been spoken to by the Right Honble Mr Frere, to give an article to the Quarterly Review on Goethe's *Dichtung and Wahrheit* I have an exceeding reluctance to write in *any* Review entirely from motives of Conscience, conducted as *all* the Reviews are at present Should I attempt it, my main Temptation would be the procuring the last Edition of Goethe, which I cannot at present afford to purchase

If you could let me just look at the *Gespenster Buch* and *Wunder Buch*, with such numbers as you happen to have of Gilbert's Magazine, I promise you to return them on the morning but one after I receive them, by Mr Becker or some one of my Highgate acquaintances who go daily into the City I dare not *engage*, but I hope and expect to be able to call on you on Tuesday or Wednesday Morning—and remain,

Dear S r,

with respect

Your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 273

To HUGH J ROSE

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge Hugh James Rose (1795-1838) was at this time a student at Cambridge He later became a noted theologian]

Tuesday, September 17, 1816

DEAR SIR

Tho' your kind letter has been so many days in the house, this is the first day that it has been presented to me so severe an attack have I suffered on my spirits, that it was deemed prudent to defer all things *ab extra* Tomorrow morning I go with my medical friend and his excellent wife, who has been a most affectionate and sisterly nurse to me, to Muddiford near Christ Church, for change of air and above all in the hopes of a deep tranquillity and therefore

I have not informed any one in town that, or whither, I am going

I have sent to Gale and Fenner to know whether it is possible to procure a copy of the *Friend* from any private hand— I fear not I do not possess a copy myself but borrowed one from an acquaintance¹ I mean to republish it, omitting what cannot be completed within a work of three small volumes, completing what can, and as far as it is consistent with the subjects and the nature of my mind, popularizing the style

Your kind opinion was a great comfort to me— From the beginning to this very hour nothing but cold water, or what is far worse, very cold praise, had been bestowed on it by my friends—even by Southey and Wordsworth And I know that I am from constitution very far more apt to look with indifference and a despondent undervaluing of my writings and of my powers than to appreciate either too highly

There has appeared a most brutal attack, as unprovoked as it is even to extravagance false, on me both as a man and an author, in the *Examiner*²—written by a man named William Hazlitt, whom I befriended for several years with the most improvident kindness when he was utterly friendless—and whom Southey and myself at our own hazard saved from infamy and transportation in return for his having done his best by the most loathsome conduct (known to all the neighbourhood of Keswick and Grasmere but ourselves and the Wordsworths) to bring disgrace on our names and families We should have been obliged, of course, to desist from our attempts to serve him, even if he had not been compelled to run away—but we never expressed any resentment, only avoided his name Every one parti-

¹ There is something ironic in the fact that after being unable to sell the *Friend* in 1809-1810, Coleridge in 1816 had great difficulty in obtaining a copy for his own use

² Cf the *Examiner*, No 440, June 2, 1816, for a devastating review of *Christabel*, and the *Examiner*, September 8, 1816, for a malicious article pretending to be a review of the yet unpublished *Statesman's Manual*, an advertisement of which Hazlitt had seen,

cular which he has put down he *knows* to be false But what can one do? I could not condescend to give publicity to guilt and Baseness, the excess of which would perplex Belief while the Detail outraged Modesty Better submit to the annoyance as the appropriate punishment of that weak good nature and that disposition to overvalue Talent, which put it in the power of such a Wretch to sign and seal all his other vices with ingratitude ¹

There will soon appear half a dozen theologies—metaphysics—political essays, of very unequal lengths, by me, under the name of “A Lay Sermon with comments and Essays connected with the Study of the Scriptures”—The Title—The Bible, the Statesman’s best manual, etc It is sent off to the publisher, and will make a *thin* book ²

I mention it because on the 4th I have endeavoured to explain myself at large on that distinction between the Reason and the Understanding, which I deem of such vital importance—and with this some leading points of my scheme of philosophy, as contrasted with the Mechanic, Locke, Hartley and Condillac System ³

It will be followed by two other Lay Sermons, one to the middle classes, the other to the Labouring classes, on the present real and asserted distresses—my object—to unvizard our Incendiaries ⁴ I think, your father will be pleased with *them*

¹ Of this escapade of Hazlitt’s very little is known Cf *The Life of Wilham Hazlitt*, P P Howe, 1922, 71, 79, and *Memoirs of Wilham Hazlitt*, W C Hazlitt, 1867, 1 105, 207

² *The Statesman’s Manual, or the Bible the Best Guide to Political Skill and Foresight A Lay Sermon, Addressed to The Higher Classes o Society, With an Appendix, containing Comments and Essays connected with The Study of the Inspired Writings By S T Coleridge, Esq*, 1816 This work is usually called the first Lay Sermon

³ For the distinction between the reason and the understanding see Appendix B to *The Statesman’s Manual, Lay Sermons* (ed by Derwent Coleridge), 1852, 63-99

⁴ The second Lay Sermon, “*Blessed are ye that sow beside all Waters !*” *A Lay Sermon, Addressed to the Higher and Middle Classes, on the existing Distresses and Discontents*, appeared in 1817 The third lay sermon for the labouring classes was not written.

Do you see the *Courier*? The essays on Bertram were in great measure dictated by me but I was not able to revise them or correct the style Those that follow will be of more value

If anything should occur to me on the coast that I think likely to interest you, I shall take the liberty of again assuring you that I am, dear Sir,

With great and unfeigned respect
your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

P S There will soon appear in the *Courier* some *Anti-Emancipation* essays I listen with the utmost desire to be convinced, I feel the weight of the authority of men so judicious, and so nobly principled, no less than highly gifted, as Mr Canning and that model of a *fine* yet manly intellect, Mr J Frere—but I have heard nothing that meets some of my main objections, or sufficient to counterbalance the others

LETTER 274

To DR R BRABANT, *Devizes*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge
Published with omissions, *Westminster Review*, *New Series*, xxxviii July,
1870]

Muddiford, Christ Church, Hampshire
Sept 21, 1816

DEAR SIR

The uppermost thought in reading your letter was that of the pain you would suffer when you learnt the truth It was but yesterday that I read your angry letter—not a single paper or message having been brought to me from the very day, I received your short note I am so weak and low that I am obliged to narrate with broken conciseness—I had been solicited by the House of Gale and Fenner, whom I had conceived at least to have felt kindly towards me, no small merit in an age of atrocious calumny, to give them a small Tract on the present Distresses in the form of a Lay Sermon—but it was to be done immediately I undertook it—

money I was to have none, but as a mark of respect And assuredly I never conceived the promise interpretable otherwise than as conditional, viz that I would do my utmost My only fault was that thinking too much of what I had often done and too little of my then strength, I suffered it to be advertised¹ Then began the spell The stimulant was aggravated into a narcotic, I laboured from morning till night and found myself writing a Volume not a Tract of a single sheet—I erased—and having worked from 9 to 5 on the one day I sate up the whole night and continued writing and erasing The consequence was almost immediate—and I soon found that I had to deal with persons incapable of understanding the circumstances, tho' Mr Gillman waited on them as my medical attendant A few days, came in the fulfilment of what I had indeed long anticipated but yet in that mood of nerves and thought was not the more prepared for the blow—Spite of your unkind Letter I cannot but write to you as a Friend—in one word therefore, and to your own eye alone—I mean the Morgan's circumstances—the man who was their agent or employé was, (as it was scarce possible to be otherwise) a sort of a rascal—in my opinion, as rascals go, a venial one—and on me, unable to support myself, and the object of the cruellest calumnies which however I deserved from the mental cowardice that ever made me the slave of the present distress before my eyes, on me alone to any effective purpose poor M hung—but the Detail is not for a letter— A third thing—a sister of Mrs Coleridge's² the only one of the Brood that I had any regard for, and who deserved it—whom the fine ladies at Keswick had left as a laborious mantua-maker in London after having tantalized her with a year's intercourse with Sirs, Lords, and Dukes at Keswick—with a broken constitution because a broken heart, had neglected a catarrh—the air-vessels of her lungs became

¹ “ It was advertised as ‘ A Lay Sermon on the Distresses of the Country, addressed to the Middle and Higher Orders,’ and in the *Examiner* (Sep 8, 1816), Hazlitt wrote a cruel article, pretending to be a review of the unpublished pamphlet He said one could tell what anything by Coleridge would be as well before as after publication ” *Life*, 225 note

² Eliza Fricker

mechanically obstructed with mucus—in short the people of the House had heard her talk of me, and sent up to beg that I would come instantly for that she was dying—and that in the interval of her convulsions she had uttered my name repeatedly—I took a carriage at 9 o'clock at night and found Dr Gore with her, who had given her over, her pulse, however made me suspect that the Dr meant to have the honour of a miracle Dreadful, however, was her state, as you must well know who have seen doubtless many cases of aggravated spasmodic catarrh ! After 12 hours expectoration was produced—and she was able to express her wishes to a female friend, and when I left her there were avowed hopes of her recovery This was my last effort—on my return to Highgate, I sank into complete outward nothingness I could think, as before,—my inward mind seemed the same—but even to take a pen in my hand, nay the Postman's knock brought the big drops not only on my forehead but all over my head and chest—and I longed for Death with an intensity that I have never seen expressed but in the Book of Job

I can write no more If I was to live, an absolute seclusion became necessary I left Highgate and I am now in a small cottage at the sea-shore—but I shall move as soon as I have strength and can command resources enough to procure a Horse, and mean to spend a month in travelling about 10 or 15 miles a day

I attempted to dictate a something that is coming out what you will think of it I cannot conjecture for I was not able even to look over the copy It is to be entitled the Bible considered as containing the Elements of political Wisdom and foresight Of the confluent distresses that have rushed in upon me I have here mentioned the most predominant only—the immediate causes—there have been many more O Brabant ! indeed, indeed, you ought not to have suspected my heart. If I had had less I could very easily have appeared to have had more, and what motive in the name of God ! could you imagine acting to turn me into a hypocrite ! But it is not in my nature to feel resentment Grief swallows it up, when the indifference of sickness and

despondency does not preclude it I must particularly request you not to mention to anyone my address I shall not be here, I hope, above a week—unless I should be, as I still fervently wish, here underground What I ever ever have thought and felt respecting you and your's, I have never ceased to think and feel

God bless you and Mrs B and your dear children
and S T COLERIDGE

Mr Gillman came down with me and Mrs G—against my will for it is no *medical* skill that can restore me—

LETTER 275

To REST FENNER

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge
Published, *Lippincott's Magazine*, Vol XIII June 1874]

Sept 22, 1816

DEAR SIR

I concluded my *prefatory* sheet, or letter of generalities, by observing and regretting that motives of a personal nature *never* help or strengthen me in the performance of any attempt, but often disqualify me from doing anything So excessive Thirst has been known to produce Hydrophobia So the more anxiously and eagerly we strive to recollect a name the less chance we have to remember it The Nisus, or sensation of effort, stands between us and the thing sought for, consumes the attention and so long as it continues, eclipses its own object with its shadow Knowing that no *medical* aid would much profit me, I have endeavoured to prevent Mr Gillman from knowing the extent of my late illness From his wife I could not conceal it; and she would have convinced you, first how earnest and unremitting my efforts were in the *first* instance to have sent you the sermon by the time wished for, 2nd how severe have been the sufferings inflicted by the over exertion of that unfortunate night, under the goad of a disqualifying anxiety; and 3rd, how, spite of pain, of fluttering nerves, and of depression bordering on despondency, in spite of the mos'

severely annoying disquietudes from other quarters—in short, of a confluence of vexations—I have nevertheless gone on, day after day, from 9 in the morning till 4, and often till 5, in the afternoon, *doing my best and utmost*

Forgive me, dear Sir, if I venture to suggest, that to construe my promise with regard to the *time* of delivery of the Lay Sermon as absolute and unconditional was to forget the natures both of the object and of the Agent I have for so many years rejected from my mind every shallow and commonplace thought and phrase, that I have induced a kind of *barrenness* on my faculties, that would sadly thin the ranks of our trading authors and make Quartos shrink up into pamphlets—so that, even if I wished it ever so earnestly, it is not in my *power* to write by mere dint of memory and volition Upon one point only can I blame myself that in my eagerness to oblige you (you must *know*, Sir ¹ that in *this* business I could have no *personal* motive) and in the first vivid sensation of the inrush of thoughts concerning the subject proposed, I too hastily believed that I could do it within the time, because I had formerly done as much or more within the same period, and thus (which was the source of all the after-vexation) consented to its being advertised

The knowledge of this, the agitating reflection, it must be done at that time, the personal consideration arising from the recent agreement with you, all filled my mind with fear and restlessness, and the more I wrote the less I did Had I not given way and let my thoughts lead on to a different subject, and had I not consented to have finished that first, I am convinced that I might have been working to this hour to no purpose, instead of having to procure a frank to send off the first sheet of the Tract originally intended

But yet it would be difficult for me to comprehend, with my natural disposition, how such an *accident* in a work undertaken with such motives, and attempted with such persevering industry, could have so discolored your mind toward me, but that, to a degree that even four months ago I never had suspected, I now find myself to have been the victim of the most malignant slander

The scheme of my labors is this —having dispatched the Lay Sermon addressed to the higher and middle classes, to give three, or at the utmost four days to the Sermon addressed to the Laboring classes, and if I do not succeed, to give it up, and, at all events, to commence the next week with the matter which I have been forced by the blunder and false assurance of the printer to add to the 'Literary Life,' in order to render the volumes of something like the same size ¹ I not only shall not, but I cannot think of or do anything till the three volumes complete are in Mr Gale's House I could reprint the 'Remorse,' having secured that power by a special article, in any collection of my poems that I might choose to make This done I shall go to work with the *Friend*, which I look forward to as a spot of sunshine N B Mr Gillman made a mistake, it was not the Report on Education that I sent for, but that on the *Police*, which I must have somehow or other Mr G returns in a week, and will take back to you the Report on Education uncut, and you would oblige me by immediately sending me the Report on the Police, together with the sheets of my Life and Poems, and such papers as Mr Gillman's assistant will send to Messrs Gale and Fenner for me I was about to have desired a copy of my juvenile Poems, but I must explain what weighs on my mind

When I delivered the remaining copies of the *Friend*, with the Stamps etc to your house, it was my known intention to have entered into a similar engagement with it as I have lately done How binding I felt this on my conscience, you have had proof Excepting the fragment of the *Christabel* (and even this was a bargain made for me during my illness), I have had no concern with any publisher ², and in recurring to my former plan I had to conquer not only the dissuasions of my friends, but my own satisfaction in the literary con-

¹These additions to the *Biographia Literaria* were the addition of 54 pages to the critique on Wordsworth, *Satyrane's Letters* (used years before to fill up the *Friend*), a critique of Maturin's tragedy of *Bertram*, and a rambling autobiographic concluding chapter Cf *Life*, 228

²*Christabel* *Kubla Khan*, *a Vision*, *The Pains of Sleep* was published by Murray in February, 1816

nections, and highly polished manners of the various men of rank and consequence that I was sure to meet with at Murray's. But I had one answer—I should not be easy in my mind, and I have a high opinion of Mr Gale and Curtis's *principles*, and I prefer forming a connection with a religious house¹. But I most distinctly remember that there was nothing like a sale or bargain with respect to the copies of the *Friend*. In consideration of the preference I had given to the house, and in part from friendly feeling £50 was lent to me, and as an additional kindness, Mr Gale and yourself offered to endeavor at the disposal of the remaining *Friends*, not as publishers, but in the way of friendship, at 18 shillings a volume. Had they not been disposed of, or in whatever the sale had fallen short of the £50, I was bound to repay, or, as was then taken for granted, to have deducted from the profits of my after labors. It was from you that I was twice informed, that by means of the stamps, etc., the balance was in my favour, and that whatever had been received by the house above the £50 was my own. Secondly, for the other works I had asked £200 in ready money, and ultimately half the profits, deducting that two hundred pounds. The sum was brought down to £150, and to be spread over a space of six months. Well, I agreed. But, Sir, this money was no *loan*. It was the produce of a direct sale, for which I signed over to the house the whole copyright of the three volumes of my latest poems,² and of the *Friend*, till such time as it should be repaid. That the former volumes have been delayed has been for the benefit of the house, the whole work *is* complete, and if it were thought proper to publish the 2nd and 3rd volumes in one, it might be published within a week.

The work is yours, not mine, and in writing from 150 to

¹ The Rev T. Curtis was a member of the firm of Gale and Fenner, and a brother of S. Curtis, the printer. Apparently the firm changed names: in 1812 the *Friend* was published by *Gale and Curtis*, in 1817 the *Biographia Literaria* by Rest Fenner, but the personnel of the firm seems to have remained about the same. Coleridge's letters to his publishers were addressed to Curtis, to Fenner, or to them both.

² Meaning the two volumes of the *Biographia Literaria* and the *Sibylline Leaves*.

200 pages additional, in order to set right the blunder of my printer, I am, under circumstances of much pecuniary perplexity, working for nothing—that is, for the time being, when, by devoting that time to temporary matters, I might relieve myself. In the same time, nay, less, I could compile a small volume of specimens of Rabbinical Wisdom, for which Murray offered me 200 guineas. But, Sir, I never yet suffered five times that sum to weigh as a grain of sand against even a point of delicacy. To make my *Life and Poems* as respectable and saleable for Messrs Gale and Fenner was a motive far stronger than a sum of money, even wanting it. Assuredly, dear Sir, it cannot be said that *two* large volumes, the latter containing all my poems that I acknowledge, and corrected with all the form of my maturest judgment, with the copyright of the *Friend*, are not worth £150 in the market—even if I were not to add the quantity necessary to make it 3 volumes. And yet I have even offered the ‘*Remorse*,’ which would settle the thing at once, and of this £150 I have received but £100.

Judge then, Sir, what must have been my feelings, what my pain of surprise, when Mr Gillman on meeting me, said, ‘Coleridge, have you not made some mistake?’ Are you sure you have not misunderstood Mr Curtis?’ ‘In what?’ I replied. ‘Why, I understood you to say that you had sold and signed over the copyrights of the “*Friend*” in its present state, and of your *Literary Life and Poems*, for £150 till such time as that £150 shall have been received by G and F from the sale profits, and half the copyright afterwards, with a promise binding on your honor at least, to publish whatever you may hereafter write through that house so long as no breach of the contract appears in their parts!’ ‘*Well! and so I have*’ ‘Likewise that there was a balance in your favour on the score of the “*Friend*” from £25 to £30?’ ‘So Mr Curtis assured me.’ ‘Then there is a balance of £50 + £25 to £30?’ ‘Exactly so.’ ‘Nay, I cannot reconcile with all this what was said to me. As a friend, and as having called in your name and on your business, it would be weakness to spare your feelings as to what

you must know some time or other, I have procured a "Friend" for you, but by having it put down in my own account For Mr Curtis plainly told me, that he could not desire or advise the house to put it down to yours !'

Merciful heavens, Sir, what infamous calumnies must you have listened to concerning me ? The affair between me and Messrs Longman and Co I explained to you, and waited only for the expected restoration of my health to have done what I told you it was my intention to do

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 276

To HUGH J ROSE

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

Muddiford, Christ Church,
September 25, 1816

DEAR SIR

I have received *The Friend*, which waits only for your instructions, and of which I intreat your acceptance as corrected by my self You are quite in the right It is idle to attempt the service of God and Mammon at the same altar Instead of popularizing, therefore, I shall do my best to improve the style, which is sometimes more intangled and parenthetic than need is tho' a book of reasoning without parentheses must be the work either of adeptship or of a *phable* intellect The acquaintance with so many languages has likewise made me too often *polysyllabic*—for these are the words which are possessed in common by the English with the Latin and its south European offspring, and those into which, with the least *looking roundabout*, one can translate the *full* words of the Greek, German, etc Still there are not so many as the work has been charged with, if it be judged by what I have tried to impose on myself as the ordeal—that is, to reject whatever can be translated into other words of the same language without loss of any meaning—i e. without change either in the conception or the feeling

appropriate to it—under which latter head I do *not* place the feeling of self-importance on the part of the Author or that of *wonderment* on the part of the Readers
Dr Johnson's

Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru

1 e Let observation with extensive observation observe mankind extensively (besides this ἀναιμόσαρκος, ἀπαθής printer's devil's *Person*—*observation*) contrasted with Dryden's "Look round the world"—is a good instance Compare this with Milton's "yet Virgin of Proserpina from Jove"—which you may indeed easily translate into simple English as far as the *Thought* is concerned, or Image, but not without loss of the delicacy, the sublimation of the ethereal part of the thought with a compleat detachment from the grosser *caput mortuum* As to Hazlitt, I shall take no notice of him or his libels—at least with reference to myself What could I say to readers who could believe that I believed in *Astrology* but not in the Newtonian Astronomy, and had an enthusiastic faith in the Athanasian creed and the 39 Articles, but no faith at all in the existence of the Supreme Being? The last time I had the misfortune of being in this man's company I distinctly remember that I pointed out the *causes* of the Ath creed having been adopted by the compilers of our Liturgy, and at the same time enumerated the weighty reasons for wishing it to be removed Among others, that it must either be interpreted laxly under the superior authority of the Nicene Creed, or it could not be cleared of a very dangerous approach to *Trutheism* in its omission of the subordination of the Son to the Father, not as Man merely, but as the Eternal Logos But enough of this. Hazlitt possesses considerable Talent, but it is diseased by a morbid hatred of the Beautiful, and killed by the absence of Imagination, and alas! by a wicked Heart of embruted appetites Poor wretch! he is a melancholy instance of the awful Truth—that man cannot be on a level with the Beasts—he must be above them or below them

Almost all the *Sparkles* and *originalities* of his Essays are, however, echoes from Poor Charles Lamb—and in his last libel the image of the Angel without hands or feet, was stolen from a letter of my own to Charles Lamb, which had been quoted to him

I have no other objection to the republication of the character of the late Mr Pitt¹ with *a comment* (for I have never altered my political *principles*) but the dislike to give pain, and not to any one party—for from the same motive I feel reluctant to republish the 2 letters to Mr Fox² written during his residence at the court of Napoleon Of this latter gentleman I shall certainly write a character—the Hint towards it you will see in the third article of the appendix to the Lay Sermon now printing

Should it please the Almighty to restore me to an adequate state of health, and prolong my years enough, my aspirations are toward the concentrating my powers in 3 works The First (for I am convinced that a true System of Philosophy—the Science of Life—is *best* taught in Poetry as well as most safely) Seven Hymns with a large preface or prose commentary to each—1 to the Sun 2 Moon 3 Earth 4 Air 5 Water. 6 Fire 7 God The second work, 5 Treatises on the Logos, or communicative and communicable Intellect, in God and Man 1 Λόγος προπαιδευτής or Organum verè organum 2. Λόγος ἀρχιτεκτονικός, or the principles of the Dynamic or Constructive Philosophy as opposed to the Mechanic 3 Commentary in detail on the Gospel of St John or Λόγος θεανοσωπος 4 Λόγος ἀγωνιστής Biography and Critique on the System of Giordano Bruno, Behmen, and Spinoza 5 Λόγος ἀλογος or the Sources and Consequences of Modern *Unicism* absurdly called Unitarianism

The third, an epic poem on the destruction of Jerusalem under Titus³

I hope that the volumes of my literary work Sibylline Leaves will be out by the end of October

¹ See *Essays on His Own Times*, II 319-329

² *Ibid* II 552-585

³ Again a dream (a rather complicated one) of projected works, all unrealized,

I am very weak , but the sea air agrees with me, and I exclaimed again at the first sight of it—

God be with thee—gladsome ocean !
How gladly greet I thee once more !
Ships and waves and endless motion,
And men rejoicing on thy shore !¹

I mean to stay 5 weeks longer at least—but O dear Sir ! it is a hard hard thing to be compelled to turn away from such subjects to scribble essays for newspapers—too good to answer one purpose, and not good enough for another— But so it is ! and God's will be done ! Should you leave Cambridge at Christmas I shall be very glad to see you if you will take the trouble of writing to Highgate at J Gillman's Esqre Surgeon, Highgate

I remain meantime with unfeigned anticipations of regard
Your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 277

To JOSIAH WEDGWOOD

[Original letter, Wedgwood Museum, Etruria Published, *Coleridge and the Wedgwood Annuity*, *Review of English Studies*, Vol vi No 21, January, 1930 In this letter Coleridge legally made over the £75 annuity (Tom Wedgwood's share of the original annuity of £150 having been guaranteed by will) to Mrs Coleridge Mrs Coleridge had long since had the use of the annuity , but in January, 1817, she asked to have it paid directly to her in order to avoid the inevitable delay occasioned by the money passing through Coleridge's hands]

February 6, 1817

DEAR SIR

According to the tenor of your kind note to Mrs Coleridge, I place at her disposal whatever your and your Brother's kindness have placed at mine—and in all respects beg that her signature and her's alone be received as authority for the payment of the seventy five Pounds made payable to me by the will of my revered Benefactor, Mr Thomas

¹ Cf Poems, 359

Wedge-wood, and the right of continuing to draw for which I transfer and continue to her

I have ordered my two pamphlets under the name of Lay-sermons, which with the appendices make a sizable volume, to be put up, as soon as the sheets, which are now all printed off, are dry enough—and they will be left at your House in town, of which I entreat your acceptance, as the copies will have been corrected by myself My Literary Life, and Sibylline Leaves (a volume of Poems) ought to have been published a year and a half ago for so long has it been since the Printer received the last sheet of the Manuscript I shall not trouble [you] with the detail of my vexations—the Delays have in no one instance been owing to me—but the business is now in the hands of Men of Business (the House of Gale and Fenner) and I have hopes given me that the work which is two very thick volumes, will be out in a month or six weeks—and will be followed by the *rifacciamento* of the Friend, in three small volumes, of which the first is nearly printed—In *form* it is quite a new work—and in substance almost half is fresh matter At the end of the former work (the Literary Life) you will find the particulars of the great work, to the acquiring and preparing the materials of which I have devoted all the Time and thought in my power for the last fifteen years My present plan is to divide my Time, and one half to employ in the various departments of the work last spoken of, and the other in the compilation and composition of School Books, and other works for young persons in the course of a liberal Education

My fervent wishes and best respects never cease to attend on yourself and all near and dear to you And believe me, dear Sir, with the highest esteem and the deepest sense of my manifold obligations to you

Your grateful and obliged

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 278
To T J STREET

[Original letter, British Museum Privately printed in part, *Letters from the Lake Poets*, 1889, 266-271]

[Postmark, March 22, 1817]

MY DEAR SIR

I thank you for your handsome mention of me The part from the Sermon is perhaps as well as any I hope that the writer in *The Times* meant to do me service , but assuredly to affirm that the second sermon ¹ was in the same style and manner as the first, is not correct in any sense of the words, and could not but tend to circumscribe it's purchasers. My first I never dreamt, would be understood (except in fragments) by the general reader , but of the second, I can scarcely discover any part or passage which would compel any man of common education and information, to read it a second time in order to understand it The very style is as different as the same man's writings can be, where both works are serious—the one is as plain as the other is stately And it was an odd whim to take a garbled extract about the Socinians ¹ by the bye the only part of the sermon that might as well have been elsewhere , even as the page and note on the difference between sameness and unity, is I believe the only one at all recondite, or with the slightest pretence to profundity in the whole Work

What injudicious advisers must not Southey have had ! It vexes me to the quick Never yet did any human being gain anything by self-desertion I shall never forget the *disgust*, with which Mackintosh's " bear witness, I *recant*, *abjure*, and *abhor* the principles "—i e of his *Vindiciae Gallicae*—struck his auditors in Lincoln's Inn Southey should have rested his defence on the time the Work [Wat Tyler] ² was written, both respecting himself and the events

¹ *The Second Lay Sermon*, which appeared early in 1817

² Southey's " ' Wat Tyler ' was published by Daniel Isaac Eaton at the instance of a dissenting minister named Winterbottom Southey applied to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain the publication, but was refused ' Self desertion ' probably alludes to a letter

that happened afterwards With the exception of one outrageously absurd and frantic passage (p 67) the thing contains nothing that I can find that would not have been praised and thought very right, *forty years ago*, at all the public schools in England, had it been written by a lad in the first form as a *poem* For who in the Devil's name, ever thought of reading poetry for any political or practical purposes till these Devil's times that we live in ? The *publication* of the Work is the wicked thing Briefly, my dear Sir, every one is in the right to make the best he can honorably of a bad business But the truth is the truth The root of the evil is a *public*, and take my word for it, this will wax more and more prolific of inconveniences, that at length it will scarcely be possible for the State to suffer any truth to be published, because it will be certain to convey dangerous falsehood to ninety-nine out of a hundred Then we shall come round to the *esoteric* (interior, hidden) doctrine of the ancients, and learn to understand what Christ meant when He commanded us not to cast pearls before swine Take four-fifths of the Wat Tyler for instance—'tis a wretched mess of pig's meat I grant—but yet take it—and reduce it to single assertions How many of them, think you, would bear denying as *truths* ? But if truth yelps and bites at the heels of a horse that cannot stop, Why—truth may think herself well off if she only gets her teeth knocked down her throat It is for this reason, that I entertain toward Mr ¹ Cobbetts, Hursts, [?] and all these creatures—and to the Foxites, who have fostered the vipers—a feeling more like hatred than I ever bore to other Flesh and Blood So clearly do I see and always have seen, that it must end in the Suspension of Freedom of all kind Hateful under all names these wretches are most hateful to me as Liberticides The Work

addressed by Southey to *The Courier* (March 17, 1817) Coleridge's articles in vindication of Southey against the attack of Mr W Smith appeared in *The Courier*, March 17 and 18 " *Letters from the Lake Poets*, 1889, 268 note These articles of Coleridge's in the *Courier* were republished by Sarah Coleridge in *Essays on His Own Times*, 1850, III 939-950

¹ MS illegible

attributed to Buonaparte says "liberty is for a few, equality for all" Alas! dear Sir, what is mankind but *the few* in all ages? Take *them* away, and how long would the rest, think you, differ from the Negroes or New Zealanders? Strip Washburn [?] for instance of every thing that he does and talks, as a Barrel Organ, without really *understanding* one word of what he says, one ultimate end of what he does—leave him for instance, on a South sea Island, with no other words to talk in but what the savages can supply him with—and I think, in what one respect would Washburn differ from one of these Savages in his inward Soul and in any reality of Being—but for the worse? Oh! that conscience permitted me to dare tell the whole truth! I would, methinks, venture to brave the fury of the great and little Vulgar as the Advocate of an insufferable Aristocracy But either by an Aristocracy, or a fool-and-knave-ocracy man must be governed

I shall claim your promise for the insertion of a short review of my second sermon, which you shall have on Sunday morning at the latest Perhaps you may oblige me by inserting it on Monday Though written in great part by a friend, yet it will be so written as to suit *The Courier*, and in nothing to compromise you All phrases of praise are avoided as much as possible, or politic

An excellent thought has struck me which might perhaps serve you, I mean give you a few leisure hours during the Easter recess—viz, A pretended doubt as to the Wat Tyler having been composed at the early date assigned to it—for it seems nothing but a string of servile plagiarisms from the speeches of the *Opposition* party, from 1792 to the Peace of Amiens I shall look over the parliamentary debates tomorrow, and if I am not greatly deceived, the parallels may be run almost *ad verbum* Your's truly,

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 279

To the REV F WRANGHAM, *Hunmanby, Yorkshire*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

J Gullman's, Esq, *Highgate,*
June 5, 1817

A bad *correspondent*, my dear Wrangham! I may be—say rather, ever have been, but I am not so bad a *man*, as to have suffered any papers sent to me by an old friend to remain unanswered. Indeed I have received none.

While writing the above sentence, I was called out and on returning to my desk, I again reperused your letter, and see that I have misinterpreted the word "*Notes*"—an hallucination which (I doubt not) was occasioned by my having been very lately employed in revising and correcting some notes on Aristophanes, at the request of the commentator. I have therefore only to plead guilty to the fact of having received several kind remembrancings from you, and to the having suffered my answers to them to incorporate in the *composition*. For I verily believe that I have composed half a dozen letters to you. But what I dare not defend I can with truth palliate—for both my health and my circumstances have been such that my powers of volition, constitutionally weak, have sunk utterly under the weight of embarrassments, disappointments, and infamous calumny. For instance, the author of the Articles in the *Edinburgh Review*¹ and the *Examiner* (W Hazlitt) after efforts of friendship on my part which a brother could not have demanded—my House, Purse, Influence—and all this, tho' his manners were dreadfully repulsive to me, because I was persuaded that he was a young man of great talent and utterly friendless—his very father and mother having despaired of him—after

¹ Hazlitt, writing of *Christabel* in the *Edinburgh Review* (September, 1816, Vol xxvii 58-67) said "Upon the whole we look upon this publication as one of the most notable pieces of impertinence of which the press has lately been guilty. But the thing now before us is utterly destitute of value. Must we then be doomed to hear such a mixture of raving and driv'ling, extolled as the work of a '*wild and original*' genius, simply because Mr Coleridge has now and then written fine verses, and a brother poet [Byron] chooses, in his milder mood, to laud him from courtesy or from interest?"

having baffled all these efforts at the very moment, when he had been put in the way of an honourable maintenance, by the most unmanly vices that almost threatened to communicate a portion of their infamy to my family and Southey's and Wordsworth's, in all of which he had been familiarized, and in mine and Southey's domesticated—after having been snatched from an infamous punishment by Southey and myself (there were not less than 2 or [sic] men on horses in search of him)—after having given him all the money I had in the world, and the very shoes off my feet to enable him to escape over the mountains—and since that time never, either of us, injured him in the least degree—unless the quiet withdrawing from any further connection with him (and this without any ostentation, or any mask of shyness when we accidentally met him) not merely or chiefly on account of his Keswick conduct, but from the continued depravity of his life—but why need I say more ? This man Mr. Jeffrey has sought out, knowing all this, because the wretch is notorious for his avowed hatred to *me* and affected contempt of Southey. He has repeatedly boasted, that he wrote the very contrary of all he believed—because he was under heavy obligations, and therefore *hated* me. The praise or dispraise of Reviews or indeed of any one whom I do not personally love, is utterly indifferent to me, and always has been. But I cannot be indifferent to starvation, a very eminent Bookseller was consulted by a brother of the trade concerning me—and his answer was—these words (You may safely conclude that the exaggeration in the first part excited a strange sort of smile and stare on my part) “ I have heard from several of our first rate men, Lord Byron was one, and Mr W. Scott another that taking him all in all, Mr C is the greatest man we have, but *I* would not have a work of his, if it were given me ready printed etc, for the Quarterly Review takes no notice of his works or but in a half in half way that damns a man worse than anything and *our* Review (the Edinburgh) is decided to write him down ”— Before the *Christabel* was published, Jeffrey wrote to Anacreon Moore,¹

¹ A pseudonym for Thomas Moore

begging him, as a favour to supply a grand quiz of the poem, and tho' purchased by Merry (q e Murray) Gifford would not let it be reviewed in the Quarterly¹ the consequence is that tho' I have devoted 20 years incessant thought and at least 10 years positive labour to the one in six volumes Logosophia or on the Logos in man and Deity forming a compleat and perfectly original system of Logic, Natural Philosophy, and Theology and including a detailed commentary on the Gospel of St John (the particulars you will soon see in the last leaves of the second volume of my Literary Life, which after having been printed off 20 months ago is now alas¹ only coming out) while, by the villainy of men who called themselves my friends, this work I cannot even get a Bookseller to print¹ No not one volume even on trial "Your works, Sir¹ have *never* covered the expences"—And to this I have no reply to make I have never recovered the losses sustained by the *Friend*—not half of the subscribers having paid me So at length I have been compelled to give up all thought and hope of doing anything of a permanent nature, either as a Poet or a Philosopher and have (not without a sigh of anguish) hired myself as a job writer, and compiler to a great House who are now engaging in a work that will, if it succeed at all, consume all the years I can expect to live¹ This is but a part and specimen of what I have suffered yet enough to explain fully to you the Chapters in the Literary Life concerning authorship, and the earnest advice to young men of genius to adopt a profession or even a trade—which Southey (to whom I had sent the Literary Life) has adopted in the Quarterly Review, last number—*thoughtlessly* in my opinion Of the few copies which I can claim of the Auto-Biographia Literaria, Sibylline Leaves, and the Rifacciamento of the Friend (one half of

¹ This was the proposed *Encyclopaedia Metropolitana* or (in Coleridge's words) "History of Human Knowledge" Coleridge was to undertake the general editorship and contribute numerous articles, but the arrangement broke down and Coleridge contributed merely the "Preliminary Treatise on Method," or the "General Introduction" to the *Encyclopaedia* "The Essay on Method" was first published in the *Encyclopaedia Metropolitana* in 1818 (i 1-43) The *Encyclopaedia Metropolitana* was completed in 1845

which is new) in three volumes, I will reserve one for you and, if I knew how, I would send you immediately the two Lay Sermons corrected by myself I need not add, that I shall receive and read your Memorials etc with great interest—for I am, my dear Wrangham, with every kind wish your sincere friend

S T COLERIDGE

P S I received your's last night, I congratulate you on your appointment

LETTER 280

To HENRY CRABB ROBINSON, *Essex Court, Essex Street, Strand*

[Original letter, Dr Williams's Library Published with omissions, *Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the English Romantic School*, Alois Brandl, 1887, 362]

Highgate, June 20, 1817

MY DEAR ROBINSON

Surely, I have not offended you by the familiarity of my Letter ¹ And yet, pressing as it was, the non-receipt of a Line from you in answer has puzzled me I gave the letter to a Mr Adelard, a Printer, on Sunday last who promised that he would send his Lad with it to your Chambers The main object was to intreat you to exert your interest in arranging a dies Attico-germanica at Highgate—with Mr Tieck ¹—and as soon as I knew on what day I should be gratified, I would write to Mr Green, ² soliciting him to join the party And I would endeavor to procure Mr Frere Should this weather continue, what think you of a Fête Champêtre in lieu Groves if I could obtain permission ² It is beyond compare the loveliest place so near London. I have only to add, that it would grieve me sadly not to see Mr Tieck again and that any day would be alike convenient to me except the 28th of this month, that being the Anniversary of Mr and Mrs Gilman's Marriage when they have always a party of friends

¹ Ludwig Tieck and Coleridge had met in Rome in 1806, and a warm friendship followed, when in 1817, Tieck paid a visit to England

² Joseph Henry Green, Coleridge's disciple and amanuensis

Mr Tieck mentioned an old German Divine—was it Tauler ? I find in Heinsius three works under the name—
 1 geistreiche Betrachtungen des Leidens Christi, 8 vo Hamb (Lubeck in Bayreuth) [sic] 1738 2 Hell leuchtenden Herzens und Andachts' Spiegel—Jena, 1713 3 Geistliche Predigten, 4 to Halle 1720—

Would you be so good as to ask Mr Tieck if this be the man, and this a correct list of his Writings ? Likewise, whether there were any Followers of Jacob Behmen,¹ of any note or worth, about the same time ? Whether he can mention any Spanish Divines of mystic Theology, of any theosophical value ? and lastly and chiefly, whether I am likely to meet with, and where, any *ecdotes* or *anecdotes* (nanny goats, I once heard an old Lady call them—quite as appropriately to her meaning as the current use of the word) of Giordano Bruno's Sojourn in Germany— His Ash-Wednesday Week—contains a highly curious and interesting account of his adventures in London In short, whether there is any better or other authority for his martyrdom at Rome, in 1600, than the Letter of Scioppius ?

I have only been able to procure Tieck's William Invill [?] —and his friend, Wagenroder's Phantasius,² edited separately by him ? I have read a few pages of the latter, and was much interested—but somehow or other, the *fiction* (as I suppose) of Rafael's nightly Visitation as recorded by *Bramante* made me feel *uncomfortable*—as all ingraftments on history do What shall I say ? In Klopstock's Messiah, for instance, the *truths*, the glorified Facts, being connected with more than historic Belief in the minds of men, the *fictions* come upon me like *Lies*

But I will intrude no longer on your time—pray, favor me with a line—

God bless you

and S T COLERIDGE

¹ Coleridge refers to Jacob Boehme

² Coleridge must mean W H Wackenroder (1773-1798), the friend of Tieck, but Tieck, not Wackenroder, was the author of *Phantasus*

LETTER 281

To LUDWIG TIECK, Oxford

[From the original letter in the possession of the Rev G H B Coleridge]

J Gilman's Esq, Highgate,
Friday, [July 4, 1817]

MY DEAR SIR

I regretted that the shortness of the interval between our parting and your Oxford Journey put it out of my power to send you any letters of recommendation to take with you. But that I have not been inattentive, and what I have substituted, you will find in the inclosed note from the Right Honble J H Frere (our late ambassador in the Peninsula)—to which I have to add, that my nephew (the Revd W H Coleridge)¹ has sent a letter to your Lodgings, which I hope you will have received, to one of the Librarians of the University Library at Oxford. During the long Vacation very few members of either University remain resident.

I am anxious to leave the specific objections of the Mathematicians to Goethe's *Farbenlehre* as far as it is an attack on the *assumptions* of Newton. To me, I confess, Newton's assumptions, first, of a *Ray* of Light, as a physical synodical *Individuum*, secondly that 7 specific individua are co-existent (by what copula ?) in this complex yet divisible Ray, thirdly, that the Prism is a mere mechanic Dissector of this Ray, and lastly, that Light, as the common result is=confusion, have always, and years before I ever heard of Goethe, appeared monstrous *Fictions*¹ and in this conviction I became perfectly indifferent, as to the forms of their geometrical Picturability. The assumption of the *Thing*, Light, where I can find nothing but *visibility* under given conditions, was always a stumbling-block to me. Before my visit to Germany in September, 1798, I had adopted (probably from Behmen's *Aurora* which I had *conjured over* at school) the idea, that Sound was=Light under the praepotence of Gravi-

¹ William Hart Coleridge (1789-1849) later Bishop of Barbados, was the son of Coleridge's brother Luke.

tation, and Color=Gravitation under the praepotence of Light and I have never seen reason to change my faith in this respect

Mrs Gilman is in London—on rather a melancholy occasion, the long-expected yet sudden Death of an old Gentleman, who has been ever vice patris to her Mr Gilman who hopes earnestly to re-enjoy your society on your return, and my Son, desire their respectful and affectionate remembrances to you Gilman cannot yet strip him of his professional anti-belief in animal magnetism tho' I verily believe that the aversion (in many of our medical men at least) would have been less, had the facts been generalized under the name of The Galvanism of organic bodies There is a female now living at Liverpool, who possesses the power of seeing without the use of her Eyes—at least, all attempts have failed hitherto to detect any imposture She appears to see objects thro' the opakest substances that have been used as blinders The particulars I hope to have soon

Pray, how much could a single man *live at* in Berlin, say for half a year, economically yet decently? I include Lodging, and Board only—I have a strong wish to pass 5 or 6 months there

In the hope that I shall meet you again in good health and satisfied with your Reception at our Universities, I remain

My dear Sir,

With high and affectionate Respect and regard

Your sincere friend

S T COLERIDGE

P S If there is anything, that I can do for you in town or elsewhere, pray, command me

LETTER 282

To the REV T CURTIS

[Original letter, Yale University Library This letter deals with Coleridge's proposals relative to the *Encyclopaedia Metropolitana*]

*Thursday, ½ past 3,
[August, 1817]*

MY DEAR SIR

Fearful that I should attempt in vain to arrive at Paternoster Row in time to meet you, I send you these lines, hastily written, but the result of long and anxious Thinking First, as to Agriculture and Horticulture, I see no difficulties You made a point of having but 4 main divisions—wisely, I doubt not—But had the original plan of 8 been adopted, these articles could not have been ever omitted As it is, however, their places are easily assigned—and were always present to my mind, from the very nature of the *Untrine* division, which I had adopted and which is in fact the only division, at once perspicuous and philosophical For in *all* things we *all* of us arrange in the same way—A and the opposite of A (say, B) and that in which A and B co-exist Thus the articles, of pure Science—opposed to those, of mere Utility—and lastly, the conjunction To the articles, the Object of which is the gratification of the Sense of Beauty, as Poetry, Music, and Historic Painting—those, the object of which is merely Utility, as House or Pale Painting, and verses such as Thirty Days hath September, April, June, and November, and thirdly, those in which both are to be reconciled, as Architecture, Horticulture, Dress etc ¹

Consequently, Agriculture must of necessity follow the Tract on Political Economy, and precede the manufacture and Handicrafts In short, I see no difficulty in the plan, however great the difficulty of procuring fit execution of the same, in the 3 grand Requisites, appropriateness, of Ability,

¹ “A far greater difficulty is *Law*—But the philosophical Part of this will be found in the first part Morality—the Historical part, in Biography and the interspersed Preliminaries—and the Technical parts (as far as required in an Encycl) in the last 8 volumes” Note by S T C This appears as a postscript at the top of page one in the original letter, and apparently refers to the contents of that page

Harmony, and *Reliability* The last word forms rather a good connective with than a Transition to, myself especially in relation to your Late proposal, once before made and declined It's repetition has kept me in an agitated state of feeling, but I have notwithstanding come to the following Results, which I had rather communicate by Letter than personally, from a weakness, that I am myself ashamed of An ordinary Person would think, I was accusing myself of a Virtue but you know better and that I have abundant reason to lament a selfish cowardice of Heart, which makes the refusal of any request made by persons, whom I respect, especially if I hold myself at all obliged to them, and still more if the accession to it is of importance, a pain so distressing to me—that it becomes a Temptation to indiscreet Promises, the occasion of apparent duplicity, and Heaven knows what else

First, I have resolved from reasons, that in their full extent can be felt and appreciated only by myself, to change my present residence only for absolute retirement into the country, if I change at all unless and until I have given proof to myself, that I am adequate to the duties imposed on me by any third proposal

2 That this trial I am *willing* to undertake. if I am able to do it, in respect of circumstances I will explain myself On the 28th advanced to procure the emancipation of my volumes from Mr. Gutch,¹ the 50[£] paid to Mr Murray,² and one other Bill or rather Bills amounting to about 20[£], joined with my Board, Lodging, medical attendance, washing, Letters, Parcels, and such like et ceteras, for the last year, I am indebted 250[£] My other Debts put all together may amount to 50[£]—Total 300[£] Now to discharge this there are *two* ways in my power, and a third possible but not in *my* power The first is, to retire to Keswick, and devote myself to the writing of such Books as I can procure a pre-engagement for For instance, a Volume of the Rabbinical

¹ This £28 was used to purchase the printed sheets of the *Biographia Literaria* and the *Sibylline Leaves* from Gutch, the Bristol printer

² The £50 was that returned to Murray for the advance made in 1816, on the proposed publication of *Zapolya*

Tales—together with my Dramatic Pieces, 1 the Remorse, 2 the Zapolya, 3 (if I can do it honorably or obtain Longman's permission to adopt the parts of my own invention or almost so from a Work which he has sent off for Waste Paper 12 years ago) The Wallenstein (as an original work, and in one Play) 4 A drama from Calderon 5 Ditto from Carl Gozzi—with an Essay on the higher drama in relation to the present Metropolitan Theatres The second is to devote myself to the literary part of two London Newspapers, staying where I am as soon as I have put the last hand to the Friend— By either of these ways, or by combining with the former as much as the latter as is com practicable with distance from Town, I have little doubt that I should be able to discharge this 300£ The third mode is that of disposing *in toto* of all the works in my power, at once, if it should appear worth your while to purchase them, at a price that would make it answer the above purposes for me to alienate them With respect therefore to the Encyc Met I can only say thus far that if by means of the third mode or by any other that would not involve me in another debt, I could be enabled to devote myself to it (which while I am in debt, I could not do in common honesty) I would undertake to work for it *at Highgate* four days in the week, and two days in the week I would be with you at Paternoster Row precisely at 9 in the morning, till 5—and this I will engage on my honor, as well as formally, to do for 8 months' certain from the day of commencement, which I should propose to be that on which I had sent the last sheet of the Friend—which I could do in a month from the present Time During these 8 months your principal difficulties will be over—and I shall be able to judge, whether or no I can continue it But at present I cannot with ease to my own mind go to solitary Lodgings, or to Strangers comparatively—strangers at least to my ways and habits In short, whatever I can do, at Highgate, unitedly with the labour necessary for the speedy gradual repayment of the Past, and maintenance in the Interim so as to prevent any future Debt—or if means can be found of liquidating the same at once, *all* my Time and Effort

for the next eight months—I will do, for such a remuneration as shall enable me to perform the duties of *paying as I go* for myself, and the remittance of an equal Sum to Mrs Coleridge The first month would qualify you to appreciate the value as well as the constancy of my Labors

The things, which detained me, it's past 2 o'clock, are not worth your hearing, but I propose the Day after to-morrow to take my chance of meeting you, for some final settlement ¹ first, I shall call at $\frac{1}{4}$ after 11 on Mr Fenner, and if you are not there, shall after some conversation with him, go on to Camberwell—and bring with me all that remains for me to do with regard to the Literary Life—and the Sibylline Leaves—Errata etc

Respectfully your
obliged

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 283

To MRS S T COLERIDGE

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge This letter proves, what is so often denied, that Coleridge continued to contribute to the support of his wife and children It is true that he took no share in making preliminary arrangements for Hartley's college education, but Hartley stayed with him for several weeks at Calne in the summer of 1815 Most of Hartley's vacations were spent at Highgate Though any accurate reckoning of Coleridge's contributions towards the support of his family cannot now be made, it is pretty evident that his detractors have grossly calumniated him]

August 24, 1817

MY DEAR SARA

I cannot write a *letter* till I have finished a week's work—therefore briefly within a week from the date of this you may draw for 50£ at six weeks on R Fenner, Bookseller, Paternoster Row For the rest, I can only say that I do not and shall not spend a shilling unnecessarily, and that you or the children will have every shilling beyond my neces-

¹ Apparently Coleridge's demand for the advance of £300, and his refusal to leave Highgate caused the breakdown in the arrangements for his editorship of the *Encyclopaedia Metropolitana*

sities Hartley left me on Saturday—he has money enough at present and I have paid his bills at Highgate, Boots, Pantaloon, etc , and together with the money in his pocket somewhat above 18£ I wish to know about my dear Derwent—and whether you can afford to send him up to me by the first week of November My health makes it almost necessary for me to be at the seaside for 6 weeks, as the difference of the expense will not be above 20£, and the probable advantages in finishing the *Christabel* much more If you will order him the proper *fit out* that he may want, I will try to defray great part of it within the six months I should, if it be thought proper, wish him to be at Highgate by the last week of October Do not take this for a Letter—Would to God ! I could but hit on the possibility of seeing my dear Sara I would work night and day to bring it about—but unfortunately we have no bed room and she could not sleep out

My love to all

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 284

To HENRY CRABB ROBINSON, *Essex Court, Temple, Strand*

[Original letter, Dr Williams's Library Published, very inaccurately, *Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the English Romantic School*, A Brandl, 1887, 354-357 , a few lines printed *Life*, 229]

J Gilman's, Esqre ,
Highgate,
December 3, 1817

MY DEAR SIR

I can readily imagine that your avocations and advocations are such as to permit you little leisure either of Time or Thought, to attend as you would otherwise willingly do, to one who comes to you both as to a Lawyer and a Counsellor, but yet as a Friend rather than a Client For 20 years successively I have endured without remonstrance a regular *system* of Abuse and Detraction, as remorseless as unprovoked But in opposition to whatever is best and to all that is infirm and faulty in my mental and bodily disposi-

tion, I am compelled by positive experience, by the sudden and not to be mistaken influence on the sale of my works, to admit the Dictum of Cecil Lord Burleigh, on which in spite of all his stupendous labors he never failed to act that Calumnies suffered to pass uncontradicted are active poisons, never compleatly neutralized either by the innocence of the slandered Individual or even by their own extravagance or absurdity For as Hooker observes what is wanting in the writer is made up for in the predisposition of the Readers and we both know and lament the degrading Taste of the present Public (different indeed from the Public of all ages and countries only in the *Degree* and thro' the greater facility and frequency of gratification) for *personal* Gossip

Now my earnest request is that you will be so good as at your first leisure hour to peruse the article concerning your humble friend in the last *Edinburgh Magazine* ¹ and give me as to a friend, your private and confidential advice and opinion concerning the practicability and the *expediency* of bringing to legal Justice the Publisher of the atrocious Calumny therein contained This work was undertaken on the *plan* of grossly abusing men of any Name in the Literary World, and then Modestly informing the victim of the Lie that any *Reply* would be received and inserted—as a sure means of forcing the Magazine into Sale It is mournful to know, that it was far from being a bad speculation I have even *heard* that the probable Damages and other contingencies of Actions at Law were taken into the calculation, just as bad Debts are, etc — I need not say, how many instances there are in which the person slandered could not defend himself and expose the groundlessness of the charge, nay, it's absolute Contrariety to the Truth, without the most cruel indelicacy and injustice to the Feelings and Interests of others— But in the present instance I can prove by positive evidence, by the written bargains made with my Booksellers, etc , that

¹ In October, 1817, there appeared in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* a review of Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, containing slanderous charges against Coleridge and reviving the old *Anti-Jacobin* charge of abandoning his wife and children There is no evidence that Coleridge took legal action,

I have refused every offer, however, convenient to myself that did not leave two thirds of the property sacred to Mrs. C—— and that I have given up all, I had in the World, to her—have continued to pay yearly 30£¹ to assure her what if I live to the year 1820 will be nearly 2000£—that beyond my absolute necessities (in which I count those things that are indispensable to my being able to do any thing) I have held myself accountable to her for every Shilling—that Hartley is with me, with all his expences paid, during his vacations—and that I have been for the last six months and now am laboring hard to procure the means of having Derwent with me

Perhaps, you may take a ride on some Sunday Morning, and let me see you, at all events, let me have a Line from you Now is the Time when I really *need* friends, for I work, like a *Slave*, from morn to night, and receive, as the reward, less than a *mechanic's* wages, imposition, ingratitude—and finally, as if I were the most enviable Darling of Fortune instead of being in Body and Estate one of the most pitiable, systematic Slander in exact proportion to my fair claims—on approbation, as far as my evident *objects* are concerned, from *all*, and if protection and encouragement from those, who agree in the importance of the Truths enforced, as the means of those Objects, and in my Ability to exhibit them Believe me, my dear Sir!

With very affectionate regard and respect

Your obliged Friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE

¹ When Coleridge died in 1834, upwards of £2500 was paid on the assurance policy Cf *Life*, 229 note

LETTER 285

To J B WILLIAMS

[Original letter, British Museum J B Williams, to whom this letter is addressed, was a young lawyer living in Highgate He was on the most intimate terms with Coleridge]

Highgate,
December 12, 1817

My dear young friend! Where it is impossible to *argue*, never condescend to *dispute* Therefore never continue any discussion with a man, who rails against *Metaphysics* without being able to explain, what he means by the term

That, the contrary of which involves a self-contradiction or absurdity, is itself *certain* It is *certain*, that a perfect Arch composed of perfectly homogeneous Solids, is the stronger rather than the weaker by *any* weight, but that such or such or that *any* material arch is perfect or perfectly homogeneous, is so far from being *certain*, that the contrary may be rendered all but certain—and even approximations to this perfection must ever remain points of *confidence* only—that is, of sufficing practical probability It follows, therefore, not as an opinion but as an ascertained *Fact*, that there is an evidence transcending (or beyond) the evidence that can be derived from *Phaenomena* (—*appearing* things from the Greek verb, φαίνομαι, the participle of which is φαινόμενον) Now the sum total of the objects of the Senses, divert or reflex, i e. outward senses on the inner senses, as Fancy, Memory etc—the Greeks comprized in the word φυσικά, physics or things of outward Nature or φύσις The Sciences which proposed for them objects the attainment of an evidence beyond or transcending that derivable from the “φυσικά” they described as well as named by the compound adjective μετὰ φυσικά—namely, μετὰ *beyond*, φυσικά, *objects of Sense* (Or the Senses For in philosophical Language *Sense* means the *Faculty*, of which the different *Senses* are the *organs*)—

The Metaphysics therefore is a genus generalissimum, comprizing *all* evidence transcending that of *Sense*—or

rather the Sciences that have this for their object These therefore are of necessity divided first into the *pure* Sciences of *Quantity* (which comprehend Geometry, Algebra,¹ and have Mechanics) and those of *Quality* Alas the former alone is at present in existence, as *full-grown* and of universal admission, and by using this, as their ground-work, as their permanent *preliminary* Truth, Astronomy, Navigation, etc., etc have attained to their present *stupendous* Height Now it is asserted, that to this height, to this degree of certainty, the investigations into the *Qualities* of objects can never attain, till there shall exist a Metaphysics of *Quality*—in short, till it shall be well understood, that the books hitherto entitled *metaphysical* might, for the most part, be better called *cacophysical*, or *anti-physical*—That Mathematics are not a *sister* Science of Metaphysics, but *one* of the two main Branches of the Latter—and lastly, that the *Sense-transcending* Definitions, Postulates, Axioms, Propositions and Demonstrations of the Metaphysics of *Quality* are not only equally necessary as the Metaphysics of *Quantity* confessedly are, but must in many instances be pre-assumed or borrowed, by the latter, as soon as ever they are *applied* to the material World Thus Action and Re-Action, Cause and Effect, that all opposites tend to unity, that unity can manifest or reveal itself only by opposite Poles; that contraries cannot act on each other immediately or without an intermedium, etc, etc are (*all*) Truths that belong to the Metaphysics of *Quality* Thus the Metaphysician of *Quantity* *assumes* Gravitation in every *Mechanical* problem, as in the demonstration of the Lever, Pulley etc, but Gravitation itself can only be *proved* as a Law, by the Metaphysician of *Quality*.

Metaphysics	{	Pure Mathematics or Metaph of <i>Quantity</i> in Figure, Number, and Motion
		Pure Dynamics, or Metaph of <i>Quality</i> —
Physics	{	Somatology, or Physics of the outer Sense
		Psychology, or Physics of the inner Sense

¹ "With arithmetic or rather particular and universal Arithmetic"
Note by S T C

This, my dear Sir ¹ was the main point of the Lecture,¹
at which I regret that you were not able to attend

Your very sincere Friend,

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 286

To JOSEPH HENRY GREEN, *Lincoln's Inn Fields*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge Joseph Henry Green (1791-1863), Coleridge's friend and disciple, was a successful surgeon From 1817 to Coleridge's death he was a frequent visitor at Highgate It was his custom to spend two afternoons a week serving as Coleridge's amanuensis and collaborator As Coleridge's literary executor, he spent twenty years trying to produce a systematic philosophy based on his master's unpublished manuscripts The attempt was abortive, though Green did produce *Spiritual Philosophy, founded on the teaching of the late S T Coleridge*, which was published posthumously in 1865]

Highgate,

Tuesday afternoon, December 23, 1817

DEAR SIR

I hope, that my Letter ² and the Hebrew Dirge ³ did not stick midway or suffer a transfer (not—I was going to say in the current style of courteous Humility but *what* I cannot tell—so out with the *truth*) because I thought that the contents of the Letter would convince you, that I am no Zealot or Bigot for German Philosophy taken without comparison—tho' I shall always hold it my duty to teach folks, as far as in me lies, to bow to their betters—and in my conscience I think (*speaking of the last 50 years*) the very worst German work of speculative philosophy or psycho-

¹ This lecture was a single one In an unpublished letter to J H Green (December 10, 1817), Coleridge speaks of a "Lecture tomorrow night, $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 at the London Philosophical Society in Flower de Luce Court, or thereabouts—the subject on the principles of experimental philosophy" (From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge) This lecture must have been given on December 11, 1817

² See *Letters*, II 680-684

³ The Hebrew text and Coleridge's translation were published in pamphlet form by T Boosey, in 1817 The title was *A Hebrew Dirge, Chanted in the Great Synagogue, St James's Place, Aldgate, on the Day of the Funeral of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte* By Hyman Hurwitz, Master of the Hebrew Academy, Highgate

logic observation better than the best that has been produced in London or Edinburgh (i e Great Britain and *Ireland*, in as much as 0 does not interfere with any numerical calculation)

I write now to say, that there has been long brooding a sort of plan for bringing together the *Teutonics*, Germans and English, in some sort of Club or Society so as to have the German Periodical Papers etc, and at the same time to lay the foundation of a German Library in London The scheme, I had in my mind, resolves itself into 1 a room open at all times to the subscribers 2 periodical books of all kinds on the table 3 a *proportional* power of ordering books (i e to a limited extent) by each subscriber 4 a given portion of the subscriptions, say one third, to be sacred to the disposal of a committee for the purchase of books in a systematic way that are to *remain* the property of the Society, while the others are to be sold yearly as in common Book clubs 5th and lastly, a monthly or quarterly meeting, and a yearly dinner

Engagements might be made with the people of the House to keep up the fire etc and plans arranged for superseding the necessity of any regular attendant, unless the Society's prosperity and numbers should permit and require it If the name "German" should have anything objectionable, it might easily be entitled The Friends of Northern Literature, Swedish, Danish and German—

When you have half an hour's leisure, by turning this over in your mind and communicating the result of your meditations you would oblige, dear Sir,

Yours with sincere

respect and regard,

S T COLERIDGE

P S My best respects to Mrs Green

LETTER 287

To MR RAE

[Original letter, Huntington Library This letter is addressed to Mr Rae, the Actor, who "made the choice of it [*Remorse*] for his benefit night" *Life of Coleridge*, J. Gillman, 1838, 266]

MY DEAR SIR

[1817]

A particular friend of mine was one of your delighted Auditor's last night, and (his judgement having become from long experience almost oracular with me on all points of Taste) made such a Report, that I think it my duty to express the sense, I have, of the Respect shewn by you toward me in the selection of my Tragedy for your Benefit That you made it still more honorable to yourself and your own powers must rather increase than diminish my inward acknowledgement of your kindness But will you forgive my freedom, if with the same sincerity (in this latter instance I ought perhaps to call it *simplicity*) I confess that it seems a *depressive* fact that the only request, I ever presumed to make of the D L Committee, has never had the least attention paid to it I mean, the new scene, which I earnestly recommended, in the 2nd of the 4th Act—in which the carrying Theresa down to the Seaside is absolutely ridiculous, and the scene given in the published Copy is capable of so fine an effect Perhaps, I might be supposed to feel this the more from the extreme splendor, with which that infamous Abortion of Ignorance and Jacobinism, the Bertram, was *got up*—a rank vapor from the condemned Hole of the pseudo-poetic Newgate, on which all the colors of the Rainbow were made to play, and one scene (that of the storm) introduced merely as a Picture "No expence can be too great (so I was informed by one of the Restorers of the classical character of old Drury) for it is nearly equal to Shakespear, and it's success will be a fine thing for you, Sir! since tho' *such* a Tragedy may not perhaps be presented, yet it will open out the way to the Shakespearian style"—This was the *Substance*—I do not answer for the precise words—of course, I am writing to you *confidentially*—and that man knows little of me (who can affirm with strictest truth that to this hour

I know the meaning of the word Envy only by the interpretation given in the Dictionaries) who would look *out* of the Bertram itself for any cause of my abhorrence of that piece. The Letters in the Courier, which were attributed to me, were written by Mr Morgan¹—that many of the Thoughts were mine, is a fact, but they were Thoughts, that had been collected from my conversation years before the Bertram was in existence. I have no objection however to acknowledge, that I approve of the Criticism, and regret that it was not carried on into the style, metre, and Sentiments. The comparison yet contrast of the Bertram with the Don Juan I thought most ably conceived and executed. But, dear Sir¹ I can venture to put the question to *you*—What encouragement has a man of Education and the feelings of a Gentleman to write either Comedy or Tragedy for Drury Lane?—More than a year ago I presented a Drama to the Committee thro' Lord Byron. I was informed that it would not do as a Play, but that it would answer very well as a Melodrama with some slight alteration. That this slight alteration consisted in omitting all that was of any value in the Piece did not give me a moment's concern—I waited on Mr Kinnaird to receive his Instructions, and passed the whole day with him—in what? In hearing him harangue during the morning, and read an opera of his own during the afternoon—and since that time have never heard a whisper on the matter. And really if the mere existence of a few parts or scenes that do not happen to please some one of the Committee be a sufficing reason for rejecting a piece at once, without any suggestion for it's improvement, none but men of fortune can *afford* to write for the Theatre. When I tell you, that the following passages were among those that were declared intolerable, and enough to damn a piece by their *metaphysical* dullness, I have said volumes to a man of Taste. The first is an answer to a Usurper's pretentions to the *people's Choice*—

Rather, o far rather

Shout forth thy titles to yon circling Mountains
And with a thousandfold reverberation

¹ Cf 11 180.

Make the Rocks flatter thee, and the volleying Air
 Unbribed shout back to thee, King Emerick !
 By wholesome Laws t'embark the sovereign Power,
 To deepen by restraint, and thro' prevention
 Of lawless Will to amass and guide the Flood
 In it's majestic Channel, is Man's Task
 And the true Patriot's Glory ! In all else
 Men safer trust to Heaven than to themselves
 When least themselves even in those whirling crowds
 Where Folly is contagious and too oft
 Even Wise men leave their better sense at home
 To chide and wonder at them, when returned—¹

The second is in the mouth of an experienced Courtier on discovering the treachery of the man whom he had most trusted in opposition to the warnings of his Lady, who had lived a mere Recluse ignorant of the World —

And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced etc —
 Whence learnt *She* this ? O she was innocent,
 And to be innocent is Nature's Wisdom
 The fledge Dove knows the Prowlers of the Air
 Fear'd soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter
 And the young Steed shrinks back upon his haunches,
 The never-yet-seen Adder's hiss first heard
 Ah ! surer than Suspicion's hundred eyes
 Is that fine Sense which to the Pure in Heart
 By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness
 Reveals the approach of Evil !²

Of the former passage I say nothing It might depend on accident whether it was passed over or like several parts in Cato produced the same effect that such Lines would now produce in the Parisian Theatre, but of the latter I would venture an opinion, that from such an audience as would probably meet on the first night of a Play known to be mine it would not be heard with indifference

I have had a regular Tragedy on the Stocks, for some years—in which it was my purpose to write in the first instance wholly in reference to it's representability on a Metropolitan Theatre—and to re-write it altogether as a

¹ Cf *Zapolya*, Prelude, 1 358-372

² Cf *Zapolya*, Part II iv 1 70-81, line 71 is omitted

dramatic Poem for publication But neither my finances nor my feelings can *afford* it tho' as far as the latter are concerned, I dare appeal to yourself whether in the course of your dramatic Intercourse with me you have witnessed any irritability or over-attachment to my own productions—or any reluctance to the pruning knife, or any indocility in making the suggested alterations (By the bye, that poetic direction at the end of Act I Scene 1 ought to be omitted *It hangs fire* In a Barn at Calne the Isidore contrived to make it very dramatic to my actual surprize, but it could not be done on so vast a Theatre as D L *He* did by repeated acts of *recollection*—with a good deal of to and fro motion) But when the Dramatic Censor who is to decide on my work can read in a scoffing tone such lines as

“ O we are querulous Creatures ! Little less
Than *all* things can suffice to make us happy ,
And little more than nothing is enough
To make us wretched ! ” ¹

and then add—Now this is his *damned Metaphysics* ! You will not wonder if with all moderate ambition to see you in another Ordonio, I yet shrink from the *preliminaries* —
Your's, dear Sir, truly, S T COLERIDGE

P S. As I cannot expect of you to read thro' this scrawl till some *vacation*-day, I purposely put the business part of this Letter in the Post-script—I wish very much to attend D L on Wednesday Night with the amiable family, with whom I reside viz Mr and Mrs Gilman, their little son, and Mrs Gilman's Sister But my Health will not permit me to undertake it, unless I could have the favor once again granted to me of sitting in the orchestra, and of going in and out thro' the Stage Door Will you be so kind as to send me a Line in answer by the Bearer, whom I have sent in on purpose, whether it is in your power to grant me an Order for this, or whether you can rely on procuring me the permission by tomorrow Night so that I might venture to come with my friends ?

¹ Cf *Zapolya*, Part II 1 1 23-26 For “ To make us wretched ” read “ To discontent us ”

LETTER 288

To WILLIAM MUDFORD

[Original letter, Huntington Library William Mudford (1782-1848)
was assistant editor of the *Courier*]

Friday Noon, [1818]

DEAR SIR

On Tuesday afternoon, $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3, I left the Prospectus-proof,¹ corrected, and directed, with my friend, Mr Steel's Clerk, in Chancery Lane, to be put immediately into the Two-penny Post . and as the alterations were not very numerous, and Wednesday, Thursday, and to day's first Post having past, I begin to fear that from some ill-luck or other the Proof did not reach you I need not say, of how much importance it is that copies of it should be dispersed by my friends as soon as possible If any miscarriage have taken place, I intreat you to send over the Lad with Proof, and I will so correct it that there shall be no necessity for you sending another but you may strike off 750 at once—keeping the types standing lest I should want more This day, thank God ! I am able to lift my head and eyes with some cheerfulness—for the last fortnight I have apprehended that Mortality would have turned my Lecture into an Auctioneer's Pulpit, and with Hammer suspended over me have cried out, Going ! Going ! Going !—Three Pound three only !—Gentlemen of the Dissecting Rooms—A curious Case !² A rare Subject—rather fat indeed—but remarkable as a fine specimen of a broken Heart—etc etc —

Your's respectfully

S T COLERIDGE

¹ The prospectus for Coleridge's lectures on the history of poetry, native and foreign, including three on Shakespeare, which were delivered at the Philosophical Society of London, in Fleur-de-Luce Court, Fleet Street, from January 27, to March 13, 1818 Cf *Coleridge's Shakespearean Criticism*, T M Raysor, 1930, II 302-304

² "Tickets admitting a Gentleman and Lady, *Three Guineas* each " From the prospectus of this course of lectures

LETTER 289

To JOHN J MORGAN

[Original letter, British Museum Published in part, and inaccurately, *Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the English Romantic School*, A. Brandl, 1887, 357, a few lines published *Life*, 233-234]

Monday, Jan'y 5, 1818

MY DEAR MORGAN

How comes it that I now never see you ? You know how gladly I would come to you, if I were able and that this is not the time, when a friend should neglect me Can you mention a day when you can dine here—and if Mary and Charlotte could or would come, and you would give me a hint, Mr and Mrs Gillman would, I know, be favoured and pleased to send you and them invitation collective and separate—in short, any substitute in their power for the ceremony of a previous call, which is precluded and prevented by the Distance and the Distance only

The fact in your Letter to Gillman was one of the most interesting, I ever read Entre nous, a large Man of the *Bright* sort, called upon me, and procured introduction by telling Mr Williams, that he came from Mr. Fenner—but no such thing ! He had a strange story to tell—strange calumnies propagated against me by the Curtises to confide—and an unlucky request to make Particulars when I see you —Why do I say strange ? A revolution in *your* Moral Being is alone wanting—for with this exception, I hold nothing *strange* Mr Fenner promised me thro' Mr Gillman, that I should have a few copies of the Introduction, on the Essay on the Science of Method ¹ by the Et ceteri Club If they mean openly to insult me, it is time, Morgan ! that I should know it, and if they will not let me have a copy, at all events let the Revd T Curtis let me have my MSS From 10 in the morning till 4 in the afternoon, with one hour

¹ *The Essay on Method*, as printed for the *Encyclopaedia Metropolitana*, was, according to Coleridge, “bedeviled, interpolated, and topsyturried” by his publishers, and he inserted it in the third volume of the second edition of the *Friend* (1818) without acknowledging that it was a part of the *Encyclopaedia* Cf *Life*, 233

only for exercise, I shall fag from tomorrow at the third volume of the *Friend*—I hope to send off the whole by the first of February ¹ As I cannot starve, and yet cannot with ease to my own feelings engage in any work that would interfere with my Days' Work, till the MSS of the Third Volume of the *Friend* is out of my hands, I have been able to hit no mode of reconciling the difficulties, but by attempting a course of Lectures—of which I wish very much to talk with you As soon as the *Friend* is out, I shall set tooth and nail to *Puff and Slander* ² if I publish it with my name, I shall prefix a chapter entitled—Anticipation of a Chapter of my private Life, from Jan 1, 1816, to Jan 1, 1818—only part of a larger work intended for posthumous publication which I shall much prefer to publish during my life

The Lines, I have as yet composed for *Puff and Slander*, are in my own opinion the most vigorous and harmonious, I ever wrote Do pray let me see you as soon as possible—and hear from you at least immediately—

My best love, and I would add happy New Year to Mary and Charlotte—if the word “happy” did not sound like Arabic, Diaboliac, for wretched, from *my* mouth—

However, there is that within, thank God! which is at Peace—So may God bless you

and your sincere and
faithful Friend,

S T COLERIDGE

¹ The second edition of the *Friend* was published in three volumes by Rest Fenner in 1818

² This satire, like so many of Coleridge's projected works, was probably never written E H Coleridge was inclined to identify *A Character* (*Poems*, 451-453) with *Puff and Slander* (Cf *Letters*, II 630 note)

LETTER 290

To DERWENT COLERIDGE, *Keswick, Cumberland*

[From the original letter in the possession of the Rev G H B Coleridge]

[*Postmark January 8, 1818*]

MY VERY DEAR BOY

I can scarce see the paper while I am writing, my heart is so full In your and Hartley's welfare for the next three or four years all my Heart is fixed—not that I do not tenderly love and yearn after your dear Sister, but I know not what I can hope to effect for her in the present state of my circumstances, more than doing my best to finish such works, as when my Death shall have disarmed Envy and Calumny may be rendered (if my Friends should then exert themselves for your excellent Mother) a valuable addition to the sum assured which (should I live to the year 1820) will, I am informed, be doubled But with regard to you, I had set my very soul on having you with me—it was my prayer every night, and my day-dream as often as I dared take a furlow from my work and had I not been grossly cheated and duped by a wretch who came to me with every holy name in his mouth, merely to suck my brains,¹ I should not now have been *writing* to you Mr and Mrs Gilman have been true friends to me—or I could not indeed have stood up against the cruelty of—say, the World I know not in what respect I can lessen my expences, and my actual expences, what I actually cost them, these and nothing beyond will my friends here receive from me—a determination which they made the moment, they became acquainted with the real state of my means and chances They are as anxious almost as myself am, that I should be enabled to lay by 200*£*, little by little, in the course of the next year, for you—if I should succeed in my Lectures and if my acquaintances should exert themselves in procuring me subscribers for a work, to be published in weekly numbers, of which I shall soon publish a Prospectus and Specimen (I can only now

¹ Meaning of course the Rev T Curtis

tell you, that it is a biblical work, containing 1. a literal, and 2. a metrical translation of all the odes and fragments of odes scattered throughout the Pentateuch and the Historical works of the O Testament—as the first Division of the work)¹ I shall be able to do this and if I should, I might then safely rely on getting one hundred pound the year after—so that the money of the first year being safely lodged with your mother, there can, I trust, be no objection to your being sent to Cambridge, before your 19th year ² For the year to come, my dearest Derwent ¹ you must make yourself as happy as you can—but pray, go on with your *Mathematics* above all, and in the second place with your Greek, as earnestly as you can, but not so as to hurt your Health Not a word did I hear of the present plan till yesterday—but if it please your Mother and Mr Southey as much as it seems to please the Wordsworths, let it please you for the present—and as soon as it is settled, let me hear from you whether you are likely to have any Vacation allowed you, and if so, at what time I am, alas ¹ unable to promise anything, and till the Trial has been made of my present schemes, chiefly that of the biblical work, I dare not even disclose my Hopes Let it satisfy you for the present, that you and Hartley are an unutterable comfort to me Your Brother is as a blessing to me as often as I see him and you as often as I hear concerning you—and when I reflect on God's great mercy to me in both of you, and your sweet Sister, I not only feel the warmest gratitude to your Mother, but check my complaints—and thank the Almighty that I am,

My dear Derwent,

Your affectionate Father,

S T COLERIDGE

¹ Another projected work which came to naught

² Derwent Coleridge went to St John's College, Cambridge, in 1820

LETTER 291

To the EDITOR of the *Morning Chronicle* ¹

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E. H. Coleridge]

Highgate,
Sunday, January 25, 1818

DEAR SIR

You will gratify me by your acceptance of the inclosed ticket for my Lectures, admitting a lady and gentleman and will both flatter and serve me by the compliment of your occasional attendance

Should it consist with your feelings to give the Lectures some little complimentary notice in the body of the *Morning Chronicle*, it would prove of *great service* to me ² Alas! dear Sir—how adversity tames us! While I had hope and heart, and feeling kindly to all men, never suspected that I had an enemy in the world, how I should have started at the thought of soliciting to *be praised*! But I have never been, and never can be, of any party and since I was five-and-twenty, never wrote a line of the truth of which I was not at the time convinced, and very few, if any, to the *principle* of which I could not at this moment subscribe More than this, thinking that to tell truth *all on one side* was but a more artful way of telling a lie, I withdrew from all *periodical* political writing as soon as I found the *whole truth* not admitted Exempli gratia I loathe parodies of all kinds, and hold even “To wed or not to wed,” “To print or not to print,” not altogether guiltless, as disturbing the simplicity of feeling and imagination, and parodies on religion still more Yet I exult in Hone’s ³ acquittal and Lord Ellenborough’s ⁴ deserved humiliation, and I will not express the former unless I can, at

¹ James Perry (1756-1821) was at this time Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*

² Notices of Coleridge’s lectures of 1818 did appear in the *Morning Chronicle* Cf. Coleridge’s *Shakespearean Criticism*, T. M. Raysor, 1930, II 307

³ William Hone (1780-1842) was acquitted in 1817, after being tried for publishing political satires on the government

⁴ Edward Law, Earl of Ellenborough (1750-1818) resigned in 1818, as Councillor to the Queen, dying shortly afterwards

the same time, say the latter with my reasons for it. Again I utterly disapprove of the late domestic measures of our Ministers, and of the whole spirit of our Castlereagh foreign politics, but I must *add*, that without grievous mistakes on the part of Opposition and still more grievous misconduct on the part of the Ultra-whigs, the Government could not have remained in the hands of such simpleton saints, as the Sidmouth Sect, or of such unprincipled adventurers as the Castlereagh Gang. I detest Jacobinism, and as to the French, Jacobins or Royalists, even as I love what's virtuous, *hate* I them! I see and lament a woful deterioration of the lower classes, spite of Bible Societies, and spite of our spinning jennies for the cheap and speedy manufacture of reading and writing, but I cannot conceal from myself, and dare not conceal it from others, that neither the whole blame, nor even the greatest, is with the lower orders. I see an unmanly spirit of alarm, and of self-convenience, under many a soft title, domestic comfort, etc., etc. in our gentry. The hardihood of English good sense in the shape of manly compromise (on which, by the bye, all our institutions are founded) seems to me decaying. In consequence, I have been abused or neglected by all parties, and to return to my present solicitation, what chance of tolerable success can a man have, if the rancour, envy, and wantonness of unprovoked enemies or (as has been too often my sad case) provoked only by acts of more than brotherly kindness, will load one scale, and the zeal of a friend not be permitted to place the least counterweight in the other?

A man of your kind disposition will easily pardon a little egotism from the unfortunate and the persecuted—in which, I trust I remain, dear Sir, with unfeigned respect and regard,

Your (long ago) obliged and ever grateful

S T COLERIDGE

P S It was in your paper that my *first* poetic efforts were brought before the public¹

¹ Coleridge's first appearance in print was his "To Fortune On Buying a Ticket in the Irish Lottery," published in the *Morning Chronicle* on November 7, 1793. Others followed in 1794 and 1795.

LETTER 292

To CHARLES AUGUSTUS TULK

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge Charles Augustus Tulk (1786-1849), "a man of fortune with an uncommon taste for philosophical speculation," was "an eminent Swedenborgian, and mainly instrumental in establishing the 'New Church' in Great Britain" (*Letters*, II 684 note) To Tulk, Coleridge wrote a series of philosophical letters, but they hardly belong to my present undertaking and I have reserved them for separate publication]

Monday Morning, January 26, 1818

DEAR SIR

I need not say that any hour passed in your society would be a more than ordinary gratification to me—were it only that we have *premises* in common, on which each had placed himself in obedience to a leading from within "not learnt but nature," and the intuition of which I believe to be impossible, unless where the heart acts in the head and the head in the heart But my spirits are so depressed, that I shall be obliged to husband them by solitude to the very moment that I commence my first lecture—the more so that for the last fortnight having been compelled almost every day to be walking in a very anxious state of mind in all weathers (and from breach of promise on the part of our Highgate shoemaker, one day in a treacherous, and on the following in a thin pair of shoes) I have a hoarseness, which, as you may well suppose, alarms and disquiets me O how often do I feel the wisdom of the advice which I have myself given in the Eleventh Chapter of my *Literary Life* ¹

The facts concerning the *Encyclopaedia Metropolitana* are briefly these, my opinion was required by Curtis on behalf of Fenner—my answer was 1 As to the policy of undertaking a new Encycl. in *any* form I am not competent to give an opinion If I did it would be dissuasive 2 As to a plan that shall suit the *present taste* I am, if possible, still more incompetent, for none of my works have been popular, and my whole life has been employed in fighting against the present taste 3 But if I am required to state what ought to be the plan of an Encyclopaedia (i.e. according to my con-

¹ "An affectionate exhortation to those who in early life feel themselves disposed to become authors"

victions) I am ready to state it I did so It was at first adopted *in toto*, but afterwards spite of my earnest declaration oral and by letter, the prospectus was altered in two essential points—first, the Fine Arts were removed from their place in the system, as the intermediate link between the *pure* sciences, in which both the matter and the form are wholly in and for the mind—and the applied sciences etc—This with other senseless changes of less importance deformed the rationality and beauty of the arrangement—Second—the 4th and miscellaneous part which was according to the plan to have been published after the preceding 15 volumes—allowing eight years for the Construction of this History of English Words (see the Prospectus)—was made co-apparent with the others—By this change the pledge given in the Prospectus became demonstrably unperformable Curtis would neither suppress the pledge or give up the alteration and knowing that the work must of necessity be a gross imposition on the public I by letter solemnly disclaimed all connection with it Twice I was earnestly solicited to write the introduction, or Essay on the Methodology promised in the prospectus Twice I refused, but on the third time I weakly acceded—yet only under the [agreement] (long after repeated to Curtis in the presence of Mr Gillman and Dr Collier) that the right of omission I conceded to the publishers, provided that such omissions did not alter the sense of what was retained, but to no interpolation would I submit—The proposal of producing *raw materials* for their bookmakers was an insult to which no earthly motive could induce my assent—Spite of this *my name* has everywhere been used as that of the Editor of a work which I at once despise as most worthless and detest as most dishonest—Without my knowledge the essay has been so interpolated, that I should be equally ashamed of it as a man of letters and as a man of common honesty— On demanding my manuscript I received an impudent refusal, asserting the right of the proprietors *to do as they liked with goods they had purchased*!! (As if the paltry honorarium which a literary man receives, and which in my case was accompanied by a clear loss of at least

four times the sum, were the whole remuneration which a man of letters proposes to himself—and not the communication of truth or the prospect of increased utility, by an increase of solid reputation) The atrocious tricks (and I might truly add *perjuries*, if pretences accompanied with all the solemnities of religious appeal, may be deemed such) I pass by But I shall be constrained, unfit as my health and spirits are for a contest with men who will lie through thick and thin, to disclaim the Introduction and all connection with the work *publicly* I have just looked over the first part—and it is what I anticipated i e *an infamous catch-penny or rather catch-guinea* One of the two Lexicographers the more learned of whom pretends to a *little* Latin, addressed a letter to me of the spelling of which the words “*wrackle*” and “*anecdotts*” are but a specimen

I shall still hope to see you on Tuesday evening *The Friend* will appear, I trust, on or before the First of May

I remain, dear Sir,

With unfeigned respect,

Your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 293

To the REV H F CARY, *Little Hampton, near Arundel, Sussex*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge The first meeting of Coleridge and Cary, the translator of Dante, took place at Littlehampton in October, 1815 Cary loaned Coleridge a copy of the *Dante* and won at once a firm supporter At his tenth lecture (Feb 27, 1818) Coleridge warmly praised Cary's translation and “About a thousand copies of the first edition [which had been a drug on the market] were immediately disposed of, in less than three months a new edition was called for” *Memoir of the Rev Henry Francis Cary* H Cary, 1847, ii 28]

Highgate,

Friday, January 30, 1818

DEAR SIR

Clamo e profundis I am at least underlip deep in the anxieties of a Course of Lectures, a *course* to which (my poverty and not my will consenting) I have been driven by

the unspeakabilities of those worthy Arcadians, Mess Curtis and Fenner There is a degree of baseness and profligate dishonesty, which I never have had, and probably never shall have courage to anticipate, however suspicious the circumstances, as long as God permits the men to *look* tolerably like human Flesh and Blood Abhorring all quarrels, how much more with such men, I shall be under the necessity of exposing their infamous catch-penny (the Encyc-Metrop) and disclaiming the connection My introductory Essay in defiance of the most solemn promise to the contrary in the presence of Gillman and Dr Collier they have played the very *κίρλοκερώυχα εαταν* [?] with—that which I valued more than *all* my other prose writings, is now such as would be disreputable to me as a common scholar, dishonourable to me as an honest man—and on my demanding my MS, or the original proof sheets they have the impudence to inform me, that they had purchased the *goods*, and should do what they liked with them ' I am truly glad that they were ungrateful enough to refuse my request, or rather to decline the undeserved compliment which I paid in wishing them to be the Publishers of your Dante But I have since had an opportunity of communicating with one of the most respectable Houses in London, men of high estimation as tradesmen, and really of a very superior order as men—viz — Taylor and Hessey, Fleet Street.¹ Before the communication of my sentiments added to those of Wordsworth, Rogers and others, they had heard of it in such a way as to make one of them try to get a copy for himself—and I know they are disposed to act the most friendly part Besides, it is a *respectable* connexion and I am the more eager about it, because I think it probable that in a manner comfortable certainly to you, and with a fair chance of being advantageous without risk you may be induced to give hereafter a new edition with copious notes as we talked of But I should be obliged to you for an answer as soon as possible, in order that

¹ Coleridge took an active interest in procuring publishers for a second edition of the *Dante*, and in May, 1818, Cary signed an agreement with Messrs Taylor and Hessey Cf *The Translator of Dante*, R W King, 1925, 118

if the arrangement be made, it may be made, and the Books be with Taylor and Hessey before my Lecture on Donne, Dante and Milton, on Friday Evening, Febr 27th— The questions are 1 What number of copies you suppose remaining (N B Many or few, this will make no difference with Taylor and Hessey as to their consenting to be the *publishers*, but it might be a question, how soon an arrangement might be made with you, so as to sacrifice a small number in order to bring out the work in a form more worthy of its character, and more saleable) ? 2 (a question of form) whether the work in the present state, the now existing edition, is entirely your own property, and of course subject to your own control and disposal— If you would be so kind as to give me a few lines by return of post, I will, on receipt thereof, wait without delay on Messrs Taylor and Hessey and endeavour to settle the business at once For I need not tell you that it would be an injustice to the better part of the world to let the work remain in its present incognito, by any indifference of your own

If at the same time you could inform me, where I could get the unsold copies with an authority from you for clearing them, it might spare time and trouble

To add to my perplexities, I by exposure to cold and damp in tramping about to solicit subscriptions, puffs, (! O God !) and other arrangements for the Lectures I got such a hoarseness (now only a little better) that I was obliged to deliver the first lecture with a voice that sounded throughout to my own ears as a Batrachomyomachian battle between the croaks and the squeaks—under what agitation of spirits you may suppose

We have just heard that your son is returned to Merchants Taylors ! and as soon as ever our first bustle is over either Mr Gillman or myself will call and see him

Mrs Gillman unites in kind and respectful remembrances to Mrs Cary—and I remain

dear Sir

with simple and affectionate

respect Your's sincerely

S T. COLERIDGE

LETTER 294

To the REV H F CARY, Little Hampton, Arundel, Sussex

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

Monday afternoon, February 2, 1818

MY DEAR SIR

I am ashamed to make you pay postage for such a scrawl—and yet I have not a moment to lose unless I lose the post—owing to the delay or blockheadism of the Letter-Carrier, Lord bless him¹ But I have received together with the Dante that I had lent them such a handsome, friendly letter from Taylor and Hessey, expressing their wish to be the publishers of such a work and their desire in any manner to be serviceable to the author—that I cannot delay expressing a strong wish, that you might be able to think of some friend who could pick out the books at your lodgings I feel such a confidence that this spring would go near to carry them off It would be particularly pleasant to me because I am vain enough to set an unusual value on the critique I have devoted to the names of Dante, Donne, and Milton—(the middle name will, perhaps, puzzle you) and I mean to publish it singly in the week following its delivery However this is merely on one side of the Question—and you know how incapable I am of intentionally pressing anything in which you may feel the least delicacy—only what is uppermost with me ever comes foremost

I will try to follow your advice—and if I can do it honestly, while my name is made use of, and has been industriously, to pass off an imposture, I will I have made the offer Let me have the MSS with permission to publish it in the *Friend*—simply saying—that the writer of the Introduction to the *Encycl* had availed himself of several passages—and I remain neutral—I expect that I shall have them accede¹—

My best and kindest remembrances to Mrs Cary and to all of your household—with which Mr and Mrs Gillman cordially join I have 20 things to say which I must defer

¹ The treatise on *Method*, Coleridge inserted in the *Friend* without acknowledging that it was a part of the *Encyclopaedia Metropolitana*

till the first Bustle of this Lecturing is over—but ever honour me with the confidence that I am with most unfeigned regard and esteem

Your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 295

To the REV H F CARY, Little Hampton, Arundel, Sussex

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

*Highgate,
February 6, 1818*

MY DEAR SIR

I shall see your son this evening at my Lecture and deliver him your note But permit me first to say, that I was first induced to speak on the subject to Mr Hessey (and Mr Gillman—who (from Mrs Gillman's feelings) himself acts and feels exactly as if you had been an old acquaintance—from Mr G I said, but ought to have added that without any pretences to critical powers he has a sense of genuine harmony in metre, which affords him a true *poetical* delight in our Spencer and Milton—had been full of the subject, just as a good man ought to be) by the circumstance that Mr. Chalmers,¹ a veteran in the literary Market and several other highly respectable men had congratulated me on my having Taylor and Hessey's name in my Prospectuses²— Mr Chalmers even told me that having read one of my books before he had met me, he had felt great concern at finding me connected in any way with the House in Paternoster Row, as men of no estimation in the trade itself—and by way of illustration added—pointing to the names of *Taylor* and *Hessey*—Now there, Sir, are men that *give* respect as well as receive it— I have not myself been connected with them in any literary engagement, but I know that they are men of character, and worthy of confidence So, too, a friend of mine (in the worldly acceptance, at least) who has realised

¹ Alexander Chalmers (1759-1834), miscellaneous writer and editor

² Presumably Coleridge refers to the Prospectus of the 1818 lectures

a large fortune by a newspaper and whom I have found infallible with the world,¹ said to me " I was pleased to see the Names of Taylor and Hessey in your prospectus—that is the sort of connection that will be of service to your reputation Besides, they are very honest and honorable men " As to the arrangement, I understand that there is one plan which is never departed from by the respectable part of the trade, so that there is no opportunity of making a bargain, on either side Besides, the great object with you, my dear Sir ¹ must be, to have the remainder of the present Edition so disposed of, as first to lessen if not counterpoise your losses hitherto—and secondly, to have in consequence the opportunity of sending out a second Edition, according to your own wish as respecting the form, desirable additions to the Notes etc , and to sell—not the copy-right but—the Edition outright For this at once removes all risk and anxiety , and yet preserves the *work* in your own hands and property—But a new Title-page must be printed—and such *outside* improvements made as the copies may admit of—and then Taylor and Hessey say, that by their connection they do not doubt of disposing of the greater part of the remaining impression immediately among the Trade As soon as this is settled, we shall take the additional means which justice and honor dictate, of giving the work publicity As I do not know your motive for not sending the whole Number to the Publishers at once, I of course can say nothing in answer—only this that the expence of printing 650 title-pages and the other trifles, is but the difference of the Paper (about eight or ten shillings) and that of printing 300—whereas printed at two several times the expence is nearly double But the whole is but a trifle—and lastly that I pledge myself for the *rehability* of Taylor and Hessey so far as that, if in the hands of any Publishers, you may feel your interests perfectly safe in those of Taylor and Hessey However I shall go to work immediately by transferring those, you have given an order for—and request that if you have any alteration to make in the present Title-page, or should wish to add any thing in

¹ Daniel Stuart

the *Ad Lectores* way, you would be so good as to give me the instruction

My Lectures are very respectably and respectfully attended, and tho' not as yet very numerously, yet sufficiently so as to make them *answer* pecuniarily This evening I commence on Shakespear

With our united respects to Mrs Cary, and affectionate wishes for the Health and Weal of all your Household

I remain,

my dear Sir

with respectful regard

your's most truly

S T COLERIDGE

P S I have this morning been reading a strange publication—viz Poems with very wild and interesting pictures, as swathing, etched (I suppose) but it is said printed and painted by the author, W Blake¹ He is a man of Genius—and I apprehend a Swedenborgian—certainly a mystic *emphatically* You perhaps smile at *my* calling another poet a *Mystic*, but verily I am in the very mire of common-place common-place compared with Mr Blake, apo- or rather—ana-calyptic Poet, and Painter¹

LETTER 296

To CHARLES AUGUSTUS TULK

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

Saturday Morning, February 21, 1818

MY DEAR SIR

I have just read the *Courier* of yesterday evening, and with much grief find in it a confirmation of my fear that this affair of the poor children in the Cotton Factories had been brought forward injudiciously on the part of Sir R Peel without due preparation of the public mind and without due

¹ Coleridge had been introduced to Blake's poems by C A Tulk. There is a long criticism of Blake's poems and illustrations printed in *Letters*, II 686-688

parliamentary arrangements¹ God forbid that I should even suspect the possibility of his not being in earnest, but really I cannot with my experience of the world wonder that others suggest the probability. For what sense is there in saying, "We—the friends of outraged Nature, will *reserve* our agreements till the second reading or the third?" On such a point this ought to have been governed by the movements of the opponents. Need I tell you what an effect the point of view, one of the two points on which I ventured to assure Mr Shermantle, the opposition would be most successful, must have had on the H of Commons from Mr Freeling who is much looked up to as an independent and thinking man—and either no answer or the most languid one? I am now going to town to try whether I can get an article inserted in the *New Times* or *Courier*—for I have not received any answer to my letters, which, indeed, were as I said, meant only to *break the ice*—and it is altogether a different matter from that of an ordinary essay—as for instance I must see one or both of the principals of the *Courier*, Mr Stuart or Mr Street, who have lately retired—the latter very lately from the active part of the concern, and the editor a Mr Mudford, whom I have never seen, would not dare to take any *part* in a public question—but under their prescription (and I do not know how far Dr Stoddart himself has the full *ad arbitrium* in the *New Times*) I will do my best, hampered as I am by my lectures. But only suppose that two months ago the scheme of preparatory and auxiliary action had been formed! We should have known the vacant days of the London Papers—and long before this it might have been put out of the power of Phillips, Curwen, Finlay, etc to have uttered a sentence, not monstrous and absurd, which would not have been a notorious *quotation*.

¹ Coleridge's activities for the factory children culminated in two pamphlets *Remarks on the Objections which have been urged Against the Principle of Sir Robert Peel's Bill* and *The Grounds of Sir Robert Peel's Bill Vindicated*, both of which were printed in 1818 and probably circulated among the Members of Parliament. The Bill for shortening the hours of labour in cotton factories was passed on April 30, 1818. See *Coleridge at Highgate*, Lucy E. Watson, 1925, 77 and 171-187.

that would have injured their own argument, unless it had been followed by an answer to the *confutation*, that had been linked on to it in the original. At present the first thing is to try whether in Monday's *Courier* or *New Times* we can procure the insertion of an essay, faint comparatively as its effect will be, to what it might have been, just as anticipation and as familiarism to—in short (what is necessary on all such occasions) *ding, donged* on the public ear in paper, magazine and threepenny pamphlets. If this cannot be done, whether it would be respectable and consistent with parliamentary custom to present to every member on entering the House a $\frac{1}{4}$ of a sheet, or a single printed paper. The impudent assertion of Phillips and his comrades might be dispatched in three sentences. Far more formidable are the arguments which will be used—have been used—by those who would slink out of the business without loss of their character for humanity. I introduced by remarks on the mischief of legislative intemperance, and the authority of Mr Wyndham, the union of the claims of intellect and of humanity, which Mr Wilberforce (in my opinion most imprudently) confirmed, and that the desired reform will gradually be effected by the Master manufacturers themselves in *this enlightened age*—(2), and still more plausible, that there is false logic in the argument on which the petition and documents are grounded—namely, all the miseries and diseases of soul and body which are the inevitable consequences of a manufactory, in which children from 6 to 14 work, on their legs, in a foul and heated atmosphere, from 13 to 14 or even 15 hours daily, are here attributed to the last three hours, and the first three years of their age. These it may be *said* but (which is far worse) will be felt by the many who are disposed to seek in despondency an excuse for indolence and selfish neutrality—these are aggravations or would be such in any common case—but in this case they are merely the last 4 or 5 drops of the essential oil of almonds when it is known that 8 is a mortal dose.

There is (it will be felt) no beneficial medicine between a complete system (such for instance as that of Olveus, when

he was in his senses) and nothing—perhaps none between nothing and the abandonment of a source of commercial wealth irreconcilable at the very best with Christianity

Thus the essay should consist of a temperate yet feeling reply to these three points 1 that let doctors, clerical or medical, think what they may according to their theories, the Factory Children *are* happy and healthy—2—that the evils are in the process of removal by the increased humanity and enlightened self-interest of the masters themselves, and that legislative interference not being necessary is always mischievous 3 that it is too bad a business to be started at all—and the cleaning out of a few buckets of the filth where nine tenths must remain, is but an aggravation of the nuisance

Such are my present convictions which do not interfere with the claims of my duty, to do my best in the spirit of Hope without Hope—as far as the *present* bill is concerned—for of this I am only not despondent—with kind respects to Mrs T

Yours, dear Sir, truly

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 297

To the REV WILLIAM HART COLERIDGE, *St Andrew's Court,
Holborn*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

*Highgate,
April 1, 1818*

MY DEAR WILLIAM

In my very limited sphere of friends and acquaintances I can scarcely imagine an engagement that prevents me from availing myself of your invitation for Friday—there being an interval abundantly sufficient to free myself from it with the consent of the engagers. *Volenti nulla fit injuria*—to wit, in law and courtesy for I am by no means disposed to admit the position in morals and religion Hartley is not at home at this moment, but as (in this instance at least) his wish and his sense of duty cannot but blend into one impulse,

he thanks you by proxy I praise God that he improves perceptibly and for this he is in no small degree obliged to Mrs Gillman Many a little thing that *I* could not speak of to him without a pang disproportionate to the occasion, and which in spite of my best efforts to the contrary would inflict more pain than was either justified by the fault, or necessary for its removal she has put him on his guard against For there is a certain tact of *propriety*, a substantial refinement *a head in the heart* of a pure and well educated matron, of a Christian Lady, that constitute her the appropriate Governor of the neutral ground and the outposts that cloak the citadel of morality

I am somewhat better—and perhaps, should I have it in my power to go to the sea-side without anything in particular to do for six or seven weeks, I may be able to return with a more hopeful account

I am about to begin a series of conversations with an amiable man and a sincere seeker after Truth,¹ on the questions—Is there, or is it conceivable that there may be a distinct *x y z* which may be called *Philosophy*, as not already expressed by the terms, Science and Religion? If so, what must this philosophy be? and in what relations must it stand to the sciences on the one side and to Religion on the other? or is Philosophy one with Religion and differenced only as the *Distinct* from the *Clear* or is it superseded by Religion? Or is the one the only possible supplement of the other? In short—is Philosophy (as an appropriate term having no synonym conceivable¹ i e. do our pleasures and knowledges leave a craving or a sense of a *Plus Ultra*?) an aching void? The complement of this void would needs be *Sophia*, the earnest seeking after it for its own sake *Philosophia* Therefore is the craving a mere distaste a disquiet purely *subjective*? that is arising from the imperfection of the individual, not from that of the *Objects* or the race Or—after all the fullest and most successful exertion and application of the various *specific* faculties of the soul—as the senses, the under-

¹ Thus began Coleridge's series of afternoons with Joseph Henry Green

standing, the judgement, and the scientific Reason—the specific objects, does there still remain a *void*, even there where (if any where) the *foundation* must be ? the common foundation of them all ? These are the questions

Be assured, it grieves me that I cannot have you as a second of my fellow-investigators—or a third for Mr Gillman will attend if possible and as often as is possible The regular attendant is Mr Green, Mr Cline's nephew and demonstrator at the Guy and St Thomas Hospital—a good man who has studied the German Philosophers both in books and at the feet of the Gamaliels—and who is intimately acquainted with all that passes for philosophy in England and France He, like me, feels that it is either nothing, a mere generic term—or that it must end in revealed religion, but he, like me, feels that he has yet to seek whether it is, what it is, and under what conditions and relations it is *Scito me scire, et quid et quomodo*

But (be this as it may) you have chosen the better part For so much I see beforehand that there can be no philosophy without religion, but that there may be religion without any philosophy except what is involved and contained in the being a Christian Still however that may be a Deity for Paul, which was none for Nathaniel The Church may ask more of her ministers than of her members simply

Yours, my dear William, most affectionately

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 298

To T J PETTIGREW, 22 Spring Gardens

[Original letter, University of Texas Library Thomas J Pettigrew (1791-1865) was a surgeon at Charing Cross Hospital He wrote on medical history Pettigrew was secretary of the London Philosophical Society]

Highgate,
June 8, 1818

MY DEAR SIR

There are cases, in which a trial redounds to the honor of the accused and yet leaves the accuser blameless or

even praise-worthy There are others, in which the honorable acquittal of the accused involves the condemnation of the accuser Fully convinced, that the present (*Le Maître* versus Pettigrew) is a very aggravated instance of the latter, and that the refusal to express the sense of the society in sanction of this truth by the only adequate Exponent—(*for how can a Body of men prove their contempt and abhorrence of Calumny but by expulsion of the Calumniator?*)—makes it evident, that besides the nuisance to be eliminated there exist matters that fall under the same predicament by their preventing the requisite elimination, and lastly that when 55 in an hundred ought to be expelled, it amounts, in the remaining 45, to the duty of *seceding*, I cannot hesitate in withdrawing my name, a *mere* name I well know, from a philosophical Society which has become worse than a *mere name*—a misnomer, and a false promise

If there were a man in the world, to whom in *all* things *but* one I should yield myself inferior—and thank God! there is no lack of such men—yet in that point I would *not* yield—viz in my *Love* of Truth in the Individual, and of Liberty in the community But for this very reason I fear, and detest the *passions* and malignant *restlessness* of Jacobinism, as much as I despise the shallowness and empiricism of it's principles A Jacobin Spirit can thrive in a mob only and whatever Society, it thrives in, becomes ipso facto a mob Were a proof of this to have been afforded by the majority of votes in the verdict of an Oyster Club, the fact would suffice to compel me to throw up my membership therein; but in a *Philosophical Society* passions and intrigues preclusive of all *philosophy* and subversive of whatever is *social*, leave no choice to a man not in love with contradictions

As I was elected without any knowledge of the forms, you will not be surprized that I am ignorant of the forms, by which I am to notify my resignation of what I had hitherto regarded as an honor—I can therefore only inform you, that henceforward in consequence of the refusal on the part of the majority of the Society to expel Mr *Le Maître*, for the repetition of charges dishonorable to their highly meri-

torious Secretary, to whose Zeal and active service the Society owes the greater portion of it's prosperity, after those Charges had been examined into, proved and publicly declared to be groundless, I deem it my duty to withdraw from the same

S T COLERIDGE

P S DEAR SIR

The L P S has dropped the *seed*—and the dry, rotting stalk, and worm-cankered Root remain—how long such a stalk with such a root can *remain* is another question It is my sincere opinion, that as you are not enamoured of names, this event will be eminently conducive to the very best ends, and there is now such a glorious Opening ! worthy of the patronage of the Duke of Sussex and Kent ! and capable of proving an epoch in the history of the Metropolis !—*Those and more particulars* when I see you—

My respects to Mrs P and a kiss for the *late arrival*

Your's sincerely,

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 299

To HUGH J ROSE

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

Highgate,

November 19, 1818

MY DEAR SIR

In the year 1797, my humble cottage at Stowey was honoured by a visit which I had made some ineffectual efforts to prevent, and owed to an utter misconception of my opinions, literary, religious, moral and political—a visit from the then notorious, and now somewhat more innoxiously celebrated, Citizen John Thelwall (Poor fellow ! he had, I am persuaded, as honest a heart as was compatible with his exceeding profound ignorance of his ignorance, and the restless Bubble and Squeak of his vanity and Discontent) On the evening of his arrival Citizen John received the first of many shocks from Hartley Coleridge's being made to kneel at mine and his mother's Feet, and with his little hands

folded, helped out with a part of the Lord's Prayer He took occasion to dilate on his own determination to preserve the minds of his children from any bias in favor of notions which they could not appreciate or even understand the injustice and monstrous tyranny and usurpation of which had (he asserted) been so irrefragably proved by the eloquent Philosopher of Geneva ! I intreated him to have compassion on the weak in philosophic faith, or rather to regard what he had witnessed as a proof of what I had before told him and which he was so unwilling to believe—viz that alike on the grounds of Taste, Morals, Politics and Religion, he and I had no point of coincidence On the next morning as we stept out into my garden, he exclaimed with much vivacity—"Hey day ! what do you call this ?" "*My Botanic Garden* " "*Botanic Garden ! Why it is a wilderness of weeds* " "*Truly, the Plants are mostly indigenous* " "*Poh ! but it is such a nice little spot—it has so many capabilities, that it is quite a shame* "—" *Nay ! but hear me before you condemn* I intended to educate it strictly on the *Rousseau plan*, and to have preserved it from an artificial semination—but I don't know how—the beasts from Hell, or the winds of chance have filled it chockfull with nettles, Hensbane, Nightshade, Devilsbit, Fools-parsley, and (taking up the plant (*Rhinanthus crista-galli*) as I looked steadfastly at him) *Coxcombs*, Citizen John !"

This little anecdote will suffice to shew you, how fully my convictions are, and ever have been, in harmony with yours—and I am glad that such a cause is in such hands The opinion, which you attack and will expose, augurs under any conceivable circumstances—any at least that do not preclude all growth of acquisition—an ignorance of, a blindness to—the process of all living nature, from the Polype up to Man , but more especially of the higher animals, in every class of which both organ and faculty are preceded by a state of Indistinction, and then as the immediate antecedent, by an uncomprehended excitement from within and from without, as Impulse or as Imitation—but the opinion, as applied to children, and those the children of the Poor, and

those again in the existing state of morals, is assuredly the most senseless, and if aught on earth dare be so called, the most contemptible delusion that was ever engendered between Folly and Self-conceit. A child of even three years old can surely be made to *understand* the words "there lives a Someone above we cannot see," and when at his Parents' Feet he has learnt to associate this belief with the name, the tenderness and the authority of a Father—what, I pray, does the man of 50 believe more or understand better? Except perhaps the use of defensive weapons against passions, sophistries and fopperies, from which the little child is at safe distance, and might in most instances continue so to the final delivery of his spirit to its Master and Redeemer, were it not for the toad-spit with which the philosophic vermin are trying to shine and deform the very grass of the valley and the seedlings of the cottage garden. O Sir! if even minds incapable of such an absurdity, were wholly free from the mistaken principles of which it is—if not a branch or scion yet at least an excrescence—well—if they felt the *full* force of the awful words "In Him is Life and *the Life is the Light of Men*" But alas! instead of *e fumo lux*, the motto of the present day seems to be—*Fumus e Luce*

Need I say that at all times it would give me very great pleasure to see you under the same roof with me, whether at Highgate or at Uckfield? I rely on your spending a long day with me *before* you leave town at Christmas. You will see by my Prospectus (that [my poverty] not my will consenting) I am about to attempt a new Course of Lectures.¹ If I can procure a Frank I will enclose the Prospectus with this Letter, but at all events I must take the liberty of sending you a few (to my friends) important connections and insertions for the Third Volume of *The Friend*, the object of which you will at once perceive, and which I venture to

¹ Coleridge's last courses of lectures began in December 1818. The first course was a series of fourteen lectures on the history of philosophy, the second a series of six on Shakespeare. Professor Raysor points out that seven additional literary lectures were added to the Shakespearean course. These lectures (twenty-seven in all) were delivered between December 14, 1818, and March 25, 1819, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern. Cf. *Coleridge's Shakespearean Criticism*, II, 318-321.

request that you will transcribe into your copy on the given pages

I have seen two of the Mr Freres lately, who spoke of you with warm respect I know no man now alive, whose Taste, Judgement, Manners and Principles I love and admire so unmixedly as Mr J H Frere's His Imitations of Aristophanes are such as original genius alone could produce With every good and kind wish,

I remain, my [dear] Sir

Yours most sincerely

S T COLERIDGE

P S Permit me to refer you to p 98 of Vol III The Sentence (The Greek Verb—along with) ought to have been printed as a note On p 150 l 10 the *jungle* may be removed by striking out the word *human* It is very difficult, I find, to combine earnestness of feeling, with fineness of ear, in the act of composition You will have met with too many of these slovenlinesses in the style of the *Friend* You would serve me by noticing them with your pencil as these occurred, but still more by marking any *obscurity* dependent on the diction, and any false or defective Logic Be assured, I would not make the request, if for the last 27 years I could remember a single instance in which I did not feel pleased and grateful for the detection of any fault or error, not avowedly for the purpose of Insult and Contumely

LETTER 300

To WILLIAM MUDFORD

[Original letter, Huntington Library]

Highgate,

Tuesday Noon, January 5, 1819

MY DEAR SIR

You saw and I doubt not regretted for my sake how scanty an audience I had yester evening, in part owing to my not having advertised the Lecture separately You can scarcely imagine what an effect two or three lines of compli-

ment in any respectable Paper produces on the number of my attendants

I trust, that a few home questions will be addressed to Sir F Burdett, on the occasion of his excellent, manly, and gentlemanly answer to Cobbett¹ By what miraculous Veil or Cupid-bandage has Sir Francis's eye been kept sacred from the glaring contempt of all principle in Cobbett, as writer and Man, for 15 years and more² To an honest man, equally obtrusive, whether he were an abhorrer of the Party (in the words of old Heraclitus *μισοσπώνηρος καὶ ὀχλολοῖδορος*³—a *misochlist* or mob-hater) or whether he agreed as to the rightfulness and desirable nature of the object, which the Westminster Plebs and Plebicolæ profess to pursue—Nay, *more* so in the latter case if he were indeed an honest man—During weekly publications year after year to what one good feeling *has* he—to what one bad and hateful passion has he *not*—appealed!⁴

Your obliged,

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 301

To ROBERT SOUTHEY, *Greta Hall, Keswick*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge As the lecture on *Lear* mentioned in this letter was planned for (and apparently given on) February 4, 1819, this undated letter, therefore, must be early February, 1819]

[February, 1819]

DEAR SOUTHEY

I do not remember whether or no you are acquainted with, have seen or heard of Mr Kenyon³ He is a man of

¹ A Pamphlet was published on January 4, 1819, containing the correspondence between Sir Francis Burdett and Cobbett, concerning a debt Cobbett owed to Burdett

² An incorrect ascription Timon (*Diog Laert* ix 6) says of Heraclitus τοῖς δ' ἐνὶ κοκκυστῆς, ὀχλολοῖδορος Ἡράκλειτος αἰνικτῆς ἀνόρουσε

The word *μισοσπώνηρος* is never used by Heraclitus or as an epithet of him

³ John Kenyon (1784-1856), later the friend and benefactor of the Brownings

Fortune, highly educated, a particular friend of our friend Mr Thomas Poole, who while I was in the West shewed me *particular* kindness. He has been some years abroad with Mrs Kenyon. Last Thursday evening just before my Lecture—a Letter from him was delivered to me, earnestly requesting that I would give his friend, Mr Ticknor,¹ an American Gentleman, an introduction to you and Mr Wordsworth. Mr Kenyon speaks highly of Mr Ticknor, both as a man and a man of liberal principles, and I owe it to the memory of dear Allston to have no incredulity on this point. After the Lecture I saw him for a few seconds, and find that he leaves London tomorrow morning for the North—I could not hesitate therefore in promising and in thus fulfilling my promise that I would give him a letter to you—And any little attention, that your time will permit, will be put in part to my account by Mr Kenyon, and yet without lessening the sense of your kindness. On Wednesday night, just before 12, I was seized with a sort of ague-fit as I was sitting by a good fire—and tho' I got to bed as soon as possible, yet it kept not only me but the bed-stead in bed-and-body-quake till past 4 in the morning. It then made way for a hot fit, with pains on my limbs and across my chest and with sharp cry-out stitches whenever I attempted to draw my breath freely. With great effort I continued to get thro the Thursday's Lecture as successfully as the subject (Lear) would allow me—but by Mr Gillman's and Mr Green's medical commands I announced a week's intermission. On Friday and yester-evening I had a relapse, but of brief continuance ending after a short but rather alarming spasm with violent sickness. I trust, however, that by aid of Calomel, senna and epsom salts—Black Dose, Pediluvia, and as much repose as my circumstances will suffer me to give my mind, I shall be reestablished in a few days.

As soon as I have sent off this letter to Mr Ticknor, I shall devote the remainder of the day to Letters to Mrs Coleridge and to Derwent, with some books for Derwent,

¹ George Ticknor (1791-1871), later Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard College, was at this time travelling in Europe

in which Hartley who leaves me tomorrow for Oxford will enclose a letter—

I was as much delighted as I could be, being still more affected, by Mr Collins' exquisite sketch—picture of Sara, and Hartley assures me, that it is not less faithful as a *portrait*—

You, of course have read *Antar*¹—I have merely seen it, having read about ten pages only to Lady Errol, tho' Mr Hamilton apologized at the Lecture for not having sent me a copy of his Brother's work— Every one, I find, has regretted the same defect—the mixture of modern phrases in pages, two thirds of the sentences of which read exactly like the Book of Kings—especially as the modernisms might be corrected *currente calamo* I am anxious to read the whole—it seems to prove, as the Editor I believe has noticed, that the Arab Nights are originally Persian perhaps Graeco-persian—

A Brahmin has, I hear arisen to attempt what we have both so often wished, viz —to be the Luther of Brahmanism, and with all the effect that could be wished considering the times

Mr Frere *at a heavy expence* (I was astonished to learn thro' Mrs Gillman from the scribe himself, at how heavy an expence¹) has had my Lectures taken down in short hand² It will be of service to me tho' the Publication³ must of course contain much that could not be delivered to a public audience who, respectable as they have been (scanty, I am sorry to add) expect to be kept awake—I shall however God granting me the continuance of the power, and the strength, bring them out—first because a history of *Philosophy* as the gradual Evolution of the instinct of Man to enquire into *the*

¹ The first part of T Hamilton's *Antar, a Bedouen Romance*, was published in 1819

² A transcript of these lectures (made from the shorthand notes) is still extant, and is "interesting as affording proof of the conversational style of Coleridge's lectures" *Letters*, II 698 note

³ All that Coleridge published in connection with these lectures was a *Chronological and Historical Assistant to a Course of Lectures on the History of Philosophy* *From Thales*, 1818

Origin by the efforts of his own reason, is a desideratum in Literature and secondly, because it is almost a necessary Introduction to my *Magnum opus*, in which I had been making regular and considerable progress till my Lectures, and shall resume, immediately after I give 4 and oftener five hours time a week, and Mr Green (Cline's nephew, and Lecturer and Demonstrating surgeon at Guy's and Thomas a most amiable man, deeply studied in all the physiology and philosophy of the German schools, and equally dissatisfied with them as myself) writes down what I say—so that we have already compassed a good handsome volume, and hitherto we have neither of us been able to detect any unfaithfulness to the four Postulates, with which I commenced—1 That the System should be *grounded* 2 That it should not be grounded in an *Abstraction*, nor in *a Thing* 3 That there be no chasm or saltus in the deduction or rather production 4. That it should be *bonâ fide* progressive, not in circulo—productive, not barren

Some genius in a pamphlet entitled *Hypocrisy Unveiled*¹ written against Mr Wilson has pronounced poor Christabel “the most obscene Poem in the English Language”—It seems that Hazlitt from pure malignity had spread about the Report that Geraldine was a Man in disguise I saw an old book at Coleorton in which the *Paradise Lost* was described as an “obscene Poem,” so I am in good company—God bless you

and S T COLERIDGE.

¹ For further discussion of this pamphlet see *A Memoir of John Wilson*, Mrs Gordon, 1862, 1 282-284

LETTER 302

To WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, *Bookseller, Edinburgh*

[Original letter, Huntington Library Published with omissions, *William Blackwood and His Sons*, Mrs Oliphant, 1897, 1 408-410 Mrs Oliphant's introductory remarks to this letter are as follows

"Mr Blackwood's original letter to the poet I have unfortunately mislaid, but this is the answer to it, and the reader will be amused by the elaborate and detailed plan, to be accompanied by an equally elaborate theory as to the proper method of conducting a magazine, thus suddenly presented to the three extremely spontaneous and strong-willed individuals [Lockhart, Blackwood, and Wilson] in whose hands the Magazine had already become a power, and who were as little troubled with plans and theories, and as clearly aware of what they intended to do—which was, in the first place, to take orders, or even advice, from no man—as any three in the kingdom " *Ibid* 1 407]

Highgate,

[*Postmark, Apr 12, 1819*]

DEAR SIR

Business, which I could neither foresee nor evade, deprived me both of the time and of the disengaged mind which I had in intention appropriated to your service It was, however, of such a kind as I must have dispatched at some time or tother and "all clear behind" is a good signal to march onward upon On the receipt of your letter and of the Magazine (for which accept my thanks) I waited on Mr. Davies,¹ the having been introduced to whom I regard as an obligation I do indeed feel myself much obliged to you for having made me acquainted with a man of such genuine worth and so much sound unostentatious good Sense Besides, I am always glad to have any one of my prejudices counteracted or overset ; for I look upon them as so many puny Heresies, and every Dislike I am *converted* from, the better *Catholic* I am—and I honestly confess, that my experience had tinged my opinions concerning *the Trade* with rather a sombre die God forbid that I should at any time or under any provocations have been guilty of so unchristian a thought as to doubt that a Bookseller might be a truly good and honorable Man, but still (I am ashamed to say) my belief was much stronger in the *Posse* than the *Esse* thereof

¹ William Davies, of the firm of booksellers, Cadell and Davies

Perhaps, your experience of *Authors* has been tit for tat with mine of *Your Brotherhood*—and I trust, that we may both proceed, as we have begun, in making converts of each other—in relation to our two Selves at least— So leaving this half Joke, half earnest Chit Chat, I come to the *business* of this letter¹— I informed you, my dear Sir¹ as Mr Davies well recollects that as to Scrips and Scraps I *have none* in the first place, and secondly, they would neither answer my purpose nor yours, in the present state of Things If I enter into any connection with your Magazine, it must be such a one as will justify me in devoting two thirds of my Time, and to *one* at least of my monthly communications the utmost of my powers in my most genial Moods

The Scheme on which a Magazine should be conducted (—and *if so constructed*, would, I am convinced, outrun all present rivalry) shall be communicated first to Messrs Cadell and Davies, and then to you—so that you may have the advantage of their *confidential* opinions in addition to your own Judgement For I shall entreat Mr. Davies to communicate his opinion of it to *you* and not to me—in order that he may not be withheld by any feeling of delicacy from expressing the whole of his mind, should it be unfavorable to the Scheme, whether more or less Of this Scheme part will, of course, be *private*, for your eye, not that of the Public; but the far larger portion will be continued in a sort of Letter or Essay on the Desiderata of a Magazine—and should you *approve* of the contents, I propose that you should annex to it a declaration of your perfect assent to the sentiments of

¹ Although Coleridge was everywhere held up for ridicule in the periodical press, his name and influence were to be reckoned with, and in March, 1819, Blackwood himself called at Highgate to solicit contributions by Coleridge to *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* Coleridge must have been hard pressed for money to agree to write for a Magazine which had but eighteen months before so grossly calumniated him In replying to Coleridge's letter, Blackwood, on April 14, 1819 (obviously Mrs Oliphant is in error about this date, as Coleridge's letter is postmarked April 12, 1819), wrote admitting the impropriety of some of the earlier articles in the Magazine, but assured Coleridge that the policy of the Magazine was improved and offered him 10 guineas a sheet for contributions Coleridge, however, did not contribute to *Blackwood's* until October, 1821—save for the republication of a sonnet, *Fancy in Nubibus*, in November, 1819 Cf Mrs Oliphant, *op cit*, 1 410

your correspondent, and a sort of promise *that* the Proprietors are determined to conduct *their* Magazine on the same principles, to the best of their power. If either the Scheme be rejected, or my co-operation in the realizing of the same not agreed to, I then rely on your honor that no use shall be made of the same, but that it shall be sent back to me.

Let us then for a moment *suppose* the plan to have received your approbation and concurrence—and that I, first, supplied you monthly to the amount of two Sheets, *one* article at least of which shall be (i.e. as far as my *comparative* Talents and Genius render it possible and probable) equivalent to the *leading* Article in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews—(by *leading* I mean that one article, which is expected to be much talked of, as for instance several of Mr Southey's in the Quarterly)—and that I shall be at all times prepared to give my best advice and opinion with regard to all the other parts of the Magazine, to be as, it were, your London Editor or Curator, and to exert my interest among my literary friends, not being professional Authors, to procure communications, to re-enliven, for this purpose, my correspondence abroad with several valued Friends of mine who are of highest rank among the Foreign Literati—in short, to give to the Edinburgh Magazine the whole weight of my interest, name, and character, whatever that may be—what shall you consider as a due remuneration? Suppose, that I start with the first of June—and that every 3 months you are at liberty to reconsider the terms, according as your experience may have been. You may either attach the whole to the *nominal* price of the sheet furnished, or make the remuneration depend part on the correspondence and part on my Editorial Labors. I neither do or shall propose any terms myself, but will not suffer you to wait a single day, beyond the time required for the mutual receipt of the Letters, without a decisive answer, yes or no. If in your own opinion you do not find yourself permitted to hazard any deviation, of consequence, from your common price—it will be better to let it drop at once. for I use the words in their *literal* sense when I say, that I *could* not assist you on

such terms For I dare not write what I cannot gladly own, and expect an increase of reputation from—others with other objects might compose three sheets in the same time and with far less exertion than I *could* produce one I may adopt the words which Mr. Wordsworth once used to Longman—You pay others, Sir ¹ for what they write, but you must pay *me* likewise for what I do *not* write for it is this (i e the omissions, erasures, etc) that cost me most both Time and Toil You should receive my plan as soon after I hear from you as the Post can carry it—Sincerely, Dear Sir

S T COLERIDGE

P S I shall hope to hear from you as soon as possible.

LETTER 303

To MESSRS TAYLOR AND HESSEY, *Fleet Street*.

[From a transcript of the original letter kindly sent me by Mr Henry C Shelley Published *Athenæum*, October 18, 1834, p 771]

Highgate,

Friday, April 16, 1819

DEAR SIRS

I hope, nay I feel confident, that you will interpret this note in its real sense—namely, as a proof of the esteem and respect which I entertain toward you both Looking in the Times this morning I was startled by an advertisement of *Peter Bell*, a Lyrical Ballad ¹—with a very significant motto from one of our comedies of Charles the IInd's reign, tho' *what* it signifies, I wish to ascertain. *Peter Bell* is a Poem of Mr Wordsworth's—and I have not heard, that it has been published by him If it have, and with his name (I have reason to believe, that he never publishes anonymously) and this now advertised be a ridicule on it—I have nothing to say But if it have not, I have ventured to pledge myself for you, that you would not wittingly give the high respectability of your names to an attack on a *Manuscript* work, which no man could assail but by a base breach of

¹ *Peter Bell*, a Lyrical Ballad, a clever burlesque of Wordsworth's poem, was published by Taylor and Hessey in April, 1819, a few days before the publication of Wordsworth's *Peter Bell* The author was Keats' friend, John Hamilton Reynolds

Trust—Merciful Heaven ! no one could dare read a copy of verses at his own fire-side, if such a practice were endured by honest men ! and that the Poem itself should have been published by *you*, unless with Mr Wordsworth's consent, is morally impossible

I just remember the first lines of Mr W's Peter Bell

There's something in a flying horse,
 There's something in a huge balloon ,
 But through the air I'll never float
 Until I get a little Boat,
 In shape just like the crescent moon
 And I *have* got a little Boat
 etc

Had it been in my power I should have gone to town, to *see* what *this* Peter Bell—(the true Simon Pure) is, and to have rectified any mistake, I may have made (tho' I can imagine no other but that the Poem may have been published by Mr Wordsworth and I not have heard of it) without mention of my preceding apprehensions But as I could not do this, and really felt uneasy, I resolved to throw myself on your good opinion of the Sincerity with which subscribe myself ¹

dear Sirs,

Yours Most respectfully,

S T COLERIDGE

¹ In replying to this letter Messrs Taylor and Hessey assured Coleridge that the parody "was written by a sincere admirer of Mr Wordsworth's Poetry The immediate Cause of his writing this burlesque imitation of the Idiot Boy was the Announcement of a new Poem with so untimely a Title as that of Peter Bell You do not know the Author, nor are we at liberty to mention his name He never heard a line of the original poem, nor did he know that it was in existence till he saw the Name in the Advertisements" (From a transcript of the original letter sent in by Mr Henry C Shelley)

LETTER 304

To MESSRS TAYLOR AND HESSEY

[From a transcript of the original letter kindly sent me by Mr Henry C Shelley Published *Athenæum*, October 18, 1834, p 771]

Highgate,

Thursday Afternoon, [April, 1819]

DEAR SIRS

The Influenza, which is at present going about, has honored *me* with it's particular attention, in the form of fever, weight in my limbs, and this from the day, I received your letter and the *true Simon Pure* Tho' I write with difficulty, I will not longer delay to assure you that I should not have subjected myself to the possible charge of impertinent interference, had I been then aware that Mr Wordsworth's Poem¹ had been announced publicly—for it is now many years, since I have been in correspondence with him by letters It is, according to my principles, *all fair* The Satirist pretends to know nothing of the Author but what he has drawn from his printed works—and implies nothing against his person and private character All else is matter of Taste I laughed heartily at *all the Prose*, notes included—and am confident should have done so and yet more heartily had I been myself the barb of the joke The writer, however, ought (as a man, I mean) to recollect that Mr Wordsworth for full 16 years had been assailed, weekly, monthly, and Quarterly, with every species of wanton detraction and contempt—that my “Literary Life”² was the first critique which acknowledging and explaining his faults (as a *Poet*) weighed them fairly against his merits (and is there a Poet now alive who will pretend to believe himself equal in genius to Wordsworth ?) that during all these years Mr Wordsworth made no answer, displayed no resentment, and lastly, that from Cicero to Luther, Giordano Bruno, Milton, Dryden, Wolfe, John Brown, Hunter, etc etc I know but *one* instance (that of Benedict Spinoza) of a man

¹ *Peter Bell*

² Cf *Biographia Literaria*, Chapter XXII

of great genius and original mind who on those very accounts had been abused, misunderstood, decried and (as far as the several ages permitted) persecuted, who has not been worried at last with a semblance of Egotism The verdict of Justice is ever the same, as to the quantum of credit due to a man comparatively—if the whole or perhaps more than the whole is given to a man by his contemporaries generally, what wonder if he feels little temptation to claim any in his own name ?

As to the *Poem* of the Satirist, it seems to me like many of its predecessors of the same sort A we are to suppose writes like a simpleton, and B writes tenfold more simpletonish—ergo B's wilful idiocy is a *witty* satire on A's childishness ! ! at the best this is but mimicry, buffoonery, not satire When a man can imitate even stupidity and the blunders of a Dogberry so as to render them, as Shakspeare has done, the vehicles of the most exquisite sense—this is indeed *wit* !—But be the verses what they may, they are all *monthly* fair and the Preface and notes are very droll and clever—

Yours, dear Sirs,

With unfeigned respect,

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 305

To WILLIAM DAVIES, *Messrs Cadell and Davies, Strand*

[Original letter, Harvard College Library]

Highgate,

[*Postmark, April 20, 1819*]

DEAR SIR

To the Influenza, which has taken hold of almost every third Person in this Neighborhood, but which has assumed a form of Dysentery in *my* case (the complaint to which so many of my family have fallen victims—and which, in addition to the effects of the counteracting medicines, has till now incapacitated me from sitting down even for 10 minutes without a bewildering pain and restlessness) you will have the goodness to attribute my Delay in answering your kind invitation If no relapse take place, I am per-

mitted by my medical friend to say, that I shall be happy to wait on you on Friday next— You will be pleased to hear that my eldest Son who has just taken his Degree has been elected “ Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, against candidates of powerful Talents and after an examination *most highly* to his credit, as a Classic, a Logician, and a Theologian In Logic, Moral Philosophy, and Theology his attainments were far beyond what his age authorized us to expect, and indeed generally wherever opportunity was given for the display of original Talent, and self-formed views, his superiority was palpable ”— These are the words of one of his Examiners—and *you* will more than pardon, you will sympathize with, the Fatherly Pride which has tempted me to transcribe them ¹ I have yet one other Son, whose Abilities, Principles, and Industry are as great a Blessing to me as his Brother is I am in hopes that I shall be able to send him to College in about a year—at least, I shall struggle very hard for it—and it is this which more than all else makes me anxious to form some honorable engagement that may bring me in *something* For hitherto my literary Toils have been more profitable to others than myself—in fact, with exception of the five guineas a week which I earned during the time, I wrote regularly for the Morning Post and Courier, I have lost money instead of gaining—But God’s will be done ! I have retained a calm Conscience, and my Children will inherit my Principles at least, and have been *educated*, in the best sense of the word—And these are Blessings, for which even Poverty and Detraction are but light Counterweights

Make my best respects to Mrs Davies— I am not sufficiently out of pain and intestine commotion to sit longer at my Desk—so must defer all else to Friday—till when I remain,

Dear Sir,

with unfeigned respect

and earnest good wishes

Your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

¹ Hartley Coleridge took his degree, *in literis humanioribus*, on February 11, 1819, two months later he was elected probationary fellow of Oriel College

LETTER 306

To CHARLES MATHEWS

[Original letter, Huntington Library The name of the recipient of this letter is missing from the original MS, but the letter is undoubtedly addressed to Charles Mathews, the actor, who in May, 1819, moved to Ivy Cottage, Highgate Hill, not far from the Grove]

J Gillman's Esqre, Highgate,
May 6, 1819

DEAR SIR

Strolling down Mitfield Lane, my favorite walk, I was informed by a workman who observed me gazing at Mr Tenpaint's pretty Gothic Cottage, that you had been as much pleased with it as myself and that I owe to it the chance of having you as a Neighbor I determined therefore to avail myself of a former introduction to you, to offer my services if in any way you can employ them, taking me either as now an old Stager at Highgate, or as the Author of Remorse, tho' at present far more disposed to the Laughable than the Tragic In sober earnest, however, I have long had the highest admiration of your Talents, and on whatever occasion you might wish to use either me or my Pen or the little influence with the daily and weekly or monthly Press, which I possess, *as a friend*, you will always find me *At Home*

That Home is with my valued friend, Mr Gillman, at the Top of the Hill—your Landlord's medical attendant, and the man, who has *the respectable* practice of Highgate and it's vicinity, and whose Talents and Acquirements would do honor to a larger and more public sphere of Medical Utility The best is—that he has the three good qualities that most improve by keeping each other's company i e He is an agreeable Man, an honest Man, and a Man of sound common sense—which last I hold to be nine tenths of medical excellences I hope, for your own sake and the Public's that you may long keep your knowledge of him confined to his merits as a good and friendly neighbor—but should a few of the Aches, you have often caused in *my* sides as well as in those

of some thousand others, be transferred to yourself or household, I dare anticipate the result of your experience,—as coincident with my own—videlicet, that no one complains of him but his Druggist, who swears that for a man with such a practice he sends out a *shameful small* quantity of Medicines

But to return to a more pleasant and I trust a less remote subject—are you at all acquainted with the dramatic Pieces of Carlo Gozzi, called (absurdly enough) the Venetian Shakspeare? Tho' no Shakspeare, he is a delightful Fellow and your late bold and fortunate attempt has repeatedly reminded me of him. The Pieces are Dramatized Popular Tales, such as our Bluebeard, Cinderella and the like, all the comic dialogue being left to the Actors to supply, ad libitum—the author giving the subjects, and *hints* only. It would be, I am aware, very, perhaps insuperably, difficult to find two or three capable of playing second or even third parts to you—even had it not been proved, that you are yourself a sufficient Novelty for the Public. But otherwise I am convinced that Gozzi's *Plan* properly *anglicized* and *Londonized* (not the works themselves) would meet with some share of the success which bore down every thing before it at Venice—and fairly laughed Goldoni and the Comedie Carmoyante into mortal hysterics, and Sentimentality out of all good society. At all events, in the old Italian and (what perhaps may surprize you) in the *Danish* Literature there is an inexhaustible fund of the Comic, which, as far as an hour's conversation (now and then when you have nothing better to do) could convey it, might supply a few serviceable Items—which at all events would cost you nothing but the time spent in chatting them over.

I am not certain whether you are acquainted with Mr. Arnold,¹ and in the habit of seeing him. I have not forgotten his kindness during the preparation of the Remorse and the infrequency of my journeys to town from my valetudinarianism (n b this is the age of *Polysyllables*) has alone prevented me from renewing my thanks to him personally

¹ S J Arnold (1774-1852), the dramatist

Wishing you every pleasure and advantage that can be given by the prettiest House in the best air and neighboured by the most delightful walks that are to be found within ten miles from the Strand, N E S or West,

I remain, dear Sir,

Your old and sincere

Admirer,

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 307

To THOMAS ALLSOP

[From the original letter in the possession of the grand-daughters of Thomas Allsop

Thomas Allsop (1795-1880) had introduced himself to Coleridge after one of the 1818 lectures of Coleridge at Fleur-de-Luce Court, and a warm friendship ensued. Coleridge found in the youthful Allsop not the intellectual stimulus of his disciples (Green, Tulk, etc.) but the solace of an admiring friend, to Allsop, Coleridge confided, just as he had done earlier to Poole and to Wordsworth

In 1836, Allsop issued his *Letters, Conversations and Recollections of S T Coleridge*, in which many of Coleridge's most intimate letters were printed. The allusions to Wordsworth and Southey, as well as to Coleridge's wife, children, and nephews, were of a painful and private nature and ought, during their lifetime, at least, to have been omitted.]

October 8, 1819

MY DEAR SIR

What shall I say? or what do? When I first read your letter and noticed the inclosed,¹ unsuspecting of the magnitude, I remained for some minutes reflecting—I might almost say, mentally *gazing*—on the act, the impulse and the accompanying sentiments, perfectly abstracted from the *persons*, alike from myself and from you. Having again read the letter and then opened the note, it was not *surprise*, I felt—nor yet was it any confusion of feelings. All that rendered the kindness peculiar, all that individualizes us both by Lot and by Nature, rose up in my mind—I seemed to *struggle* to retain and review my first impression, and the complacency and the hope and the faith in Human Nature which had

¹ Coleridge had written of the failure of Curtis and Fenner (Cf *Letters, Conversations*, etc. 1864, 5-9) and apparently Allsop responded with a gift of money

accompanied them—but—why should I hesitate to tell you ? I burst into a flood of Tears Why indeed should I be ashamed to say this ? for such tears and such only will be shed at the threshold of the Gate, within which all tears will be wiped away I can say no more—only this My dear young Friend ! you would cruelly tho' most unintentionally wound me, if you have in this made any sacrifice of your future worldly well-doing— I have not said, your present *comforts*—because you have made me know that I can interpret your feelings by what my own would be But if in the fervor of kindness you have at all distressed yourself, you cannot conceive how dearly I should *love* you—more than even as I do now—if you would say it in some way From one I did not sincerely respect I would of course receive nothing—but from you—wanting it I would receive what you do not I scarcely know what I am writing—perhaps, I had better have delayed answering till my spirits were somewhat tranquillized I can barely collect myself sufficiently to convey to you—first, that I receive this proof of your filial kindness with feelings not unworthy of the same—that I dare not offend against the sincerity, which is the bond of friendship, by disguising that my circumstances are such as rendered such an assistance somewhat more than merely useful, inasmuch as it has saved me from the necessity of abandoning a work of permanent character in order to waste myself in Magazines and Newspapers—but that, whenever (if ever) my circumstances shall improve, you must permit me to remind you that what was, and *forever* under *all* conditions of fortune will be *felt* as a *gift*, has become a Loan—and lastly, that you must let me have you as a frequent friend on whose visits I may rely as often as convenience will permit you—

May God bless you, my dearest Sir,—and I humbly thank God, that I dare wish you to see and *know*,

Your obliged and affectionate

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 308

To JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART ¹

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge
This letter was accompanied by a copy of *Zapolya* bearing the inscription,
"To the Author of 'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk' from his obliged
S T C"]

[November, 1819]

DEAR SIR

If you knew or if it were in my power adequately to represent to you the condition of mind, body and estate under which this dramatic effort was commenced, carried on and ended, or the contradictory objects between which I was struggling or rather the continued contradiction between the anxiety to make something that would do for the Theatre in its present state, and the disgust in writing *Musis et Apolline nullo* (a sin against my own ghost sufficiently avenged by the insolent and unfeeling caprice with which I was treated by the classical committee, one of which coolly informed me that after Bertram [the public] would not be contented but with something truly Shakespearian, if not equal to yet *like the Bertram* ¹) you would be disposed to look for the beauties rather than the faults, and if you found any of the former, to wonder at their existence far beyond your admiration. The character of Glycine pleases me on a calm perusal of the work so much that I regret its being thrown away. I have planned a rifacimento of the Play, so as to remedy the Plurality of nearly equal Interests, and the want of Prominence from the too crowded foreground and continuity in the Female Characters S T C

P S N B *Zapolya* was printed without my consent, and the permission to publish it extorted from my facility, or in fact from the most mischievous vice in my character, the wretched cowardice that shrinks from reiterating No, when another is impudent enough to repeat and reurge an entreaty A thousand were to be printed, and the half profits given

¹ John Gibson Lockhart (1794-1854) Scott's biographer and son-in-law, published in 1819 *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, under the pseudonym of Peter Morris

me as soon as the Printing had been paid— I was informed that a hundred had been sold. On the Publisher's bankruptcy it came out that 2000 had been printed and 1100 sold. Similar proceedings with all my other works—so that I was forced to become my own purchaser in order to prevent them from being sold *en masse* for waste paper¹—yet I am called to account for *doing nothing*, for indolence etc—tho' not Southey himself has worked harder than myself. My writings are not pleasing to the Public— Well I do not blame the Public, but surely I ought not to be publicly blamed. Am I misled by parental vanity when I acknowledge a favourable opinion of pages—21 22,² the five last lines of p 25³, pp 26-31⁴—the passage marked of 38⁵, 39-44⁶ and p 106⁷?

LETTER 309

TO AN UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT

[Original letter, British Museum]

[1820]

MY DEAR SIR

In a copy of verses entitled " A Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouny " ⁸ I described myself under the influence of strong devotional feelings gazing on the Mountain till as if it had been a Shape emanating from and sensibly representing her own essence my soul had become diffused thro' " the mighty Vision," and there

As in her natural Form, swelled vast to Heaven ⁹

Mr Wordsworth, I remember, censured the passage as strained and unnatural, and condemned the Hymn in toto (which nevertheless I ventured to publish in the " Sibylline Leaves ") as a specimen of the Mock Sublime. It may be so

¹ In the summer of 1819, Rest Fenner became bankrupt, and Coleridge, to save his printed books from Fenner's creditors, was forced to borrow £150 to buy back his own works and the half copyrights

² Cf *Zapolya*, Prelude, 1 351-394

³ *Ibid* Prelude, 1 428-432

⁴ *Ibid* Prelude, 1 433-540

⁵ *Ibid* 1 1 46-63

⁶ *Ibid* 1 1 64-167

⁷ *Ibid* IV 1 67-88

⁸ See *Poems*, 376-380

⁹ *Ibid* 378, line 23

for others, but it is impossible that I should find it myself unnatural, being conscious that it was the image and utterance of Thoughts and Emotions in which there was no Mockery. Yet on the other hand I could readily believe that the mood and Habit of mind out of which the Hymn rose, that differs from Milton's and Thomson's and from the Psalms, the source of all three, in the Author's addressing himself to *individual* objects actually present to his Sense while his great Predecessors apostrophize *classes* of things presented by the memory and generalized by the Understanding—I can readily believe, I say, that in this there may be too much of what the learned Med'ciners call the *Idiosyncratic* for true Poetry. For from my very childhood I have been accustomed to *abstract* and as it were unrealize whatever of more than common interest my eyes dwelt on and then by a sort of transference and transmission of my consciousness to identify myself with the Object—and I have often thought, within the last five or six years, that if ever I should feel once again the genial warmth and stir of the poetic impulse, and referred to my own experiences, I should venture on a yet stranger and wilder Allegory than of yore—that I should *allegorize* myself, as a rock with its summit just raised above the surface of some Bay or Strait in the Arctic Sea “while yet the stern and solitary Night Brook¹ no alternate Sway”—all around me fixed and firm me thought as my own Substance, and near me lofty Masses that might have seemed to “hold the moon and stars in fee,” and often in such wild play with meteoric lights, or with the Shine from above which they made rebound in sparkles or disband in off-shoots and splinters and iridescent needle shafts of keenest Glitter, that it was a pride and a place of Healing to lie, as in an Apostle's Shadow, within the Eclipses and deep substance-seeming Gloom of “these dread Ambassadors from Earth to Heaven, Great Hierarchs”² and then obscured yet to think myself obscured by consubstantia Forms, based in the same Foundation as my own .

¹ Cf. Milton, J., *On the Same* (*On the Detraction*), l. 17

² Cf. *Hymn before Sunrise*, ll. 81-82, *Poems*, i. 380

grieved not to serve them—yea, lovingly and with gladness I abased myself in their presence for they are, my Brothers, I said, and the Mastery is their's by right of elder birth and by right of the mightier strivings of the hidden Fire that uplifted them above me ¹—

LETTER 310

To THOMAS ALLSOP

[From the original letter in the possession of the grand-daughters of Thomas Allsop This letter refers to a business venture of Allsop's]

[1820]

MY DEAR FRIEND

It was eleven o'clock this morning, when Mrs Gillman brought up your letter—and as soon as I had shaved and shifted, which from a distressful night and increased pain in a wrong place altho' *in recto* I could not accomplish till 12, I walked out to con over the letter best calculated to effect your wish—so that I was unfortunately out when your messenger arrived. I now in—or rather *con*-close a letter to Sir Humphry Davy, so written that if it should be necessary to deliver it *to day*, it will, I hope, serve the purpose—but yet I should be glad if your schemes allow of deferring it's presentation till the time mentioned in your first letter, in order that Sir H Davy may have received the more particular letter which I shall write to him as soon as Riley is dispatched, to go by our afternoon ($\frac{1}{4}$ before 5) Post—by way of preparing him for the note of introduction God bless you, my dearest Friend I will yearn and even pray for your success, especially if you will henceforward never begin a letter to me with My dear Sir—for I am in very truth your loving and I trust

beloved Friend

S T COLERIDGE.

I have not the honor of any such acquaintance with Dr Woolaston, having only occasionally met him at dinner parties, as to be privileged to write him introductive letters

¹ This letter has neither conclusion nor signature

or any letters—but I will try forthwith to think of some common friend of mine and the Doctor's—You will inclose my letter to Davy in the coverture and seal it

LETTER 311

To J GOODEN, 46 *Wooburn Place, Russell Square*

[Original letter, Dr Williams's Library Coleridge dates the letter 1814, but obviously carried over the 14 from January, as the postmark is 1820 This letter is addressed to J Gooden, whom Crabb Robinson called "an elderly gentleman, long an admirer of Wordsworth, and a good scholar" *Diary* T Sadler, 1872, II 232]

Highgate,
January 14, [1820]

DEAR SIR

The matrimonial Goddess and Boreas in conjunction have imposed so many *Labors* in expectation on our medical Hercules, and the latter Divinity growled so many threats to the poor Invalid, his unworthy Friend, your humble Servant, in addition to an accumulation of literary engagements to be fulfilled, that we are compelled to defer the pleasure of passing an Attic Evening with you, in pursuance of your kind invitation, to a more favorable conjunction of Planets Accept my thanks for the Rules of the Harmony I perceive, that the Members are chiefly Merchants, but yet it were to be wished, that such an enlargement of the Society could be brought about, as retaining all it's present purposes might add to them the ground work of a Library of Northern Literature, and by bringing together the many Gentlemen who are attached to it be the means of eventually making both countries better acquainted with the valuable part of each other—especially, the English with the German for our most sensible men look at the German Muses thro' a film of prejudice and utter misconception

With regard to Philosophy, there are half a dozen things, good and bad that in this country are so nick-named, but in the only accurate sense of the term, there neither are, have been, or ever will be but two essentially different Schools of Philosophy the Platonic, and the Aristotelean To the

latter, but with a somewhat nearer approach to the Platonic, Emanuel Kant belonged, to the former Bacon and Leibnitz and in his riper and better years Berkeley—And to this I profess myself an adherent—*nihil novum, vel inauditum audemus*, tho' as every man has a force of his own, without being more or less than a man, so is every true Philosopher an original, without ceasing to be an Inmate of Academies or of the Lyceum But as to caution, I will just tell you how I proceeded myself, 20 years and more ago when I first felt a curiosity about Kant, and was fully aware that to master his meaning, as a system, would be a work of great Labor and long Time First, I asked myself, have I the Labor and the Time in my power? Secondly, if so and if it would be of adequate importance to me if true, by what means can I arrive at a rational presumption for or against? I enquired after all the more popular writings of Kant—read them with delight—I then read the Prefaces to several of his Systematic Works, as the Prolegomena etc—here too every part, I understood, and that was nearly the whole, was replete with sound and plain tho' bold and novel truths to me—and I followed Socrates's Adage respecting Heracitus—All I understand is excellent, and I am bound to presume that the rest is at least worth the trouble of trying whether it be not equally so In other words, until I understand a Writer's Ignorance, I presume myself ignorant of his understanding Permit me to refer you to a chapter on this subject in my *Literary Life*¹ Yet I by no means recommend to you an extension of your philosophic researches beyond Kant In him is contained all that can be *learnt*—and as to the results, you have a firm Faith in God, the responsible Will of Man, and Immortality—and Kant will demonstrate to you, that this Faith is acquiesced in,—indeed, nay, confirmed by the Reason and Understanding, but grounded in Postulates authorized and Substantiated solely by the *Moral Being*— These are likewise *mine* and whether the *Ideas* are regulative only, as Aristotle and Kant teach, or constitutive and actual as Pythagoras and Plato, is of

¹ See *Biographia Literaria*, Chapter xii

living Interest to the Philosopher by Profession alone Both systems are equally true, if only the former abstain from denying *universally* what is denied individually He for whom Ideas are constitutive, will in effect be a Platonist—and in those, for whom they are regulative only, Platonism is but a hollow affectation Dryden *could* not have been a Platonist—Shakespear, Milton, Dante, Michael Angelo, and Rafael could not have been other than Platonists Lord Bacon, who never read Plato's Works, Taught pure Platonism in his *great* Work, the *Novum Organum*, and abuses his divine Predecessor for fantastic nonsense, which he had been the first to explode

Accept my best respects as, dear Sir,

Your's most sincerely,

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 312

To MISS KELLY, *Henrietta Street, Covent Garden*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge This letter is addressed to Frances Maria Kelly (1790-1882) the friend of Charles Lamb and probably the inspiration of *Dream Children*]

Highgate,

Tuesday Morning, [Postmark, March 28, 1820]

Mr Coleridge feels and acknowledges Miss Kelly's kindness in the invitation which he has this moment received thro' his old and dear Friends, Charles and Mary Lamb—and assures Miss Kelly that not He but his Health consents to his not availing himself of the opportunity Were Mr C but one tenth of the distance, he is so unwell and from many recent exertions and vexations so jaded, that his medical Friend would interpose his Veto—and yet were his Health only at it's ordinary or average *below par*, and instead of a party, Mr C could pass two or three hours at a Fire-side with a friend or two in Miss Kelly's Company, twice 5 miles would not scare him from the undertaking

LETTER 313

To RICHARD SHARP, No 3 Mansion House Place, London

[Original letter, Historical Society of Pennsylvania]

Highbury, Tuesday Night, June 13, 1820

DEAR SIR

My Son, Derwent Coleridge, came home, an evening or two ago, much delighted with having met you in the street, and at the kindness with which you recognized him. Encouraged by this he has twice called in Mansion House Street, the last time in company with our common old and excellent Friend, Mr T Poole, of Stowey, but was not fortunate enough to find you at home. And this too has encouraged *me* to solicit your good offices in his behalf, should the object, he is in pursuit of, chance to fall within the sphere of your influence, directly or mediately. Derwent was entered, early in May last, at St John's College, Cambridge, and will commence residence (God permitting) next October. There happens to be now vacant a Cambridge Exhibition of 15*l* a year in the gift of the Skinners' Company, of which we heard but a few days ago. Still however it may not be too late as he has an active Friend in Mr Nixon¹—tho' the applications to be of any service must be made before Thursday. I dare acquit my *judgement* of being warped by parental feelings, when I affirm that he is a most amiable Youth and both in Talents and Attainments one of no ordinary promise. I know no instance of any one who has known him and not been interested in his Welfare. I scarcely need say that with his narrow allowance this Exhibition would be a very desirable [one]. I have therefore taken the Liberty of Sending you the Names of the Gentlemen who have votes²—marking those whose good will we have [been] led to believe of *especial* importance, tho' none can be other than important. If any name be there, with whom you

¹ Mr Nixon was apparently the father of Eliza Nixon, to whom Coleridge wrote on his deathbed. See Letter 399, June 14, 1834.

² I have omitted the list of names, which follows at the end of this letter.

could with propriety be Derwent's Advocate, or should our present attempt be frustrated, if any thing of the kind in the gift of any other Company offer itself hereafter, permit me to entreat your interest I believe that I hazard little in saying that Mr Southey and Mr Wordsworth would feel themselves personally obliged by your exertion of it in Derwent's favor and I confidently hope, that his Academic Career will be such as not to discredit his Patrons It is superfluous to add that I shall feel most sensibly this accession to the many kindnesses and services which have already obliged, dear Sir, Your's with grateful respect and regard

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 314

To DERWENT COLERIDGE, Exeter College, Oxford

[From the original letter in the possession of the Rev G H B Coleridge Published *Coleridge and His Son*, E L Griggs, *Modern Philology*, Vol xxvii No 4, October, 1930

In the summer of 1820, Hartley Coleridge was notified by the Oriel College authorities that he would not be re-elected a Fellow of Oriel He had failed to conform to the official routine, and his occasional intemperance and natural peculiarities combined to prejudice his colleagues against him No charge, however, was made, but he was not thought a suitable candidate for a Fellowship The news of his failure seems to have been a surprise to him, and in his disappointment and self-condemnation he had apparently run away Coleridge's letter shows a depth of feeling commensurate with the love that penned the lines *Frost at Midnight*, *The Nightingale*, and the conclusion to the second part of *Christabel*

Monday, July 3, 1820

MY DEAR DERWENT

I were, methinks, to be pardoned, if even on my own account I felt it an aggravation of my sore affliction that, your Brother without writing or any other mode of communication should have bent his course to the North as tho' I were not his Father nor he himself bound to Mr and Mrs Gillman by his own knowledge of the affectionate and scarcely less than parental anxiety with which they follow him thro' luck and unluck, good report and evil Or am I to suppose, that having taken his resolutions he found or fancied that it

would be less painful to him to imply by his absence than to tell me by word of mouth, that my advice would be to no purposes and my Wishes of the same stuff as my Tears ? One thing at least is certain that had it been his object to make it known and felt, that he considered me as having forfeited the interest and authority of a Father *per desuetudinem usus*, and as a Defaulter in the Duties, which I owed his Youth, he could not have chosen a more intelligible (God knows ! on his own account too afflictive to be mortifying) way of realizing it ! Ignorant of all the *detail* of the case, of the Persons, and their relative Bearings both on Hartley's present and his prior situation, I do not permit myself to form any positive Judgement on certain parts of your letter But I conjecture, that it will differ from your's and Mr Burton's tho' neither of you will have grounded his opinion less on mere worldly prudence, or on self-interest in any lower sense than as it is the necessary Counterweight of self-indulgence O ! my dear Boy ! never forget, that as there is a Self-willedness which drifts on from self-interest to finish it's course in the sucking eddy-pool of Selfishness, so there is a Self-interest which begins in Self-sacrifice, and ends in God But deferring the whole question of your Brother's acquaintances and connections, I can only gather from your letter the ascertainment of which I had before supposed—that Hartley had converted difference of manners, views and opinions into positive dislike, and, I sadly fear, into settled enmity by his ungracious style of repelling the requests and admonitions of the fellows of Oriel—that then instead of fortifying himself against the hostility, so excited, by more than common guardedness of conduct he managed to put himself completely in their power by a succession of trifling (many of them perhaps, unconscious) indiscretions, irregularities and unpunctualities, which have been woven together into a Web, with that cruellest sophism of Calumny, which destroying the actual distances and interspaces gives a false context and interprets fault by fault—and that Hartley's mood of mind gives the one only thing wanting to secure their triumph ! You have not said, whether Dr.

Coplestone¹ is at Oxford or not¹ and if not, where he is ? The names and present addresses of the Fellows of Oriel you should likewise procure And then if your Brother have left Birmingham or in disregard of my entreaties perseveres in going to Keswick, I expect you here with as little delay as possible

My health is not worse, and during the day or as long as I am up, I am calm or at all events can manage what I feel But I cannot tell why, as soon as my head is on my pillow, my thoughts become their own masters, spite of every effort to go to sleep, with indifferent trains of thinking, and tho' I do not go to bed till I am downright weary of holding myself up, and continue reading and trying to interest my intellect or my fancy in the subject to the last moment Last night, however, I screamed out but once only in my sleep, and my stomach felt but in a very slight degree sore after I woke—the exceeding order and wild *Swedenborgian* rationality of the Images in my Dreams, whenever I have been in any great affliction, so that they haunt me for days—and the odd circumstance that these dreams are always accompanied with profuse weeping in my sleep towards morning, and probably not long before I wake—for my pillow is often quite wet (or the screaming fits take place in the first sleep, and from dreams that are either frightful or mere imageless sensation of affright and leave no traces)—these are problems which I encourage myself in proposing and trying to solve, were it only to divert my attention from the occasion of them. O surely if Hartley knew or believed that I love him and [hunger] after him as I do and ever have done, he would have come to me

I never saw a man more thoroughly affected and occupied with a vexation, than Mr Gillman is at present—and never saw Love or Friendship shew itself in more fits and forms of Praise and Blame, Reproach and Defence. All send their kindest regards, and join with me in urging

¹ Edward Copleston (1776-1849) was at this time provost of Oriel College He later became Bishop of Llandaff and Dean of St Paul's.

you to return (as soon as your further stay ceases to be necessary) to

my dear Derwent
Your afflicted and loving Father
S T COLERIDGE

P S If Hartley be at Birmingham, and you think, that your presence would enable you to persuade him to return hither with you, of course you will go there

I am vexed to find that the Post is gone—Tuesday morning, 4 July I have this moment received your heart-wringing intelligence I wish that I dared believe that Hartley is bonâ fide on his road to Keswick—but the same Dread struck at once on Mr G's mind and mine—that he is wandering on some wild scheme, in no dissimilar mood or chaos of feelings to that which possessed his unhappy father at an earlier age during the month that ended in the Army-freak, and tha[t he may] even be scheming to take passage from Liverpool to America Again I must say that the venom if not the sharpness of the Pang, which I am suffering, is on account of his own moral being, where I am forced to see that he seems to have had no more reference to *me* than as if no such person had been in existence My very name appears not to have occurred to him !

If there were tolerable assurance of a Letter reaching him, I would by hook or crook get and send him a sum of money sufficient to prevent any additional bewilderment from immediate pecuniary distress—but if he should be at Keswick, this will not be immediately necessary—and if my fears be just, I must direct in the dark And what if I write to Liverpool, to any of his or his Mother's friends, as the Cromptons, to look for him ? this may be doing mischief and injure him by setting their heads at work on the, *what is it ? what can it be ?* For this reason among many others I intreat you to return hither without an hour's unnecessary delay—else it will be rumoured that your Brother has run off, and that you are sent to seek after him Unless therefore some strong probability of good rise up, cōntrary to all

present probability, come back and let me have no answer to this letter but yourself From what Charles Owen told me, I had augured nothing but evil of this Aubyn connection¹—but suffered myself to be quieted by Hartley's strong letter in vindication of his pupil, representing the cruel disadvantages under which he had grown up, his excellent principles—that the root of his moral character was sound and vigorous—and the duty, that he (Hartley) felt, to persevere in assisting him to rescue himself Likewise, on the very first slight Hint, I ever received, from John Coleridge, which was but a week or so after Hartley's election as prob. fellow, and no more than that “the men of Oriel meant to rally him out of his oddities,” and how advisable it was gradually to transfer his intimacies of mere acquaintanceship to his new College, I wrote to him tenderly requesting him to bear it with cheerful good humour, to manifest a disposition to check in himself what was confessedly not in harmony with the established form and at least innocent assumption of dignity and decorum in men, whose characters as fellows of Oriel he had by his own act and choice so far identified with his own, that there must be more or less a re-action from the latter on the former, and therefore a rightful claim of interference on *their* part But these are vain recollections What he should do now, is as evident as the hope, that he will do it, is (I fear) vain—He should put in execution what he *says* he can do, and I doubt not, truly says He should state the whole affair in succession as it really was in each point—distinguishing error from imprudence, and imprudence from admitted impropriety, bringing to it's just size what had been exaggerated, clearing up what had been misunderstood or misinterpreted, and admitting point by point whatever in his habits, conduct or demeanor appeared culpable, to his own deliberate thoughts, and pledging himself to the requisite change, above all by assigning one sacrifice (that of wine or at least of never exceeding a third glass and never but at or after dinner). Add

¹ St Aubyn was a young student for whom Hartley acted as tutor When St Aubyn failed in his examinations Hartley seems to have taken the blame on himself,

to this a solemn contract of honor entered into by himself, and by his Father, that on a proved breach of his engagement in any of these respects and the desire expressed by the Provost and Fellows in consequence, he will instantly resign his fellowship—and then I might exert the influence of my friends with Dr C and with each of the Fellows singly, to bring things about But all this he is precluding by gloomy resentment, or (as I would fain flatter myself with from one sentence in his last letter) from cowardice as to mental pain Oh ! if he knew how much I feel *with* him as well as how much I suffer for him, he could not so forget that he has a most affectionate Friend as well as a Father in S T Coleridge

LETTER 315

To JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

[Original letter, British Museum The holograph in the British Museum is incomplete and unsigned and may probably be a rough draft of the finished letter It was intended for John Gibson Lockhart, who had published in *Blackwood's Magazine* a letter of Coleridge's as *A Letter to Peter Morris, M D on the Uses and Sorts of Literary Praise* (September, 1820), without Coleridge's permission]

[Autumn, 1820]

DEAR SIR

Be assured, that I will do my duty toward you, at whatever cost The only wish, I dare encourage or express, is that the evil may not be made to extend *beyond* what is necessary for the accomplishment of the End in view . and *thus* I am prepared to do in the face of all consequences, doubly painful and unfortunate as they are (even in the anticipation) in my peculiar state of Health I feel indeed, that they have already commenced in the obligation, which the folly and malignity of I know not whom has *forced* you to impose on me—that of making explanations to you, which being personally a stranger to me you may find it difficult not to suspect of affectation or lurking vanity—nay, as even arguing a thankless disposition I am now mentally referring to the Fact, that from the time that the first friendly article appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*,¹ I have never

¹ The October, 1818, issue

opened a single number, not even that in which my Letter to you was published and that Baldwin's Magazine I never *saw*, till about a fortnight ago I *saw* indeed three or four numbers at Mr C Lamb's, during one of my rare visits to town—and at Lamb's request read *his* Article on Christ's Hospital,¹ which (he told me) he had chiefly compiled from his recollections of what he had heard from me, as the set-off of a friendless Boy against his (Lamb's) former panegyric account of the same Institution I was about to read another of his Essays, on the South Sea House²—but the time for the Highgate stage had come, and *excepting the above article, and one paragraph* of a contribution signed W H (Hazlitt I suppose) in which I saw an abusive mention of my name in connection with Behmen and Swedenborg, my eyes and ears are up to this moment innocent of the Work in toto As far as this Work is in point, I have no explanation to make My sentiments on the nature of all intrusions into private Life, and of more private *personalities* in all shapes I have given at large in the Friend, and yet more pointedly in the Literary Life, Vol 11, 118, 119, and 302³ These you know, but you cannot know my dear Sir¹ the *peculiar* depth of aversion, the actual detestation, which I *feel*, respecting malignity on this in it's fashionable form nor how many causes accumulating thro' a long series of years, and acting perhaps on constitutional predisposition, have combined to make me shrink from all occasions that threaten to force my thoughts back on *myself* personally—as soon as any thing of this sort is on the point of being talked of, I feel uneasy till I have turned the conversation, or fairly slunk out of the room—The entire loss of all the profits small as they were, from all my publications, added to the necessity of purchasing back the half copy-rights of the unsold copies—and the thence pressing Sense of my un-

¹ *Christ's Hospital* was published in the *London Magazine* in November, 1820

² Lamb's *South Sea House* appeared in the *London Magazine* in August, 1820 Baldwin at first published the *London Magazine*, and Coleridge usually called the periodical *Baldwin's*

³ Cf *Biographia Literaria*, Chapters XXI, and XXIV,

provided state and immediate pecuniary perplexities, and the cruel prevention of being able to go on regularly with either of the great works, to the materials of which all lying before me 20 years had been mainly devoted—these alone, as far as *Self* was in question, and no disappointment connected with praise for it's own sake, made me complain inwardly of the silence of the Quarterly Review No one can lament more sorely than myself this morbid weakness, this mental cowardice In an essay published by me, 23 Nov 1809, that was lying open on the table as I began this Letter, I see the words—"as if he sought a refuge from his own Sensibility, he attached himself to the most abstruse researches, and seemed to derive an unmixed delight from such subjects only as exercised the strength and subtlety of his understanding without awakening the feelings of his heart"¹ But for *this* and embarrassed circumstances I dare believe that I should have been a Poet— I am certain that but for the two conjointly I should have continued to write poems Now shortly after the appearance of the truly friendly as well as complimentary essay in Blackwood, it pleased God to afflict me most heavily by the unexpected and most cruel and unjust persecution of my eldest Son at Oxford, just as I had supposed him settled in independence for a course of years at least and with the fairest prospects—I was stunned scarcely less by the suddenness of the Blow than by it's weight I hurried here and there—went to Oxford—made every inquisition, and every attempt—and succeeded only in obtaining decisive proofs of what in fact I had never doubted nor possibly could doubt, that my Son had been most cruelly wronged and then calumniated in order to justify the agents—whom my Son has challenged in vain to produce their evidence Even the time, I am now employing, had been destined to the pursuit of this hopeless Business What made it particularly hard upon me, was that at this very time I had to bestir myself in order to contrive the means of placing my Second Son at Cambridge—and besides these other unfortunate circumstances befel me,

¹ Cf the *Friend* (first edition), p 212

as make-weights of vexation My Health, bad before, has been most seriously affected—and you will no longer wonder, that as often as possible I have hid myself in old books, and in the forwarding my “Logic,” and “Assertio of Religion as implying Revelation, and of Christianity as the only Revelation of universal Validity”—or that I have not even looked into a new book, and that the Publication of my intimate Friends remain uncut on my shelves

I have sent to a Friend in town to borrow the Numbers of Baldwin's Magazine hitherto published—and shall receive them this evening or tomorrow—I will tell you all, I at present know or can recollect— Some weeks after the appearance of my Letter to you,¹ I heard that both my Son had been vexed and distressed at the circumstance, on the Ground that so many persons would know that it alluded in part to Wordsworth—that it would widen the breach or rather convert a coolness into a breach—but chiefly that it was so distressing to them, and still more to their Mother and Sister at Keswick I was vexed myself at the circumstance, sorely vexed, but *only with myself* Not you—how could I? but myself I did blame inwardly for sending off a Letter in the first sketch, written in the first warmth of feeling and the *general* contents of which indeed I remembered but not the particular sentences, or how far they enforced the interpretation that had been made, more or less strongly Shortly afterwards, and while I was *shying* this new vexation brought on by my own indiscretion, I recollect *some* Visitor, I think, it must have been Lamb, but I cannot distinctly recollect, spoke of it with strong expressions of regret, adding, you could never have meant it for the Public Eye, I am sure—or to that purpose Those who know me know well my way when I am spoken to on a subject, painful to me, and that I want to get rid of. I answered, or muttered rather impatiently—foolish vexatious business—that there was nothing in the Letter that my own feelings did not bear out and justify—however, I was vexed at it and had not had heart to see what I had written [on] and off the subject. But

¹ Cf *Blackwood's Magazine*, September, 1820.

as to telling any one that it was a *confidential Letter* to a *Friend*—What nonsense a man may chuse to *infer*, I can not say—but that it should have been said by me, or fairly inferable from my words, is out of the question. Would a Letter written to an imaginary Person, whose name I did not know, nay, whom I rather supposed to be two Persons—and this too expressed in the letter itself—' this a confidential Letter ? It is too absurd. But as to my *authorizing* any person to affirm, that it was written *in confidence*, in the sense that has been given to the word—Merciful Heaven ! had I had the most distant anticipation, the slightest suspicion, of either my name or your's being brought forward to the Public on the circumstance, I should have hastened to have first taken the whole on myself, and then to have reproached the Friend, if a Friend as in the case of Charles Lamb, with having even *intended* to make bad worse and bring one once more before the Public Bar, as if for the mere wanton purpose of forcing an open breach between me and Wordsworth's friends and family—But not feeling myself under any obligation to enter into any detail that was painful to me, and not *suspecting* the least occasion for it, I said just what was sufficient to put a stop to the conversation—and this is one reason, why I conclude, that it was Lamb who spoke to me—We have loved each other from earliest manhood—and he has a right on many accounts to be borne with by me, even in cases that in any other Friend I could not have borne without resentment—as the keeping up any friendly connection with Hazlitt—his writing in and for the same publication, by choice, and as if by some fatality

LETTER 316

To DERWENT COLERIDGE, *St John's College, Cambridge*

[From the original letter in the possession of the Rev G H B Coleridge]

Highgate,

[*Postmark, May 16, 1821*]

MY DEAR DERWENT

I leave the two first sides of this sheet for your and my kind friend, Mrs. Gillman. We are quite satisfied that

you both do and do without, to the utmost of your power—and God forbid but that by hook or crook you shall be enabled to make both ends meet, without incurring any Cambridge Debt—the very thought of which agitates me, who can never forget that the stupefying effect of my first Term Bill (including furniture etc., etc. vaguely ordered by me, poor, friendless, and in all circumstantialities most ignorant, lad, tho' I had during the whole term not wittingly fallen into any expence, and for whom three or four Rush Chairs and a deal table would have looked as well as Mr Hope's or the King's Drawing Room) affected and infected my whole life following—and by pure terror and hauntings of mind brought about a cowardice as to mental pain, which has been the main source of all my real Misdoings and *Not*-doings, and the occasion of many and worse being attributed to me. For God knows! the dread of painful thought, of mental disruption, which sometimes furnished occasion for misrepresentation, and always prevented me from justifying myself, has been the most and most culpable of all the evil that would remain at the bottom of the brimming Cup of Slander when the downright falsehood was taken away. I hope to make a little money within a month or six weeks and if I can only prevent *my* debt to my more than disinterested Friends, from accumulating, in the course of the present year—and prevent *your* being in debt at all, I shall be tranquil, and hope for better times. Could I produce any work that should become popular, I might, I doubt not, sell the copy-right of an Edition of my Poems, Biography, etc. that have been long out of print, for a sum that would go some way towards re-imbursing my best Friends, Mr and Mrs Gillman, whose very virtues do at times throw me into a gloomy mood. How can it be otherwise when day after day I see them so generous, so high-hearted, and yet so industrious, self-denying, and economic, and know that they are at this moment out of pocket by me to between 3 and 400£—on a calculation of my *bonâ fide* prime cost and their extra advances. I mention this for no other reason on earth, than because it is right that my children should know the

facts And now one sentence respecting your Cambridge War-fare A very high degree with it's consequents, a fellow-ship, a tutorship, a late College Living, perhaps a Mastership, is doubtless a desirable thing, but it may, even were it at all a certainty, be bought too, far too dear, *Culpably* too dear, if with the ruin of your Health, and *too* dear if at the sacrifice of the *harmomous* development of your intellectual powers My highest aspirations would be realized in your leaving the university with an honorable character, as a man, with a respectable Degree, or (should accidental Hindrances intervene) with the general conviction in the minds of your Contemporaries that you were entitled to it, and with *all* the several faculties of your mind, and all the acquirements subservient to their growth and application, cultivated in symmetiy, and mastered in proportion to their inner comparative Worth and their outward utility in respect to society at large and your own worldly as well as moral Interests You may be a Tutor in a wealthy or noble Family—you may (and *I* truly hope, will) be a Clergyman—a man of Letters—a Secretary to a public man What should a man, having your talents be and be master of, in all or either of these situations? In short do you mean to find your World in the University, or to make use of the University as a stepping stone to the World? This is the point on which you ought to make up your mind Both are possible But I hope to see you soon, and we will understand each other

Your affectionate father—S T C

I need not say, my dear Derwent! that if I had reason to suppose you inclined to scatter the stream of your Power and Time in a multiplicity of Channels, or to be dallying with the Desultories, which is the sad case with Hartley, my advice would be as different as the source of my anxiety But for *you*, I repeat it, the question is—and you alone must solve it for yourself—Which is or shall be your plan? The World *in* the University? Or the University for the World? Neither is *incompatible* with your moral and *trans-mundane*

interests But which of the two is most suited to *you*, Health, Circumstances, Temper, Taste, and comparative Faculty (—*facultas fiendi et faciendi*) included and considered? If you decide in favour of the latter, then I would fix on Trinity, a fair Senior Optimecy, *systematic* and *exact* study of the Greek Historians, Orators, and Dramatists, not neglecting the Roman, but studying them chiefly during and for the purpose of Latin Composition, prose and metre, (N B this latter as a sacrifice but not too dear as a sacrifice to the attainment of a respectable *chance* for the Classical Honours of your College and the University, including that of a Fellowship, but both only as a *Lucro ponamus*)—and all your classical studies under the guidance and in the light of *Philology*, in that original and noblest sense of the term, in which it *implies* and is the most *human* practical and fructifying Form, and (what is of no small moment in the present state of society) the most popular *Disguise*, of Logic and Psychology—without which what is man? (The last 5 words I wrote with the line “Without black velvet Breeches what is man?” running in my head)—

Would to God, my dearest Boy! that I had a Home of my own for you and your Friends—and that you might be the Invited instead of the Invitee—alternately at least It makes my heart ache to know that I have not tho’ I have all and more than all! I fear, that my affectionate and more than generous Host and Hostess can supply, consistently with the performance of their own duties Poor Hartley (who by himself is sure to find a welcome even¹ on Sundays, either at our house or Mr Milne’s, or Dr Owen’s or Mr Sutton’s or Mr Steele’s) in shrinking from the momentary pain of telling the plain truth, a truth not dishonorable to him or me, has several times inflicted an agitating pain and confusion on me, by bringing up Mr Burton unexpectedly on Sundays, on the intention of dining here—and *twice* of late have we been *obliged* to make an excuse, from the incapability of

¹ “I say, *even* because Sunday is the only Day when the Gilmans are likely to see their London Friends and Relations, including those of mine (such as Allsop, the Lambs, etc) who can only come on Sundays”
Note by S T C

finding room at our Table And what right have I to obtrude a stranger, whom I respect indeed on your account and believe to be truly respectable (and so do the Gillmans) but who is still, a stranger and not personally interesting to them, and necessarily giving the conversation a general cast? Add to this that during the hours before dinner I am engaged with Mr Green, or ought to be—and *fretting* either way—fearful of seeming disrespectful to Mr Burton, and yet seeing Mr G vexed and scarce knowing what to do This has given me a pain, far beyond the particular occasion, as a symptom of an evil in H that has been so unspeakably injurious to myself—for in the very first instance I spoke to him, explained the impropriety in detail, and my evident suffering, which instantly affects my stomach and bowels, should have given a more than sufficient force to my intreaties On the Sunday before last we, or rather Mrs G for it was not in my power or right, nor to tell you the truth even my inclination *at the moment*, invited Mr B and H for the following (i.e. the last) Sunday, as the only way of softening the awkward necessity of sending him away twice successively And what was Hartley's excuse—that Mr B had walked so far on the way with him, that he could not help asking him¹ As if Mr B would have been offended, had H told him—I do not think, we can dine at Mr G's—indeed, we must say that we do not—but we can see my Father, have a lunch of cold meat and pickles and return

H has the noblest subject that perhaps a Poet ever worked on—the Prometheus¹—and I have written a small volume almost to him, containing all the materials and comments on the full import of the most pregnant and sublime Mythos and Philosopheme²—in short the sum of all my Reading and reflection on this vast Wheel of the Mythology of the earliest and purest Heathenism, which makes it credible that (the names excepted) the Sibylline Poems contain far more of the

¹ Hartley Coleridge's *Prometheus* was never completed For the fragment, see *Poems by Hartley Coleridge*, 1851, II 257-285

² On May 18, 1825, Coleridge read a paper before the Royal Society of Literature, *On the Prometheus of Aeschylus* . . . , which was published in the same year.

substance of the genuine originals than it is the fashion to believe With his poetry I have had no concern, of course—but have simply brought together such stuff, as the Poet must have sought for in Books, and therefore could not subtract an atom from his poetic originality I know, that in a work of this kind a man must wait for genial hours, and cannot *set* down to it mechanically But I should be happy to see your Brother more totus in illo, and [am] almost afraid, that as the materials accumulate and the Plan becomes large and circular, his Passion has cooled I do not want or wish to see a volume of *Poems* either from him or you, in the *first* place Let a man be known first as capable of doing, and as having done, some one objective Whole, having a Beginning, Middle and End—a whole, in which the Thinker and the Man of Learning appears as the Base of the Poet, in which there is nothing about J and J's strolling friend or mama or sweetheart (see *Literary Life*, ii p 15¹ By the bye, your Friend will find my sympathy with him respecting the *Farmers* v ii p 40²) Then, if you please, Sonnets, Musings, Love Odes etc If they are good, they are delightful, but for the *first* introduction of a Poet I should greatly prefer the plan that Mr Millman³ has adopted Had it been possible for you to have spent the Long Vacation with me, here and at the Seaside, I should have urged you to devote an hour or so daily to a work on Metre especially on the Prosody of the Greeks Such a work is an absolute Desideratum I was much pleased with your remarks on Southey's *Hex* (1¹)⁴ Till we meet God bless you and your Father.

S T C

¹ Cf *Biographia Literaria*, Chapter xv Section 2

² Cf *Biographia Literaria*, Chapter xvii

³ "Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868), afterwards celebrated as a historian and divine (Dean of St Paul's, 1849), was, at this time, distinguished chiefly as a poet" *Letters*, ii 737

⁴ A reference to Southey's *Vision of Judgement*, published in 1821

LETTER 317

To JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street

[From the original letter in the possession of the Rev G H B Coleridge]

[1821]¹

DEAR SIR

The polite and—for so I felt it—the kind attention, with which you honoured a former note of introduction to you, has tempted me to comply with a request of my friend and Neighbor, Mr Hurwitz, but to which, it must be confessed, I was myself accessory, tho' without intending any such effect, by what I had mentioned to him in a detail of my own literary mistakes and regrets. As however the consciously impressing false or exaggerated Notions of any thing or person is a something worse than mistake, and one in which I have, thank God ! been more sinned against than sinning, I will proceed to the object of this letter

Mr Hurwitz is a man, concerning whom I have repeatedly conversed with Mr Frere, as in many respects an extraordinary character. A Jew, not more by birth than by conviction, not merely honest and strictly conscientious, but even delicately and honorably so, liberal in all his principles and opinions and of all the religious men, I have known, perhaps most deserving the name of a *philosopher*, a sound Mental Scholar, and a profound Hebraist to which I am bound to add (of course as the mere dictum of my own judgement) the most truly rational and grounded Philologist, with the most originality of insight into the universal principles, the philosophy, of Languages—he who had been fortunate enough to discover by mere chance of neighborhood a man, of whom this could be affirmed with truth, must have [been] singularly lucky in his chance acquaintances, if he saw nothing extraordinary in such a character. For myself I should be thankful for the occurrence were it only that I have learnt what I before did not imagine, that a learned, unprejudiced, and yet strictly *orthodox* Jew may be much nearer in point

¹ This letter belongs to the year 1819, and is out of place here

of faith and religious principles to a learned and strictly orthodox Christian of the Church of England, than many called Christians who hold a sincere Churchman and indeed every one who will not accept the hollow Shell of the history of Christianity for the Religion itself, in supreme contempt

Taking as his occasion and vehicle Mr Bellamy's various Attacks on our Bible and the European Versions in general (attacks so well exposed in the Quarterly) but yet dressing their *Fish* only for the sake of the Sauce—as is the case with so many admirable articles in your Review—Mr Hurwitz has written a vindication of the Established Version, and with it (and of yet greater importance) a defence of Revealed Religion itself as far as it has been attacked by Deists on the pretence of contradictory and immoral or absurd passages in the Old Testament I have myself gone thro' the whole, sentence by sentence, with the view of assisting the excellent author in the removal of any errors or *ungraces* in the style and language—And I pledge myself, that there is not a sentence in the work, which might not have been written by the most orthodox Bishop on the Bench Mr H wishes to prefix a long letter of mine, stating and explaining my approbation of the wish, and my reasons for attaching to it the value and interest which I really do—and if it were thought by any one authorized to form an opinion, that such a letter would be of any use to the work, I should comply with his wish with great pleasure.

Now Mr Hurwitz is ambitious that you should publish the work¹ He does not desire that you should run any risk—this he is ready to take on himself, any profit being²

P S Is there any chance of seeing Mr F's Aristophanics³ My eldest Son and myself have [been] long labouring at an Essay on Metre, Metres and [on the] possibility of trans-

¹ Hyman Hurwitz (1770-1844), Master of the Hebrew Academy at Highgate His *Vindiciae Hebraicae* was published in 1820.

² MS mutilated

³ J H Frere's translations of Aristophanes were published in 1839 and 1840

ferring, by compensation and equivalence of effect, the Measures of the Greek Dramatists to the English Language—which we mean to offer to the Quarterly as a Candidate for a Review of Mr F's Imitations, from which our illustrations and examples are chiefly, indeed almost exclusively, taken—¹

LETTER 318

To THOMAS ALLSOP

[From the original letter in the possession of the grand-daughters of Thomas Allsop Fifteen lines published *Letters, Conversations and Recollections of S T Coleridge* (T Allsop), 1864, 123]

*Highgate,
Sunday afternoon $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4,
July 10, 1821*²

MY DEAR DEAR ALLSOP

So fully had I calculated on finding you at Highgate, when I left Grosvenor Square this morning at 12 o'clock, that tho' I rose from bed with the intention of calling at Blandford Place, yet having been detained an hour or more beyond my purpose in conversation with Sir George and Lady B, I did not think the mere *possibility* of your not having set off the evening before a sufficient Counterweight to the risk of missing the Kentish Town Stage which leaves Tottenham Court Road on Sundays at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12 Had I supposed even a *probable* chance of finding you at your rooms, I should have gladly availed myself of the opportunity of walking home with you, and if we were tired, of breaking the walk by a two shilling fare from the last Hackney Coach Stand—

On my arrival I found Mr. and Mrs Gillman expecting you and beginning to fear and be vexed—and Mrs G apprehensive that you had misinterpreted her letter to you, and fretting herself that she had omitted to say expressly—(after the words—"C dines on Saturday at Sir G. B.'s") *but he returns at latest in the first stage on Sunday morning, and we shall expect you if you cannot come to-night, yet tomorrow*

¹ This essay was never published, if written

² July 10, 1821, was on Tuesday

evening—at all events, that you will spend Sunday with us
 But I have told her, that this omission cannot have been the cause—for that the import of the words omitted was a Comment, which your knowledge of our united desire to see you at all times could not but have supplied—and that you would not allow yourself to fancy any rightful ground, cause, or occasion for not coming here but The Wish, the Duty, or the prudential propriety of going elsewhere, or staying at home— When the Needle of your Thoughts begins to be magnetic, you may be certain that my *Pole* is at that moment *attracting* you by the spiritual magic of strong Wishing for your arrival— N B my *Pole* includes in this instance *both the Poles* of Mr and eke of Mrs Gillman i e The Head and Heart

But seriously—I am a little anxious So give me or my blest sisterly Friend a few lines by return of Post—just to let us know, that you are and have been well—and that nothing of a painful nature has deprived us of the expected pleasure—a pleasure which, believe me, stands a good many degrees above *Moderate* in the Cordi—or Hedonometer of,

My dear Allsop,

Your's most cordially

S T COLERIDGE

P S My kindest regards to your Sister I look forward with warmth of heart to the time, when she will commence her sojourn with us

LETTER 319

To MRS BASIL MONTAGU, *Bedford Square*

[Original letter, British Museum]

After his failure at Oriel, Hartley Coleridge began writing for the magazines, and he seems to have spent most of his time at the home of the Montagus'. His conscience sometimes drove him to seek forgetfulness in wine, when he would disappear (leaving no information as to his whereabouts) for a period of days or weeks. This letter was apparently written after Hartley had unceremoniously left the Montagus

Highgate,

Tuesday Afternoon, [July, 1821]

MY DEAR MRS MONTAGU

Mrs Gillman has this moment disclosed to me what had taken place during the time I was at Kensington—and I cannot blame the tenderness, which hesitated to dash down at once the genial delightedness with which a most happy meeting with a most beloved and revered Brother (after an interval of 3 or 4 and twenty years, of Something too like Alienation !') had filled me. I have at least won two days of Thoughts, that dared look forwards and I now seize the first *Stun*, if I may so say, and the calmness which results from it, to write to you, so as to be secure of not writing what a Father, however cruelly a Son has mismanaged himself, ought not to write. Towards yourself and Basil Montague, I feel it almost like self-slander to imagine that there can be occasion to tell you—that I have no other thought or emotion but Esteem, Gratitude and Love. To the very utmost, that I could ask, you have done, and what I know, I ought not to ask, I neither will or can. But with your permission I will take my chance of finding you at home to-morrow Noon, when I will state to you what *had* been my hopes and plans respecting Hartley—something as a Father I must do, and that immediately, tho' what to do—I must not at this moment attempt to think, for it makes me feel just as I have felt in dreams in which I have been trying to go somewhere in some anxiety, and at every turn have found the passage blocked up. God knows ! seeing him so ill and with his eyes in such a woeful condition, I took it for

granted that he came with your and Mr Montague's Cognizance—and after what had before past, and putting the claims even of common courtesy to you aside, yet knowing so thoroughly my circumstances and how acutely I had suffered on the former occasion in body no less than mind, I so compleatly took it for granted that he would have instantly informed you of Mr. Gillman's Opinion that it was expedient for him to stay for some days here under a course of medicine, that it never once occurred to me to put the question to him—the less so, perhaps, from my mind being occupied a good part of the time first in preparing a brief scheme of the contents of my theological Work and it's plan and object in the hope, that I should have an opportunity of presenting it to the Bishop of London¹. and then, with the heart-stirrings of having to meet my Brother George—What advice you can give me, my dear Mrs Montagu¹ I am sure you will not withhold—at all events, in talking with you I shall see things in a less mist than I shall while I continue to dream about them to myself, and at all events too I have a duty to perform, by assuring you personally how deeply I feel your and Basil Montague's friendship and kind efforts, and that with unmixed respect and unalterable Regard I remain, my dear Madam¹

Your affectionately grateful Friend

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 320

To GEORGE COLERIDGE

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

[*Postmark, Highgate, July 12, 1821*]

MY DEAR BROTHER

I will not attempt to conceal from you, that I felt the disappointment of not seeing you and my Sister most

¹ William Howley (1766-1848) was Bishop of London from 1813 to 1828, when he became Archbishop of Canterbury. His daughter married Sir George Beaumont, a cousin of Sir George Beaumont, the friend of Coleridge and Wordsworth.

acutely Not indeed your deferring the promised visit for from the actual and still more from the threatening state of the Weather, tho' I could not help wishing to the very last, yet I did not fully *expect* to see you on Friday But I did more than hope, that you would spare a few hours of your time of sojourn for the purpose and notwithstanding your letter can still scarcely persuade myself, that you have abandoned it determinately Is it, that I grounded my anticipations too exclusively on my own feelings, in part on the impressions, under which I left you, but far more on my inward certainty that from the hour, I quitted Cambridge, in no one instance, no one even in momentary thought, had I ever connected your name or image, directly or remotely, with an alien or worldly view, nor with any feelings but those of unutterable Love and (as was natural from the relation in which I had stood to you from Boyhood to the Dawn of Manhood) of almost filial Reverence Thro' good and evil Report though knowing how unhappily on more than one occasion I had been misinterpreted or misrepresented, I never had a resentful thought, never attributed to your conduct or purpose [aught] unworthy of a good man, and the grief, which I never ceased to feel at my apparent alienation from your affections, was confined to the alienation itself—and—for I am too deeply moved to attempt to conceal any part of the truth—to the loss of *your* friendship, *your* correspondence and occasional society From the undomesticating influences of Christ's Hospital and perhaps my own intellectual precocity, I had learnt to love my Brother Luke, as an elder Brother, and yourself as Father and Brother in one—¹

¹ " Indeed, I cannot recall any one instance, in which by an act of my own I could (I will not say have *warranted*, but) have given rise to even a suspicion in this point, with the single exception of my applying to you at the commencement of *The Friend* to be one of four or five Patrons of the work who were to guarantee the Paper and Stamps of the first 20 numbers till the receipt of the Subscriptions which were to be received by an Agent of their own appointment, the number of Subscribers then exceeding 500, and this I did, as I fully explained to you afterwards, with no other motive than that of shewing Respect and affection—and suggested by the cordial approbation which you had expressed of my plan, and of the object to which I was devoting my efforts " Note by S T C.

Beyond this I had for a long time (and that too the time in which, if ever, our family attachments take root) scarcely the opportunities—and when they began, the striking difference of my character, much doubtless consisting of faulty elements, but much likewise arising from natural diversity and an education still more dissimilar, instead of counter-acting came in aid of the prejudices, that had been infused—at all events, had found entrance—into my mind. But it is equally true, that the affections, which I had formed, remained ineradicably—and forgive me, if I confess that when I take the whole retrospect of my life, fixing my thoughts the most steadily on the points that were or appeared to others most culpable, and making no deductions on the score of exaggeration or misinformation, I find it difficult to believe myself even suspected by any one, who had ever known me, of professing a regard which I did not at the time feel, or of proposing to myself an *end*, which I did not find in the means themselves or in their proper and natural effects.

When I learnt that you were near and wished to meet me, and while I was with you, as far as I thought of myself at all, I had but one wish—that you might see me as I was, in all that my own consciousness extended to. Fearful as the attribute of seeing into the Heart must be to every man not doting with Self-complacency, yet it seemed to me that I would gladly have had you possessed of such a power in my own particular instance—uncertain as to the general result but assured that in some points I should hereafter appear a very different if not a better man. Yet I could not bring myself to interrupt the delight of a first renewal of an inter-communion of minds by any personal concerns—(personal tho' in no connection with circumstances of aught that is yours or mine rather than you and I). But in such a state of mind and heart as that which I brought back with me from Kensington, how could I but look forward with anxious desire to a second meeting when I might have won from you your opinions, both as a Christian and as an elder Brother, respecting myself, and the facts or assumptions on which they were grounded—might have rectified any mistakes, if

such there should be, by laying before you proofs and documents of the real bearings—and above all, have attempted to shew you, that I earnestly wish to act in accordance with the prescripts of Duty, as soon as in reason and conscience I am made to perceive, that such they are when brought to the test of the Gospel or an impartial and dispassionate Judgement And if in thus disburthening my heart to you, I should be compelled to introduce any worldly incidents, as the bankruptcy and almost unexampled profligacy of my late Publishers, and events having similar results, I should do so wholly and exclusively for the purpose of shewing you, that this or that was not or had not been in my power—precluding, as far as the earnest expression of my inmost Intention could preclude, every object not connected with the attainment of your moral approbation, unless indeed it were the advantage of your advice

I have carefully re-perused, what I have above written, in order to satisfy myself whether in any point I have gone too far or have said more than a calm and more collected Recollection and Self-inquisition would justify And in speaking of the causes why I felt the disappointment so acutely, and why I am so reluctant still to abandon the hope, I have certainly omitted one of minor consideration indeed comparatively with those that have been stated, but which cannot but have, nay which ought to have a proportionate influence on my feelings For nearly five years I have lived in the hourly receipt of the most assiduous, and—it is far too little to say—the most disinterested kindness and friendship from Mr and Mrs Gillman—alike to me and mine To Mr Gillman I owe under God all the health and means of being useful that I possess—to both of them the support derived as from their sympathy so from their daily example—and their affection shewn to me at the time, that I was defrauded of all that I had been laboring for for a course of years and even forced to raise money to purchase back the half-copyrights and unsold Books, the number of the copies of which fraudulently printed exceeded in some works double, in other quintuple the number contracted for, was

such as it was almost as impossible for me to have expected as it is, I trust, to be forgotten, or remembered without gratitude Nor can I think without emotion of the generosity and parental kindness, they have extended towards my Sons—least of all, when I compare the whole with their worldly circumstances, and strict tho' cheerful habits of self-denial But my Nephew, W H Coleridge, has been here often enough and long enough, to have formed a right estimate of their characters, and of their high respectability in manners and connections as well as in more momentous points and I must have grossly misunderstood him, if his experience as ar as it has extended does not go on the same road with mine To other, in fact to the majority of the Neighboring Families of any rank or estimation I am indebted for the most respectful and friendly attentions—and even with some reference to these, tho' in a very much inferior degree, that sort of respectability which a known visit from an elder Brother could not but add to a man hitherto valued as an Individual only, would have been prized by me, proceeding from *you* But as a mark of respect shewn to Mr and Mrs Gillman on my account, it would have been a serious comfort, a relief to my best feelings

Derwent arrived here on Saturday afternoon and brought with him the most satisfactory proof of the approbation of the Head Tutor of his College (Professor Calvert)¹ He will take his chance of finding you at home this afternoon, previously to his dining with his Cousin John

May God bless you, my dear Brother ! I will offer no apology for this long epistle A letter, written with such motives and from such impulses as this has been, I can never regret the having written—however I should be pained were the one or the other misconceived—for most unfeignedly and unmixedly I am, with every kind and grateful recollection,

Your affectionate Brother

S T COLERIDGE

P S My best love and respects to Mrs G and my nephew George

¹ Thomas Calvert (1775-1840), tutor of St John's College, Cambridge.

LETTER 321

To THOMAS DE QUINCEY

[From the original letter in the possession of the grand-daughters of De Quincey, the Misses Bairdsmith Published in part (and with unjustifiable emendations), *De Quincey Memorials* A H Japp, 1891, 1 146-147]

Highgate,

Wednesday Noon [Postmark, August 9, 1821]

Believe me, I *intreat* you, my dear De Quincey ! there was no need to remind me of a generous Act,¹ which during the long interval I have never ceased to think of, for the former and better half of the time with cordial satisfaction as of an obligation only less honorable to the Receiver than to you who had so nobly and in so delicate a manner conferred the same—but of late years with an unquiet and *aching* gratitude, which has often checked my enquiries after you from a pang of fear, a foreboding that I should hear of something that would make me feel my poverty as a *humiliation*—would turn an ever-recurring Wish of the Heart into an absolute *Want*, which not now for the first time I have anxiously looked about for some means of gratifying, and still baffled sink under a Regret that almost seems to border on Remorse Few and transient have been the Spots of Sunshine on ‘ my way of Life,’ and these almost always on the distant landscape , but whenever a brighter prospect has dawned on me, the recollections connected with your name took a foremost part in every scheme, that I proposed to myself

I feel that I am lingering on the brink—and what to say, my dear Sir ! I know not ! Distressing—and in relation to

¹ Coleridge of course refers to the “ anonymous ” gift of £300 made by De Quincey through Cottle in 1807, the £300 being accepted as a loan In 1821, De Quincey was himself in pecuniary difficulties and had apparently written to Coleridge (who knew even in 1807 that the £300 was from De Quincey) for financial assistance Japp says Coleridge “ had incurred money obligations to De Quincey ” and changes Coleridge’s term “ a generous Act ” to “ generous acts ” Probably De Quincey had mentioned the £300, or had even asked for its return , but Japp to conceal a perfectly justifiable request, ventured to “ emend ” the letter ! See *De Quincey Memorials* A H Japp, 1891, 1 146

you and the circumstances under which you have written to me—doubly distressing as the disclosure will be, nothing else is left me, but to lay before you the naked truth—the real state of my affairs. There are now in my drawer unanswered three menacing Letters for three several debts, amounting collectively to about 50*l*. Even to the House, from which you write, I am indebted four or five pounds, for books for Hartley when he was at Oxford, which I cannot think of without a sense of Shame, which I have repeatedly been on the point of settling and the money snatched from me by some still more urgent necessity. The fact is, that I came hither embarrassed—the successive Losses and increasing Distress of poor Morgan and his family while I was domesticated with them—and which being before my eyes scarcely left me the power of asking myself concerning the Right or Wrong—absorbed and—but poor fellow! he is gone, and (I am persuaded) gone where his many excellent qualities, which never suffered any eclipse in his prosperous days, will greatly outweigh one or two faulty acts done in the confused and feverish dream of Embarrassment—absorbed and anticipated my resources, even to the leaving of my own small debts unpaid. Meantime, the *Christabel*, which I should never have consented to publish, a mere fragment as it was, but for his goading wants, the 80*l*. received for it from Murray going to make up the last sum, I was able to raise for him, fell almost dead-born from the Press—and it became evident that a powerful and utterly unprovoked yet unmitigable Party, at Edinburgh and elsewhere, had determined to rail and ridicule down every thing, I should publish, and as much as possible (and with works so little popular as mine are and ever must be, it was to a very great extent not only possible but easy) to prevent their sale—and (which likewise they effected) to discourage *the Trade* from purchasing them. Still, however, what by literary Job-work and what by Lecturing—tho' the latter sadly fell off, in consequence of my supposed political and religious Apostacy, while the party in power gave me no support, nor did the Writers of the Quarterly Review condescend to notice my Works, except

by one or two occasional and vague sentences—I made a shift to get thro' the first and tho' imperfectly second year of my residence at Highgate But now came the Storm I had Hartley's expenses during his long vacations—and I have since had Derwent's, with other minor calls on their accounts—and last, the unparalleled profligacy of my bankrupt Publishers, of which I will spare you the detail Sufficient to inform you, this after printing double, and in one instance quadruple the number of Copies contracted for, for each Edition—and tho' the Bankruptcy took place within a fortnight after the Publication of the *Friend* in three Volumes—still from the number sold in that fortnight, and from the sale of the *Literary Life*, the *Sibylline Leaves*, the two *Lay-sermons* and the *Zapolya*, a sum of 1200£ remained due to me—every farthing of which I lost—He—Curtis, a real partner but pretended Creditor of Fenner's, and who had carried on the Printing for the Concern, clapt a *lien* on 500 Copies of the *Friend*—of which the *Trade Price* was a guinea each—and which, tho' a proveable fraud, can only be removed by a Chancery suit—and after all, I was obliged to borrow 120£ in order to buy-up the Half-copy Rights of all my Works, which would have gone for trifles to Booksellers of no repute, and to prevent the unsold Copies from going for waste paper—perhaps, I had better have let them go—but I was in hope of better times, and that some more successful Work might occasion a call for them—till when I was advised to withdraw them from Sale altogether Here came Hartley's cruel and most calumnious persecution and the loss of his fellow-ship—and for almost a year I have had him on my hands—and even this a less Loss than the necessity of writing and writing on this infamous business, and the effect on my health and spirits, which one with another incapacitated me from doing any thing for myself continuously—that would fetch money, I mean

I declare solemnly, that I must have wanted the necessities of Life, but for the almost unprecedented friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Gillman, under whose roof I live, tho' the nominal sum, which I am engaged to contribute towards the expenses

of the House, is barely adequate to the first-cost of my actual maintenance—and tho' medicine, and medical attendance are not put down at all—yet so many sums have been paid by Mr G on my account—that at this moment I stand indebted to him for 500*£*—and of which, but a short time back, he struck off 120*£*, as incurred for Derwent and Hartley, as if they had been his Visitors You will understand my feelings when I add that Mr G has only his professional income—and that with a highly respectable practice indeed but from the nature and circumstances of the place, a practice of very limited extent—and that he has himself two Sons and an Angel of a Wife So help me God! for months past I have not a shilling in my pocket—nor do I know how or where to procure a guinea—I am endeavoring to make up a parcel for Blackwood's Magazine—but even this has in part been paid for—¹

Dear De Quincey, I conjure you to feel convinced that were it in my power—let what would come the next week—to raise the money, you should not have received this melancholy History as an answer—Were you to see me at this moment, you would know with what anguish and sickness of soul I subscribe myself, your *obliged* and grateful

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 322

To WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, *Edinburgh*

[From the original letter in the possession of the grand-daughters of Thomas Allsop]

Highgate,
Sept 19, 1821.

MY DEAR SIR

In the third letter (in the parcel, on which I have written *Third Pin*) which you will permit me to address to yourself, I have assigned my reasons for particularly wishing

¹ In October, 1821, Coleridge contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, four letters "To a Junior Soph, at Cambridge" and one to William Blackwood Campbell says that £50 was apparently advanced to Coleridge by Blackwood in September, 1821 See *Life*, 249 note

all the inclosed to be published in the first instance Within ten days you will receive a second packet—consisting of 1 The ideal of a Magazine—2 the first article on the history and theory of Witchcraft etc 3. The world without and the world within—a tale of Truth from Faery Land—Book I—4 The Life of Holty, with specimens of his poems, translated into English Verse ¹

I propose after these to condense the substance of my Lectures on Shakespear, Milton, Dante, and Cervantes— I owe this to my self and my Auditors— But in the “ Ideal of a Magazine ” you will learn from my *private* notes the sorts of matter, with which I can furnish you

It is my intent to devote the next six weeks undividedly to the Magazine, should I remain convalescent and without any serious relapse, and in order to thus be able to go to Ramsgate But for this I must seek some assistance from you—I venture to pledge myself, that no man on earth can accuse me of having received from him 5*£* in advance, which was not liquidated by the promised work, or instantly returned—and I shall have deluded myself beyond all former experience, if the contents of my next parcel, which is all written, and requires transcription only, do not leave a balance in my favor, should you comply with my request to advance me 50*£*—

I shall hope for a speedy reply—till my next
believe me,

faithfully your's

S T COLERIDGE

¹ Of the work promised for *Blackwood's Magazine* all that appeared was “ The Historie and Gests of Maxilian ” in January, 1822

LETTER 323

To DERWENT COLERIDGE, *St John's College, Cambridge*

[From the original letter in the possession of the Rev G H B Coleridge It is, perhaps, needless to say that Derwent Coleridge was merely passing through a state of youthful "dandyism," and that he became, as Coleridge says, "all that the fondest father could wish"]

Jan 11, 1822

MY DEAR DERWENT

I sit with my pen only not touching the paper, and my head hanging over it, but *what* to write and with what purpose I write at all, I know not What can I urge that would not be the mere repetition of counsels already urged with all the weight that my urgent entreaties could add to them, so often both before you went to Cambridge and since? What that would not be the echo of echoes, which of late have *volleyed* round you in a circle—admonitions, which Friends of all ages, of your own and even your Juniors have given you—and I trust, that wisest and most faithful of all Friends, your Conscience? To study to the injury of your health, and the undermining of your constitution—was *this* required of you? You have long known both my Judgment and my wishes in this respect, that a Senior Wranglership with the first Classical medal as it's appendage would be a poor compensation to *me* and in *my* thoughts for shattered nerves and diseased digestive organs You cannot do without intermissions of study, without recreation and such as society only can afford you? Be it so! But is dissipation of mind and spirit, the fit recreation of a student? or not rather the fever fit, of which your studies are like to be the cold, feeble and languid Intermittents? "I have known instances of Drinkers and Whore-mongers," said Mr. Montague to me a few weeks [since], "but in all my long experience of Cambridge never did I see or hear of any one instance of a high wrangler with or without classical honors, who was a man of Pleasure, Dress, and Family Visiting." Even extra-collegiate Society, by preference and in a larger proportion than that of his own college, and the flaring

about with distinguished Graduates etc,—never yet made even if it left a man friends in his own College—who are after all from obvious causes the friends most likely to stick by us But extra-academic society, Concerts, Balls, Dressing, and an hour and a half or two Hours not seldom devoted to so respectable a purpose— O God ! even the disappointment as to your success in the University, mortifying as I feel it, arising from such causes and morally ominous, as it becomes in your particular case and with the claims, that *you* must recognize on your exertions, is not the worst This accursed Coxcombry, like Deianira's gift, sends a ferment into the very life-blood of a young man's Sense and Genius—and ends in a schirrus of the Heart I know by experience what the social recreation is that does an undergraduate good In my first Term, and from October till March, I read hard, and systematically I had no acquaintance much less suitable (i e) studious, companion in my own College Six nights out of seven, as soon as Chapel was over, I went to Pembroke, to Middleton's (the present Bp of Calcutta) Rooms—opened the door without speaking, made and poured out the Tea and placed his cup beside his Book—went on with my Æschylus, or Thucydides, as he with his Mathematics, in silence till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9—then closed our books at the same moment—the size and college Ale came in—and till 12 we had true Noctes Atticae which I cannot to this hour think of without a strong emotion With what delight did I not resume my reading in my own Rooms at Jesus each following morning Think you a Ball or a Concert or a Lady Party, or a Literary Club, would have left me in the same state—and your studies Mathematical? Were it possible even that it could be otherwise, yet your character must suffer. From ill-health or any other cause, if should your (I quote Middleton's sweet sonnet to me)

“ young Ambition feel the wound
Of blighted Hope and Laurels sought in vain ”—

what sort of *solution* will be the one current? He *trifled* away his success! Can you not control your love of appear-

ance and showing off for two or three years ? At the end of that time, the very qualities that indulged in the interval will stamp you a trifler and, with such claims on you, far worse ! would be construed into merit by the major part of the world—as not too learned to be agreeable etc , etc There was a passage in your letter to Mrs Chisholm which shocked and wounded me so much that I could not speak of it to you at the time Mr J H Frere used these words to me That you are above the run of Readers, and cannot be remunerated by the Press, increases not lessens the obligations of those who are conscious of having been especially benefited by you It is not in my power to prove to you how much [I] feel this to have been my own case—but I can spare a certain sum which is at your service, and which I consider as your's—and then he asked me, whether the enabling me to send you to College would be the most agreeable to me Wrangham and Caldwell were my old—the latter my oldest, Friends Suppose that a Bookseller had given me 300£ for my Lectures, instead of Mr Frere—would you think the sum more earned by me ? Mr Southey received an annuity from his old School-fellow, Charles Wynne—which on Wynne's marriage was commuted for a Pension Had Southey used this for his Son's University education—would *Southey's* Son, think you, speak of himself as a mere poor child of charity, a dependent on the I know not what—and *contrast* his state with those, who were maintained by their Fathers ? Had it been as true as it is false—should a Son have placed his Father in so degrading a point of view—and this in a letter to a vulgar tattling woman ? But if such be your notions respecting me and yourself (and how little you have been taught or are in the habit of attributing to or connecting with me, as the Source, I mourn to see, chiefly for your sake and because too many others see and notice it) you are this mere almsman, how preposterous must your present conduct be ? I was even hugging myself with a letter from Prof Calvert to Mr Caldwell—and wondered that Mr Gillman read it with so blank a face Worship too has twice sent us a present—without a single line—I suppose,

because he will not send ill-tidings But from 6 different Quarters these ill-tidings have flowed in on me in a head Even Henry C has written to his Brother John "in great grief and indignation" respecting you—and as to your not writing to Mr Gillman (except as you make use of him) or to me, especially since your examination—"When did you hear from your Son" (says Mr Wells to me)—"my Son stands third on the List?"—And Mr G has been so kind to you! not only striking off the 50*£* I was engaged to pay for your six months—but at this very time undertaking a serious responsibility for you O Derwent would to God you would so act as to permit you to attribute all the kindness shewn to you to your own account, with some plausibility at least— I am not angry, Derwent! but it is calamitous that you do not know how anxiously and affectionately I am
your *Father*— S T COLERIDGE

P S I hear that you are Premier or Secretary of a Literary Club—about old Books— If such things did not dissipate your time and thought, they *dissipate* and perplex your *character* They are well maybe for B A s and M A s

LETTER 324
To THOMAS ALLSOP

[From the original letter in the possession of the grand-daughters of Thomas Allsop This letter deals for the most part with Allsop's recent marriage with Miss Matthew (or Matthews) which apparently had been kept secret]

Saturday,
[Postmark, January 19, 1822]

MY DEAREST FRIEND

The Day, I was in town for the purpose of conversing with John Coleridge respecting Hartley and the 300*£* (which I had refused to become the *Channel* of) from Oriel¹—it

¹ After their failure to renew Hartley Coleridge's fellowship at Oriel College, the authorities relented somewhat for their harsh action, and offered £300 as a recompense The money was eventually accepted, when it was made clear that its acceptance did not admit of an acknowledgment of guilt See *Hartley Coleridge His Life and Work*, E L Griggs, 1929, 85-86

being too the day after my first acquaintance with the vexatious tidings of Derwent's failure and it's tenfold more vexatious causes—I was pressing Hartley to rouse and revolutionize himself, were it but for my sake—as such a series of disappointments from both my Children in addition to seeing him in pecuniary distresses which I could not relieve or in Disgraceful dependence from which I could not rescue him, would infallibly bring me to the Grave In the course of this earnest conversation, and while my feelings were thus moved, I said to him—in these or equivalent words—“ Perhaps, I feel the pressure, as a heavier weight, at this moment—for it distracts my feelings when I would fain have given my whole heart and soul to one subject For—of course, Hartley ! you will take care not to repeat, what I am about to say, for obvious reasons— I have this morning heard from Mrs Gillman—whose authority, however, rests on a hearsay—of an event, which must determine the future happiness of the Friend, who has been more than a Son to me I have heard, that Allsop is just married ” To no one else have I ever spoken on the subject— I imagine that in writing to Derwent he may have supposed himself at liberty to deviate from the silence, I had imposed on him But even to Hartley, I should not have suffered it to overflow from me—had I not intended to write to you as soon as I returned if I found that Mrs G had anticipated me But on my return Mr Gillman strenuously dissuaded me, with arguments that derived their force in a very far greater proportion from his and Mrs. G's requests and authority than from any satisfaction, they afforded to my feelings, or any efficacy in reconciling my silence to my dislike (that is a very tame word) to having a thought concerning you that was not as well known to you as to my own Soul I would not promise not to write—there was one motive and only one that weighed with my reason—viz the assertion, which came from some of your young women, was confirmed with another—that your Uncle had been and remained exceedingly offended, and that you yourself had never been observed in such apparent distress of mind—now it did occur to me as

possible, that you might have wished to let this state of things pass over and the matter be finally settled with your family before you ventured on a new series of feelings—tho' God knows ! let me only believe, that you love and are beloved, and all other considerations are light as straws in comparison—it is almost irreligious not to rely on Providence and the Life of Hope that Love and Honor never fail to in-breathe, for the Rest—so however I delayed—till you came to Highgate—And then I think, nothing could have prevented me from telling you what we had heard but that Mrs G called me out in a hurry—before I saw you—and said—“ *Pray*, do not say a word of it to Mr A—I have reasons for it ”—and two hours afterwards, I asked Mrs G. if we had been *dreaming* with grave faces and open eyes for the last week or two ?

This, my dear friend ! is the truth and the whole Truth, to the best of my memory—The name of the young lady was Matthew—and that she was extremely handsome

I have not written , because till tomorrow I could not get from Mrs Gillman any positive opinion on the subject. On Sunday next you will come with the Lambs—and why not as you half promised, tomorrow likewise ? I will write by Monday—

My dearest Allsop—

Words cannot express how dear you are in all respects to your

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 325

To JOHN MURRAY, *Albemarle Street*

[From the original letter in the possession of Col John Murray]

Highgate,

[*Postmark, January 26, 1822*]

DEAR SIR

Your suggestion entirely coincides with my purpose. I waited indeed only to know that you did not decline it *primâ facie*—to have proposed the same myself. There is a copy of Leighton's Works here - but it is not my own—nor

would it be proper for me to use it as such I will therefore embrace your offer of sending me your Copy—which I doubt not, I shall be able to send back with the passages marked, and with a sufficient numeration of the order in which I intend them to stand, and specimens of the Headings, to enable you to form a tolerably correct fore-judgement of the contents and appearance of the Volume ¹ A few inaccuracies and slovenly combinations, I think may be silently corrected where they chance to interfere with the effect of a passage otherwise eminently interesting—and I had some thoughts of adjoining, as a sort of appendix, some short biographical and critical notice of that every way interesting clan of Writers, before and immediately following Thomas á Kempis, whose works and labors were the powerful and most effective Pioneers of the Reformation—with some short specimens from the very rare Works of J Tauler which were with difficulty procured for me in Germany last year, and which thoroughly bear out the high character, which I once heard Klopstock give of them

I am almost sorry that my revered Friend, R Southey, should have suffered himself to enter into a *quarrel in print* with Lord Byron ² For what can he say that the World has not said even to satiety long ago, and which probably his Lordship is not unwilling that the World should say—Besides, as long as Satan is universally admitted to be a Spirit of extraordinary Genius, and a splendid character—so long will the epithet, Satanic, not stand in the way of the admiration, and curiosity of the Public

I remain, dear Sir,

respectfully, your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

¹ Coleridge now begins to speak of the *Aids to Reflection in the Formation of a Manly Character On the several grounds of Prudence, Morality, and Religion Illustrated by Select Passages from our elder Divines, especially from Archbishop Leighton*, 1825 The plan to have Murray publish this work did not materialize, and it was finally published by Taylor and Hessey For Coleridge's preliminary letter about this proposed religious work, see *Letters*, II 717-721

² Southey's *Vision of Judgement*, the preface of which called forth Byron's famous satire, was published in 1821

LETTER 326

To C R LESLIE

[Original letter, Huntington Library Charles Robert Leslie (1794-1859) was a noted painter For Leslie's pencil sketch of Coleridge (aged 47), see *Letters*, 1 frontispiece]

Highgate,
February, 1822

MY DEAR SIR

I have not the pleasure of knowing, or of being known to Mr [Dana]¹—otherwise than as he will probably have seen my name in his own Magazine,² and as I have heard him spoken of distinguishingly, as a spirited, intelligent and liberal Publisher But I have both perused and reperused the three Numbers (or Sections shall I call them ?) of the *IDLE MAN*, and with exception of the Preface, (which, I must confess, had one merit, that of occasioning a very agreeable disappointment, and which on a re-print of these Essays in a collection of the whole may, and indeed should, be omitted, quite independently of it's comparative inferiority, supposing my opinion to be right) I read them with more than common satisfaction and interest Assuredly, I cannot hesitate in giving it as my *Judgement* that a couple of Volumes of such Essays would be a valuable addition to our Miscellaneous Literature, and maintain an honorable place on the same shelves with the *Lownger*, *Mirror*, etc—and it is my *opinion*, that they would be received as such by the English Public If I speak more diffidently on this point than on the former, the reason has no connection with the Essays themselves, which appear to me in all respects calculated to become popular, but is grounded on my own recluse habits and estrangement from the literary world of my contemporaries That they have been admired by a man of such high and rare Genius, as Mr Allston, whether I contemplate him in the

¹ The name is blurred in the MS, but Coleridge obviously refers to Dana Richard Henry Dana (1787-1879) wrote (although there were a few contributions from Allston and Bryant) the *Idle Man* published in New York, 1821 Allston undoubtedly brought the work to Coleridge's attention

² Dana edited the *North American Review* from 1815 to 1821

character of a Poet, a Painter, or a philosophic Analyst, would of itself afford a strong presumption that they will not lower the rank lately won for American Talent by the Author of the Sketch-book, and the History of New York ¹

I wish, that I had more influence than according to my own belief I have—and I wish it, because in the present instance I could exert it *conscientiously*—in the full faith, that I was proposing what promised to be beneficial to the Publisher as well as to the Public—But be it's weight more or less, the Author of the Idle Man is entitled to the suffrage of, my dear Sir,

Your sincere friend

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 327

To the REV JOHN DAWES, *Ambleside*

[From the original letter in the possession of the Rev G H B Coleridge. Published *Hartley Coleridge His Life and Work*, E L Griggs, 1929, 106-112. This superb letter, which is but a fragment, was addressed to Mr Dawes, Hartley's former schoolmaster. After his loss of the Oriel Fellowship, Hartley had vainly tried to support himself in London, and his father finally determined to place him in a position of security. Eventually Hartley settled for several years as assistant master in Mr Dawes' school.]

[1822]

These are questions, my dear Sir! into which I shall not enter at present—But I cannot help questioning the *special* applicability of the remark or *regret* to myself or to either of my Sons—least of all to Hartley. Giving no trouble to anyone—to no one opposing himself—happy from his earliest infancy, 'a spirit of joy dancing on an aspen leaf'—to what better can I appeal than to Mr Wordsworth's own beautiful lines addressed to H. C. six years old? ² From the hour, he left the nurses' arms, Love followed him

¹ Coleridge refers to the works of Washington Irving (1783-1859) who was in England at this time. *The Knickerbocker History of New York* was published in 1829, the *Sketch Book* in 1819.

² *Poetical Works of William Wordsworth* (Oxford Edition), 88.

like his shadow All, all, among whom he lived, all who saw him themselves, were delighted with him—in nothing requisite for his age, was he backward—and what was my fault? That I did not, unadvised and without a hint from any one of my friends or acquaintances, interrupt his quiet untroublesome enjoyment by forcing him to *sit still*, and *inventing* occasions of trying his obedience—that I did not without and against all *present* reason, and at the certainty of appearing cruel, and arbitrary not only to the child but to all with whom he lived, interrupt his little comforts, and sting him into a will of resistance to my will, in order that I might make opportunities of crushing it? Whether after all that has occurred, which surely it was no crime not to have foreseen at a time when a Foreboding of a less sombre character was passionately retracted, as as ‘vain and causeless melancholy’—whether I should act thus, were it all to come over again, I am more than doubtful Can I help remembering that so far from having fractious disobedient or *indulged* children in which I could count the times on the fingers of one hand, in which I had ever occasion to compel their obedience or punish their disobediences by a *blow* or a harsh sound! If I but lowered my voice, Hartley would say—Pray don’t speak low, Father! and did or caused to do as he was told Can I forget, how often, when I had expressed myself sorry to see such or such a child so indulged and referred to the effects on it’s Temper, I was told—that I could not expect that all children should be like mine? At the ordinary time my Boys were sent to school, and found a Father under the name of a Master in you You, dear Sir! can best say, whether they were backward for their age, or gave proofs of having been neglected either in moral principles or in good dispositions—whether they were beyond boys in general undisciplined and disobedient As soon as I was informed of Hartley’s passionateness and misconduct towards his Brother, you will do me the justice to answer for me, whether I was not even more agitated and interested than in your opinion the case warranted—and whether I left any means untried to bring Hartley to a sense of his error

A sad sad interval followed for me from the ill-fated hour, I left the North with Mr Montagu, speedily as I supposed to return, and Hartley's first vacation which he spent with me at Calne Whatever else has been said—how far truly, and how far calumniously, I humbly leave it to my merciful God and Redeemer to determine for me—it will not surely be said that the two Lads were left friendless, or under the protection of Friends incompetent, or whom I dared believe myself permitted to apprehend unwilling, to observe their goings-on, during their holidays or holiday-tides Since the time of Hartley's first arrival at Calne,¹ to the present day I am not conscious of having failed in any point of duty, of admonition, persuasion, entreaty, warning, or even (tho' ever reluctantly, I grant) of—parental injunction—and of repeating the same whenever it could be done without the almost certain consequence of baffling the end in view I noticed, and with concern, in Hartley, and afterwards in Derwent a pugnacity in self-opinion, which ever had been alien from my own character, the weakness of which consisted in the opposite fault of facility, a readiness to believe others my superiors and surrender my own judgement to others, but in part, this appeared to me the fault of their ages, and in part, tho' I could not refuse an inward affront, tho' I mourned over it in silence, to the complaint made by others—both at Calne and at Highgate, of impressions made in their minds with regard to myself, not more unjust in themselves than unfortunate for them— As far as the *opinions* and suppositions went, they indeed speedily underwent a revolution, soon after they had been with me and had compared them with those of the respectable Persons, who had known me day and night uninterruptedly year after year—And in Hartley at least, the revolution was compleat But the habit of feeling remained I appeal to God and their own consciences and to all good men who have observed my conduct towards them whether I have aught to condemn myself for, except perhaps a too delicate manner of applying their affections and understandings and moral senses—and

¹ Hartley Coleridge visited his father at Calne in the summer of 1815.

by which, it is to be feared, I have in Hartley's case unwittingly fostered that cowardice as to mental pain which forms the one of the two calamitous defects in his disposition— For to whatever extent the ' *indoles pervicax et reluctatrix* ' betrayed itself during his sojourn at Calne, and afterwards on his first arrival at Highgate, I have the testimony of our sensible and exemplary Minister, the Revd S Mence, formerly Tutor at Exeter College, and who took a lively interest in both my sons, that it was less and less apparent at each successive visit, and but a few months before his unhappy fall-out at Oriel he had, in common with my excellent Friends, Mr and Mrs Gillman—warmly congratulated me on the striking improvement in Hartley's manners, above all in the points of Docility and Self-Control But let it be, that I am rightly reproached for my negligence in with-standing and taming his Self-will—yet is this the main Root of the Evil ? I could almost say—would to God, it were ! for then I should have more Hope But alas ! it is the absence of a Self, it is the want or Torpor of Will, that is the mortal Sickness of Hartley's Being, and has been, for good and for evil, his character—his moral *Idiocy*—from his earliest Childhood—Yea and hard it is for me to determine which is the worse,—*morally* considered, I mean the selfishness from the want or defect of a manly Self-love, or the Selfishness that springs out of the excess of a wordly Self-interest In the eye of a Christian and a Philosopher, it is difficult to say, which of the two appears the greater deformity, the relationless, unconjugated, and intransitive verb Impersonal with neither Subject nor Object, neither governed or governing, or the narrow proud Egotism, with neither Thou or They except as it's Instruments or Involute *Prudentially*, however, and in regard to the supposed good and evil of this Life, the balance is woefully against the former, both because the Individuals so characterized are beyond comparison the smaller number, and because they are sure to meet with their bitterest enemies in the latter Especially, if the poor dreamy Mortals chance to be amiable in other respects and to be distinguished by more than usual Talents

and Acquirements Now this, my dear Sir ¹ is precisely the case with poor Hartley He has neither the resentment, the ambition, nor the Self-love of a man—and for this very reason he is too often as Selfish as a Beast—and as unwitting of his own selfishness With this is connected his want of a salient point, a self-acting principle of volition—and from this, again, arises his shrinking from, *his shurking*, whatever requires and demands the exertion of this inward power, his cowardice as to mental pain, and the procrastination consequent on these His occasional wilfulness results from his weakness of will aided indeed, now and then, by the sense of his intellectual superiority and by the Sophistry which his ingenuity supplies and which is in fact the brief valiancy of Self-despondence Such is the truth and the fact as to Hartley—a truth, I have neither extenuated nor sought to palliate But equally true it is, that he is innocent, most kindly natured, exceedingly good-tempered, in the management and instruction of Children excels any young man I ever knew, and before God I say it, he has not to my knowledge a single vicious inclination—tho' from absence of nervousness he needs to be guarded against filling his wine-glass too often But this temptation *at present* besets him only under the stimulus of society and eager conversation—just as was the case with his Grandfather, one of the most temperate men alive in his ordinary practice—His Cousin, the Revd W Hart Coleridge, assured me that nothing could be more correct, or manageable than Hartley was during the two or three weeks, that he lately passed under his eyes—that what he wanted, and what was indispensable, was kindness without too much Delicacy, Kindness without any regard to his immediate feelings of pain—Whatever else is to be done or prevented, London he must not live in—the number of young men who will seek his company *to be amused*, his own want of pride, and the opportunity of living or imagining rather that he can live from hand to mouth by writing for Magazines, etc —these are Ruin for him—I have but one remark to make—that of all the Waifs I ever knew, Hartley is the least likely and the least calculated to lead any

human Being astray by his example He may exhibit a warning—but assuredly he never will afford an inducement

I could not think of his proceeding to the North in acceptance of your kind invitation, without putting you in possession of my inmost conviction In opening out my heart I may, I fear, have betrayed symptoms of a wounded Spirit But the errors of a wounded Spirit are what you, my dear Sir ! will be least inclined to judge with harshness

One assurance I dare give—namely, that at present my Son earnestly looks forward to the hope of making himself agreeable and that he would be most happy should it be in his power to become in any way aidant or serviceable

Under all events I must ever feel and profess myself,

My dear Sir,

With unfeigned respect and regard,

Your obliged and grateful,

S T COLERIDGE.

LETTER 328

To MRS S T COLERIDGE

[From a fragment of the original letter in the possession of the Rev G H B Coleridge]

[Postmark, February 9, 1822]

Severe ! My dear Sara ?

I could not help reading that caution of your's to Mrs Gillman, only to see the gravity of her smile The truth is, that all my friends and they are all Hartley's, complain that I "reverse the order of things in my manner to both of them—by excess of attention to their feelings—and even Mrs. Milne and her Sister who are *fond* of Hartley (I say *fond* for every one who knows him intimately loves him) have several times reproached me—at least, kindly blamed me, for the extreme delicacy with which I speak to him of his follies, and my terror of giving him pain. But this has not proceeded wholly or even principally from the pain, I suffer, in giving him pain—but from my knowledge of his nature—that if Hope and pleasurable Feelings are not *stimulants* for him,

Uneasiness and Depression will be *Narcotics* I never yet have used an angry word or spoken in an angry tone to either of them—tho' Derwent, in my last letter without reason appropriated to himself the vehement epithet which I had *applied to Dandyism*

LETTER 329

To C ADERS, 25 *Lawrence courtney Lane, Cannon Street*

[From the original letter in the possession of Mr Thomas Madigan Charles Aders, to whom this letter is addressed, was a German, who spent much of his time in England His wife was the beautiful daughter of Raphael Smith, the engraver With the Aderses, Coleridge was on most intimate terms and to them he wrote a number of very interesting letters]

Monday Morning,
August 4, 1823

MY DEAR SIR

The Gentleman (Mr Watson)¹ who will present this to you, has been not only my friend and house-fellow for some years but has been as a Son to me in all the services and affections of a Son and I on my part love him as such, and (I might almost say) esteem him more, because the duties, he has taken on him, are duties of Love, acts of free will and the election of unbiassed Reason To be with me for any continuance and in any bond of Sympathy, and not to feel attached to Germans, and to prize the intellectual Growth of Protestant Germany, is scarcely possible You will not therefore find it strange, that my young friend Compass-needle points and trembles in that direction He intends to leave England in late Autumn, the last week in September and he has made up his mind to pitch his tent at or near Berlin His wish and mine are, to procure admission on moderate terms, proportioned to his not very ample means, into the House of some respectable Man, a Pastor or other Gelehrte, near Berlin as a temporary Member of the Family, and if possible within an English mile or two at the furthest, from Berlin rather than directly in the city This, however, is no essential article, or indispensable condition. Of his

¹ Seth B Watson, who in 1848 published Coleridge's *Theory of Life*.

exemplary morals and manners, his regularity, and sanftes ruhiges Wesen, I need only say and in this I dare pledge my whole character for Sense and Sincerity, that [it] is impossible for him to reside six weeks, or half that time, as an inmate of a worthy, enlightened and German-hearted Family, without acquiring and securing their warm regard during his stay, and without being the Object of Regret and indelible remembrance after his departure. He purposes to remain during the Winter Half Year Term, and to attend the Medical, chirurgical and philosophical Lectures. Unfortunately, Professor Solger and another intimate Friend of my friend, Mr Green, are no more, but Mr G will write to Professor Lichtenstein, whose acquaintance he made in London. But on such acquaintanceships I dare not rest exclusively, where Mr Watson's Comfort is so deeply concerned. Now my request to you, my dear Sir¹ is—first, to think of whom you happen to know at Berlin—and if you have any friend there, to write to him, to look out for a situation such as I have described—and to inform you, or (as you will be probably absent) to address the answer to me (S T Coleridge, Highgate, near London), what likelihood there is of my friend's wishes being realized. Perhaps you may know some Friend who has connections at Berlin, if you should not—whom you might induce to write to them. I forget the name of the Prussian Minister to whom you were so good as to introduce me² will you favor me with his name by Mr Watson? And likewise with your Judgement whether there would be any impropriety in your or in my giving Mr Watson a letter of introduction to him. But I hope, that Business may allow you to have ten or 15 minutes conversation with my young friend—

O that I could be your fellow-traveller at the Rhine—and a Sojourner at your Godesburgh!¹ But a more rational because not *a priori* impracticable wish is very, very busy at my heart namely, that on your return we may be at Ramsgate or some other Sea-place on Albion's Coast together! Mrs.

¹ Coleridge, in company with Wordsworth and Dora Wordsworth, visited the Aderses at Godesberg in 1828

Aders and Mrs Gillman are worthy of each other and it is not in the power of Man to pay either a higher Compliment—You and Mr Gillman might so comfortably go down together by the Steamboat on the Saturdays—and I am convinced, that it would be a compleat Revalescence I had almost said, reviviscence to Mrs A Mrs G and dear little E¹—

May God bless you, in your goings forth and in your returnings—for with unfeigned esteem and no every day attachment I am, my dear Sir,

Your obliged Friend

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 330

To MESSRS TAYLOR AND HESSEY, *Fleet Street*

[Original letter, Historical Society of Pennsylvania]

August 8, 1823

DEAR SIRS

I have the honor of agreeing with all the thinking Men, with whom I have conversed, in their objection to “ Beauties ” of this or that writer, taken as a *general* Rule. In the greater number of cases, these collections of striking and shewy passages without any connection given in lieu of that which had been destroyed is almost as injurious to the Original, as the taking out of the Lights of a Titian or a Correggio and presenting them apart from the Shades would be, considered as a specimen of the Picture And it is in fact no less injurious to the Reader, and one of the most effective recipes for depraving his Taste and weakening his memory But if, as in all cases, there are any exceptions to the Rule, the Works of Archbishop Leighton form one of the Strongest I need not enlarge to *you* on the high and peculiar Merits of Leighton—on his persuasive and penetrating eloquence, or the fine Fancy and profound Reflection which seem trying to hide themselves in the earnest simplicity and if I may so express myself, in the cordiality and *conversingness* of his style and manner. The point, on which

¹ Ellen Kelly, an inmate of the Aders' household

I mainly rest as to my present purpose, is this that from the nature and necessity of his principal Work, (A commentary on the 1 Epistle of St Peter, Text by Text) the most important and valuable Lights of these precious Volumes present themselves to the Reader in a far more *un-* or rather *dis-*connected manner, than they would in the Work, I have in view so much so indeed, that I was first led to take it in hand from the observations of several, to whom I had strongly recommended the original Volumes, that from the abrupt transitions from one subject to other and wholly different, and the continual interruptions of the thread of Interest as well as of Thought had prevented them, some from continuing the perusal, and more from reading him with the satisfaction, they would otherwise have received.

Now the Volume, I have prepared, will be best described to you by the proposed Table—

Aids to Reflection or Beauties and Characteristics of Archbishop Leighton, extracted from his various Writings and arranged on a principle of connection under the three Heads, of 1 Philosophical and Miscellaneous 2 Moral and Prudential 3 Spiritual—with a Life of Leighton and a critique on his writings, and opinions—with Notes throughout by the Editor

I have marked out all the passages intended for Extraction in my Copy of Leighton's Works—which, if you think the proposal worth attending to in the first instance, I would leave with you—tho' you are well aware, how much more favorable Impression the passages would make, arranged and in sequence, with the necessary additions, or completions and the occasional Substitutions of a word or phrase when the words in the original have acquired by association and change of fashions a mean or ludicrous sense Will you do me the favor of letting me know your opinion either by my friend or by a Line addressed to me at Highgate In the meantime I remain, dear Sirs,

with sincere respect

Your obliged Servt

S. T. COLERIDGE

P S The volume, I should propose, would be a small pocket octavo (Fools' cap, I believe, they call the size, I mean) of about 300 pages which, I can with truth aver, will contain the greater portion of all in the 4 thick miserably misprinted Volumes that is peculiarly and characteristically Leighton's Mind and Genius—and give to nine Readers out of ten a much truer, livelier, and more retainable Idea than they would form from their own reading of the Works themselves, even on the assumption that their patience held out so far

LETTER 331

To CHARLES AUGUSTUS TULK

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge Apparently at this time Coleridge had not come to any arrangement with Taylor and Hessey for the publication of the *Aids to Reflection*, for he still has Murray in mind for his publisher—if not of the *Aids*, at least of all his other works]

Highgate,

Thursday afternoon, August 14, 1823

MY DEAR SIR

Mr Gillman will wait on you tomorrow at half-past one, and I propose to share with him the chance of finding you at home I was in the act of sitting down to write to you, when your note from Brighton reached me this morning I found that in my last I might have conveyed to you a notion of my being *anxious* as to a *favourable* decision from Mr Murray, beyond the truth Anxious for a final yes or no I undoubtedly am—but my wish, that it should be the former, is not of that strength or earnestness, as to make me look forward to its disappointment as to any serious misfortune *Habes quod arrogas*, is an adage of especial application in the present age and in the existing state of literary reputation, but in addition to its impolicy it would be immoral and a paltry sacrifice of sincerity, to the semblance of meekness, to pass what I believed to be a false and wrongful sentence about myself by submitting my compositions, the offspring of intense thought, to the judgement or perhaps the after-dinner mood of men whom I know to be my inferiors in

learning, comparative strangers to the philosophic, and genial principles of criticism, and whose own articles do not impress me with any respect for critical dogmas founded on no principles and resting wholly on individual tastes and accidents of association I am ready to present matter for two independent volumes, as the whole of the productions, to which I judge that my name as a poet may be confided—the one containing the Poems by me selected, the other containing the *Remorse*, the *Zapolya* (greatly altered, in the plot as well as the dialogue) and a free translation of a Tragedy of Calderon If Mr Murray will take them as I send them, I shall be happy to make any arrangement that shall be considered equitable This is, however, in my mind on which, different as I know it to be from Mr Murray's, I must, and ought to, act—and the more so, as in him his counter-judgement rests wholly on a pre-conception, which he has not given me even a *chance* of rectifying if erroneous, or of converting into a well-grounded conviction if otherwise A single hour would have sufficed for this purpose, with any man of scholarly attainments However, this is gone by and on the whole I am glad that it is so There are now but three Questions, tho' in their inseparability they are in effect *one* 1 Satisfactory security for the Paper, Printing etc of the works having been obtained, will Mr M adhere to the kind offer communicated to me thro' your mediation? 2 Will he do for the work when published, the same as he is in the habit of doing for Publications, in the circulation of which he has a direct and immediate interest? 3 Will he allow me to consider him for the future as my Publisher, whether at my own risk or otherwise depending (of course) on the character of the works and his own anticipations of their saleableness and with the proviso that nothing is offered by me to which he can object on political or moral grounds? It is of the most urgent importance that I should know his decision, but yet I should scarcely have held myself justified in throwing the mediatory task on *you*, my dear Sir! if by his total silence and the whole tone and bearing of his last *note*, and his evident shunning of a personal interview with

me, Mr Murray had not seemed to have been trifling with the respect due to *you*, as well as with *my* feelings and but that it *is* possible—not indeed probable, but *possible* it is, that Mr Murray had supposed his communication through you to have superseded the necessity of referring to the circumstance in any other form, till he had ascertained whether or how far I had acceded, or whether I had received the communication

I rejoice to hear of Mrs Tulk's amendment Never shall I have been more (I need not add or more painfully) disappointed if there be aught worse in that dear Lady's case than Disorder as contra-distinguished from organic Disease —To quote a stanza of my own

O ye Hopes ! that stir within her,
Health comes with you from above !
God is with her, God is in her,
She cannot die if Life be Love ! ¹

With unfeigned esteem and inmost sympathy with all your
Havings, Doings and Beings

I remain, my dear Sir,
Your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

¹ These lines form the conclusion to *On Revisiting the Sea-shore*, *Poems*, 360, but the original lines run thus

“ O ye hopes, that stir within me,
Health comes with you from above !
God is with me, God is in me !
I cannot die, if Life be love ”

LETTER 332

To ALARIC WATTS, Leeds

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge A few lines published, *Alaric Watts A Narrative of His Life*, A A Watts, 1884, 1 194, where the letter is mis-dated December 21, 1823 Alaric Watts (1797-1864), to whom this letter is addressed, was a poet and journalist, his most successful work being the *Literary Souvenir*, which he edited from 1824 to 1838]

December 3, 1823

DEAR SIR

A very severe cold caught me, as the Irishman caught the Tartar, in changing houses and moving from small and warm to comparatively large and *not* draftless rooms, *struck* in (as the wise women say) on my chest and bowels and till it struck out again in the shape of an adhesive mask or muzzle, or rather the most unsightly fragments and patches of one, it so confused my head and depressed my spirits that I was both morally and spiritually unfit to return such an answer to your letter as such a letter deserved and demanded—not to speak of the indisposition to the mechanical act of writing produced by the heaviness in my eyes and the dead weight that seemed drawing down my eyelids Under such circumstances I could not venture to decide for myself without consulting two or three of my friends, above all my Publisher, in order to determine whether I could undertake the proposed expedition to the North without a breach of my positive engagement to him This statement, however, I give, almost exclusively in explanation and excuse of my silence or delay in writing For as to the expedition itself, I could not disguise from myself, that but for the [great kindness] of your and Dr Williamson's Letters, and my very strong wish to pass a few weeks under your roof (*very* strong, I say, since I received and in good part have perused your volume of poems)¹ could have induced a moment's hesitation, or have prevented me from instantly clearing away the misinterpretation into which I had, most unintentionally or rather contrary to my intention led you, through mere

¹ *Poetical Sketches*, published in 1823

anxiety not to be misinterpreted I intended my letter as a full and final declining of the flattering proposal of the Literary and Philosophical Society at Leeds¹ But writing in a hurry (*against* Time and the Post) and writing about my own concerns were, as from experience I well knew, sadly against my expressing myself clearly, and saying enough yet not too much, I sat down to write under the influence of an anxiety to remove from your mind any suspicions which the non-receipt of my answer to your letter for so long a time could not but have excited—by assuring you of the truth—namely that I received the proposal with lively feelings of Respect to the Society, of Regard to Dr W and yourself—that I considered the proposal as a compliment, but the personal kindness, that pervaded the communication of it, as calling for feelings of a deeper order The best pledge, I thought, that I could give of the latter was full confidence In one instance only had the Lecture-scheme repayed me in any proportion to the time and effort—and even this did not amount to a third of what I lost by the publication of *The Friend* on stamped sheets for subscribers, who forgot (and have long forgotten) to pay their subscriptions—and this course especially mortified my relations (i e my brothers and nephews) and was regretted by some friends, whose judgment had greater weight with me than I ever yet allowed to feelings originating in the Pride of this world With this result in my mind I was led to explain to you, how it was, that in full manhood I *became* a *Lecturer*, and at the same time hinted the *no* pleasant feelings associated in my mind with lecturing, and some of the occasions of them, and the addition and confirmation they received from the peculiar circumstances of my health, and of my present engagements My health indeed, and the fact that for now eight years I have not above four times ventured to sleep away from my home (that is under the same roof, wherever it be, and within call of the more than my best friends, of whose family I am a member) with the motives for this—*thus*, my dear Sir !

¹ Coleridge had apparently been invited to give a course of lectures at Leeds

is what I should have assigned as my strongest determining reason, had I been *conversing* with you instead of writing. For not to say, that I had not time to give this detail necessary to prevent the chance of not being rightly understood, there are feelings which the sight and voice of a respected person would soon remove but which are oppressive in this *fixture* of a written communication. Hence I but hinted this—and ended by stating the truth, that in my present occupations, there was no remuneration which I could specify without injustice to myself, that would not expose me to the charge of folly and vanity with regard to the Society.

I wrote in a hurry—and on hastily glancing over the paragraph was seized with the apprehension, that I might easily be misinterpreted as passing myself off as a second Scott, Byron or Moore—the ridiculous contrariety of which to the fact forced from me a sardonic laugh at the moment. I set about explaining it away—mentioning a sum hypothetically for the exclusive purpose of making it *clearer*—in short I *put a case* as the lawyers phrase it, merely as illustration. And thus in the anxiety to remedy one possible mistake unluckily led you into another and a real one.

Your letter came and the volume, and for a short time staggered me—not indeed the advantages stated but the wishes it excited. Illness confined me to my room. Mr Gillman, both as my dearest Friend, and as the medical adviser and superintendent, to whom I owe, under God, my life and power of being useful, decisively negatived the undertaking in both characters—and with this opinion my other friends whom I consulted co-incided. I must therefore repeat what I before supposed myself to have conveyed, my sense of the honor, and my regret at the necessity of declining it. To other parts of your letter and respecting the Poems I will write in a few days—

Yours cordially [signature cut out]

P S Your letter is just arrived. I shall miss the Post if I stop even to read it, but I will write tomorrow, if necessary, at least in a day or two.

LETTER 333

To the REV RICHARD CATTFRMOLF

[Original letter, Huntington Library Richard Cattermole (1795-1858 was Secretary of the Royal Society of Literature]

*Grove, Highgate,
March 16, 1824*

REVEREND SIR

I received your announcement of the Distinction and Honor successively conferred on me by the Council of the Royal Society of Literature ¹ with those inward acknowledgements, which not to have felt would argue me altogether unworthy of the Boon And let me [be] allowed to add that my satisfaction was rendered more perfect, and my sense of the favor enlivened, by my previous unqualified approbation of the Objects of the Society, and the reverential gratitude, I had felt toward it's Royal Patron, merely as a Literary Man, and prior to any hope or anticipation of a personal interest in my Sovereign's Munificence Finally, had there been aught wanting to compleat my gratification, I should have found it supplied by the circumstance that the only conditions required were such as every honest Man must regard as a debt long before incurred, and the Prohibitions extended to no point of principle or conduct, that was not already precluded for a Scholar, an Englishman and a Christian by his own reason and Conscience

Ignorant of the way in which a more formal notification of my grateful Acceptance of the Honor of a Royal Associateship should be conveyed, and uncertain whether it is usual and regular to have a more distinct and explicit acknowledgement layed before the Council, than the present Letter can be considered, I must press on your kindness for the requisite information and likewise at what date from the Election of an Associate the *Essay* should be delivered ² I observe too

¹ In 1824 Coleridge was made one of ten Associates in the newly chartered Royal Society of Literature, each to receive annually 100 guineas from the King's Privy Purse, "a yearly £100 versus a yearly essay" *Letters*, II 726

² Coleridge read a paper *On the Prometheus of Aeschylus* before the Royal Society of Literature on May 18, 1825

in the printed papers, which I owe to your kind attention, that every Associate is required to state the particular department of Letters, to which (relatively at least to the Society) he would be understood as being especially attached For myself, I have chosen a double branch, but with a common stem, namely

1 The reciprocal oppositions and conjunctions of Philosophy, Religion, and Poetry (the heroic and dramatic especially, the former comprizing both the homeric and hesiodic species, and the latter including the lyric) in the Gentile World, and in early Greece more particularly To which, as an offset, I add, the differences between the Popular, the Sacerdotal and the—if I may hazard the word —*Mysterial*, Religion of civilized Paganism

2 The influences of the Institutions and Theology of the Latin Church on Philosophy, Language, Science and the Liberal Arts from the VIIth to the XIVth Century

In whatever point I am informal or deficient, I presume on your goodness to set me right and shall receive every correction, your superior judgement and information shall suggest, as an additional ground and motive for the high respect, with which I am,

Reverend Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 334

To MRS ADERS, Euston Square

[From the original letter in the possession of Captain F L Pleadwell, who kindly sent me a transcript I am indebted to Captain Pleadwell not only for transcripts of all the Coleridge letters in his possession, but also for a series of important annotations]

June 1, 1824

MY DEAR MADAM

While I was gallop-scrawling the enclosed note, your little Messenger not having, I suppose, understood me was off—before I could have thought it practicable for him to have taken any refreshment—and the marks of our little

Joseph¹ (who from the disproportion of his size to his age I am in the habit of calling *Infra du*, i e *infra duodecimo*, tho' he is nearer 15) on the said Note, impressed by his living *port-folios*, commonly called Hands, renders it scarcely fit to be sent at all—I mean to say, that Joseph ran after your little lad, but returned without having overtaken him I am resolved to tell Miss Kelly,² as soon as ever the Rose makes it's appearance on her cheeks, that she deserved to have a gray haired Poet's Kiss inflicted on her for the Gloom her sad naughty sore throat has thrown over our anticipations Bless me, cried Mrs Gillman before she had read half down the first side of your letter, I would rather have received a score [of] "Declensions" than this, let them have come from whom they might I wish that she and dear Mrs Aders had been here "What!" said I, "do you suppose that the *sight* of Mr Gillman would have cured Ellen's illness in its pre-existent state?" "I don't know that it might—and the walks in the Southampton Gardens, and our being all so glad to have them with us—and there *is* something in change of Air" Be assured, dear Madam, that if there be any medical efficacy in fervent and affectionate Wishing, your dear child will not long remain on a sick bed

Mr Green, of whom I spoke in the enclosed, is the Nephew of Mr Cline, and one of the Surgeons at St Thomas's Hospital, and who has lately distinguished himself so greatly by his Lectures on Animate Nature and the Laws of Life, Instinct, etc. at the College of Surgeons He is an incomparable German scholar, in addition to his other powers and attainments—above all, he is among the very best men I know. But probably you may have heard Mr Robinson (that Pineapple of a *Crab*, as Charles Lamb says) speak of him I feel confident, that if any cause should make it inconvenient that I should call with him during the next week, you will not hesitate a moment in saying so. If

¹ Coleridge probably means James Gillman, Junior, who was fifteen years of age at this time

² This name has been scored out in the original letter, but is decipherable as Kelly

not, we shall not however intrude on you for more than half an hour—and you will probably favor me with a line, stating what day and what hour would be least inconvenient Mr Green has heard from a German correspondent of the superiority of Mr Aders' Collection to those in Bavaria, and of the beauties of the Estate which Mr A has purchased from the Elector of Cologne ¹

Be pleased to make my best respects, together with Mr and Mrs Gillman's to Mr Aders—and believe me, dear Madam

respectfully and warmly your
obliged Friend

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 335

To MRS ADERS

[From the original letter in the possession of Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston Massachusetts]

June 3, 1824

MY DEAR MADAM

Mrs Gillman sends her love and requests that you will allow her to expect you on Wednesday next, June 9th I know, *you* need no additional inducement, but yet I should like you very much to be here one of the evenings which Basil Montague and Mr Irving² spend with us— Whether the friendly sympathies and collisions between Mr. I and myself act as exciting causes, I cannot say, but I am not the only person who thinks Mr Irving more delightful still at

¹ Coleridge "visited them (the Aderses) at their villa on the Rhine, at Godesberg, meeting there the 'illuminati' of Bonn, notably Niebuhr, Zecher, Schlegel, and others Aders and his collection of paintings was made the subject of a poem by Charles Lamb 'T C Aders, Esq, on his Collection of Paintings by the Old German Masters'" Note by Captain Pleadwell

² Edward Irving (1792-1834) the friend of Carlyle, was the founder of the "Holy Catholic Apostolic Church" He and Coleridge met sometime in 1822 Coleridge once wrote of "the Revd Mr Irving, the super-Ciceronian, ultra-Demosthenic pulpiteer of the Scotch Chapel in Cross Street" *Letters*, II 723

these times than even in the pulpit Now we fully expect him on Thursday, 10 June

I shall be most happy to accompany my friends, Mr and Mrs Green—and nothing but some necessity moral or physical shall prevent me— I must, however, have expressed myself obscurely as to the time Tonight is their great Ball—which, I daresay, will not break up till after Tomorrow's Dawn—and Mrs Green, I suspect, will scarcely be fit for any excursion for the next day or two— You know what there is to do after a hundred and fifty people have been in a house— I am equally surprized and delighted to see Miss Gillman bear up so well, amid such an ocean of Glasses, Jelly Cups, Ice Saucers, and Lord knows what to be packed up and off— I must therefore defer our visit till I have seen Mr Green and heard from you At all events, I will trouble you with a note after I have seen them And I hope, that Mr and Mrs Green may be induced to spend Thursday evening with us—as I know, that Mr Green is very desirous to meet Mr Irving at one of our "Attic Nights"¹ We shall remain in strong hopes of a note from you—"We will be with you by Wednesday Noon"

I write in a great hurry—and in consequence of an impudent demand from a worthless Clergyman, in some flurry of thought—but with cordial respects to dear Mr Aders

believe me, my dear Madam,
Your's with affectionate esteem

S T COLERIDGE

¹ Coleridge's famous Thursday evening gatherings came into being about this time To them came Coleridge's younger disciples—Edward Irving, John Sterling, A H Hallam, J H Green, J C Hare, C A Tulk, and others, and for a time, Carlyle—as well as the Poet's older friends It was a time when the master "sat on the brow of Highgate Hill" pouring forth his sage remarks to a group of inspired admirers

LETTER 336

To MRS WM ROGERS

[From the original letter in the possession of the Rev Canon George W Daniell Mrs William Rogers, to whom this letter is addressed, was a sister of John Frederic Daniell (1790-1845), the first Professor of Chemistry at King's College, London]

DEAR MADAM

[Endorsed July, 1824]

As the Representative or Substitute for Mrs Gillman's Absentee Hand, I am to say that we are not elsewhere engaged, on Saturday afternoon To add that we shall be glad to see you and Ellen, would be quite superfluous " I wonder, whether Miss Johnson would like to come with you " —N B This is a quotation from myself

I was caught in and drenched by the Rain, black and Thunder Storm this morning while reading with great pleasure the Review on your Brother's work in the R I Journal But indeed it was not possible that such a Book could be without it's fame And yet I do feel the conviction that I should be able to convince Mr Daniel that his coalescence with the Granville Penn¹ Party and the Pressing of Moses and the Bible into the Service of Geological theory is inconsistent with his own Judicious Remark—and that every attempt of this kind has ended hitherto, and from obvious causes must end, in the triumph of Infidels If there be one sure Conclusion respecting the Bible, it is this—that it not only uniformly speaks the language of the Senses, but adopts the inferences which the Childhood of the Race drew from the appearances presented by the Senses The Bible must be interpreted by it's known *objects*, and *ends*; and these were the Moral and spiritual Education of the Human Race The ends secured, the truths of Sciences follow of their own accord

With my affectionate Respects to Mr. Rogers, and Love to Ellen, Willy, Lady Ann, Eyelashena and Mr Rante, I remain dear Madam, with no every day regard

Your obliged Friend

S T COLERIDGE

¹ Granville Penn (1761-1844) was the author of a number of semi-scientific works

LETTER 337

To MR DUNN

[From a fac-simile of the original letter reproduced in the *Canadian Magazine*, Vol xxxiii No 2 (June, 1909)]

There has been considerable discussion as to whether Coleridge discontinued the use of opium while with the Gillmans, but six letters from Coleridge to Mr Dunn (a chemist at Highgate and later at Tottenham Court Road) which were carefully preserved by Mr Dunn's daughter (Mrs William H Norris), and a single letter in the Library of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, add new information and prove conclusively that Coleridge surreptitiously purchased opium at various intervals.

All but two of these seven letters to Mr Dunn are undated, and I have, therefore, for purposes of clarity, printed five of them immediately after the first dated one (September 21, 1824), the other dated letter is in its chronological place (January 6, 1832).

J Dykes Campbell explains Coleridge's sudden departure from Highgate in March, 1824, as probably due to the discovery by the Gillmans of purchases of opium (See *Life*, 255 note.) Campbell's conjecture is probably correct, but the dated letters show that Coleridge continued to disobey Gillman's orders *after* returning to Highgate in April, 1824.]

September 21, 1824

DEAR SIR

It has mortified me that in consequence of the prolonged stay of a Friend at Paris I have been obliged to disappoint you and must still defer it for a few days. I do not doubt, however, that by or before this day week I shall be able to settle it, independent of my friend's return, tho' certain circumstances render me reluctant to make use of other resources, which I can indeed at any moment command but not so easily keep sacred to my own knowledge

S T. C

LETTER 338

To MR DUNN

[From a fac-simile of the original letter reproduced in the *Canadian Magazine*, Vol xxxiii No 2 (June, 1909)]

[1824 ?]

I have this morning received a long desired Letter which enables me to state this day week for the settlement. It would remove an unpleasant weight from my mind, if I could with propriety explain to you, why with a hundred

pound of my own in the house I yet could not, without imprudent exposures, settle a £25 account

Destroy this instantly

[No signature]

LETTER 339

To MR DUNN

[From a fac-simile of the original letter reproduced in the *Canadian Magazine*, Vol xxxiii No 2 (June, 1909)]

[1824 ?]

DEAR SIR

If it be in your possession, could you favor me with an oz of the Liquid Morphi, equal in strength to Laudanum or in lieu of this half a scruple of the Acetate Morphi

S T C

LETTER 340

To MR DUNN

[From a fac-simile of the original letter reproduced in the *Canadian Magazine*, Vol xxxiii No 2 (June, 1909)]

Wednesday Noon [1824 ?]

DEAR SIR

I am setting off for town, which I was prevented from doing yesterday by a Cold and the Weather I leave this note in case I should return too late to call at your house this evening

S T. C

LETTER 341

To MR DUNN

[Published *Canadian Magazine*, Vol xxxiii No 2, June, 1909 No fac-simile of this letter was given in the *Canadian Magazine*]

[1824 ?]

DEAR SIR

I do not doubt that within a few days my settlement with my publishers will enable me to settle with you. In the meantime be so good as to accept the enclosed, in addition

to the account, as fairly your dues The Day I left Highgate for Ramsgate ¹ a letter arrived, contained a draft for the sum, £26, but it was accompanied with a request in relation to a late unfortunate Public Measure, and Controversy or Feud in this District, which (had the compliance been less repugnant to my own private and disinterested conviction) I could not but resent as compromising my independence. Meantime, for motives of great literary and not trifling pecuniary magnitude, I was under the necessity of changing at a heavy present loss, the whole of the work I was engaged on, and of re-writing the whole. I mention these circumstances to you in confidence in justice to myself. For be assured, that few things have given me so much pain as this Delay has done. A few months' hard work will enable me hereafter to be beforehand with you rather than behind.

With true respect,

Your obliged,

S T C

P S—I entreat you, be careful not to have any note delivered to me unless I am alone and passing your door.

LETTER 342

To MR DUNN, *Chemist and Druggist, Highgate*

[Original letter, Historical Society of Pennsylvania]

[1824 ?]

MY DEAR SIR

I am almost wild with pain affecting the Sciatic Nerve, as if four and twenty Rats "all in a row" from the right Hip to the Ankle Bone were gnawing away at me. Thank Heaven! it is without any nervous disturbance, pure *pain* and not that worse than pain, miserable Sensations. Nevertheless, it is so severe, and so continuous (remitting only for four or five hours in the evening, say from 4 to 10 or 11), that it has deprived me of sleep for the last two nights—and if this continues, I shall be worn out. I must

¹ As Coleridge spent several autumns at Ramsgate, this reference cannot determine the correct date of this letter.

therefore have recourse to an Anodyne—till I can see my friend, Mr Green, that is, till Monday or Tuesday You will therefore greatly oblige me by sending by the Bearer a Scruple of the Acetate of Morphia, in the accompanying little Bottle, which I shall try, a grain at a time, giving six hours, till the Pain is sufficiently lulled to permit me to have some Sleep It sometimes goes off, after a pause has been once obtained ¹

I will do myself the pleasure of calling on you and winding up my little account, as soon as this damp-begotten Vagrant, Rheumatism by name (for want of a better) shall have taken to his Heels, like the fugitive Turnkey in Sir W Scott's Rob Roy, and left the Prison Door open for,

My dear Sir,

Your obliged Friend

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 343

To MR HESSEY ²

[Original letter, Library of Owen D Young]

[1824]

DEAR SIR

You will see by the accompanying that I have been and anxiously employed since I last saw you As soon as I saw the Proof, I was struck with the Apprehension of the Disorderly and heterogenous appearance which the Selections intermixed with my own comments etc would have—I had not calculated aright on the relative quantity of the one and the other—and the more I reflected, the more desirable it appeared to me to carry on the promise of the Title Page (*Aids* to reflection) systematically throughout the work But little did I anticipate the time and trouble, that this *refacimento* would cost me—Mrs Gillman could inform you, that with the exception of a few days of Illness I have been at work on this Volume and the Essay on the times of Leighton and the causes of the Schism in Protestantism, every day of

¹ Four lines in the original MS are here carefully scored out

² Of the firm of Taylor and Hessey, publishers

my absence, from Breakfast to Dinner and from Tea to Bed time—merely allowing myself two hours for Bathing and Exercise

On the return of the next proofs, the conclusion of the last Division (Spiritual and Philosophical) will accompany them—And the historical and biographical Essay will be ready—I suspect, it will stand in strange *Contrast* of Opinion with Southey's *Church*,¹ which will come out about the same time

I leave it to your better Judgement, but it strikes me, that by printing the Aphorisms *numerically* with interspace, as I have written them—thus—

Aphorism I

Then the title or heading of it, if any and then the passage itself, would be so very much the best way, as to make it worth while—And instead of the (Leighton Vol I p ——) at the *end*, simply to have an L either thus

Aphorism V L

or before the first word of the Aphorism, on the same line with it

L A Reflecting mind etc —

and when it is not Leighton's, to put either E (Editor !) or nothing

In those Aphorisms, in which part only, is Leighton's, they might be marked L E !—

But I shall call on you, please God, on Tuesday Morning—
Your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

If it were feared, that there is too much matter—all the extracts from l 2 of p 52, viz —Aphorisms, 12, 13, 14, 15, might be omitted

¹ Southey's *The Book of the Church* was published in 1824

LETTER 344

To the REV S MENCE

[Original letter, the property of the Bristol Museum and Art Gallery Committee The Rev S Mence was the minister at Highgate]

*Saturday, January 12th, 1825*¹

MY DEAR SIR

Miss Bradley, whom you met yesterday, is the Daughter of a very dear Friend of Mr and Mrs Gillman's, and in fact little less than a Father in the love and veneration of the Latter Of course to Miss B as the sole Relic of her departed Friend, she feels the duties of a Sister When in addition to this I say, that Miss B is liable by any unsettling forces, bodily or circumstantial, to get into "a *low way*," commencing with extreme nervousness and disposition to *eddy* round and round any past event or act, that had distressed or perplexed her, and (if not cut short) passing into temporary Melancholia, I have told you all

Now at present there are symptoms that give us reason to apprehend a coming-on of this complaint—and for a week past her thoughts have been running on some supposed omission or other, of which she fears to have been guilty, in her preparation for the last Sacrament, she received My dear Sir ! I cannot help thinking, that Jer Taylor and other great and good men who wrote and preached treatises, " Way to the Altar " etc , etc —commonly in the hands of Church-Members, were not sufficiently on their guard against the effects, many passages in these books , (not to say the *Spirit* of some of them) are calculated to produce on nervous females under the irritation of Debility However, Miss B has been importuning Mrs Gillman to consent to her consulting *you* She conceives that she ought not to suffer her mind to be quieted by any thing, I might say as I am not a Minister etc. But from you it possibly might be of medicinal effect to be told, what a sad perversion of the Eucharist it is to turn a means of grace, and comfort, an act of confidence in the promises and all-sufficient Death of the Redeemer,

¹ January 12, 1825, was on Wednesday

into a thorn-brake of Scruples and a Snare for the Conscience—that if there was any thing to be done or to be done otherwise, her duty is to do it for the future—and that brooding on the past, and fretting and perplexing herself about what cannot be recalled, is the way to consume the very strength of mind and purpose, requisite for the due performance of what she has to do—[and] shews a great ignorance of the true meaning of Christian Repentance, and argues a distrust in the Saviour's assurances

I take the liberty of throwing out these hints, from the apprehension that the triflingness or mistaken nature of the Lady's Scruples might (Judging unfairly, perhaps, of you by what happened to myself) *put you out*

As far as there is any thing more than what may be best attributed to the state of bodily health in these Scruples and Hauntings, I have most often found, that there is an *irresolution* at the bottom, a clinging at the *core* of the Heart to a somewhat, which they can neither resolve to eject or retain—and that such persons are sure to do the thing which, when done, they then set about repenting *of* Rarely, I fear, do they repent *from* it

With great regard and respect,

My dear Sir

Your's truly

S T COLERIDGE

P S Mrs Gillman, I find, has arranged the time etc with you However, I am vain enough to fancy, that you would vote for my not throwing this Note into the fire.

My dear Sir Your expectations and mine stand at the same low degree above Zero on the Elpidometer. Now and then, however, there occurs a temporary re-agency of Thought on Organic Action, even in cases that most evidently originate in the disorder of the latter. Still I would not have imposed a task of so little hope, had I not known that even to have administered an Anodyne to a worthy and simple-hearted tho' weak Sister in the Faith, or even the indirect palliation of preventing the broodings and hauntings which the refusal

would super-induce on her existing melancholies, will be considered by you as a warrant for the time spent In cases like these the *Doctor* and the Parson must consent to *prescribe* each other—for alas ! after a few aperients, and a little dieting the former has generally answered at his ne plus ultra

I am aware of few subjects more calculated to awake a deep at once practical and speculative interest in a philosophic mind than the analogies between organic (I might say, organic) Life and Will The Facts both of Physiology and Pathology lead to one and the same conclusion—viz—that in some way or other the Will is the obscure *Radical* of the Vital Power My dear Sir ! am I under the inebriation of Self-conceit ? I trust, not Yet there are not half a dozen men in the world of my acquaintance, to whom I should dare utter the sentiment, which I now confess to *you* in that there are *Libraries* of Works from infra-duodecimos to Ultra-folios on the two great Moments of the Christian Faith, *Original Sin* (i e Sin, as the *Source* of sinful actions) and Redemption, that the *ground*, and this the *Superstructures*, of Christianity And yet (it is my persuasion that) only not every thing is yet to be said ! In the article of Redemption, Metaphors have been obtruded as the Reality and in all the Mysteries subordinate to Redemption, Realities have been exinanized into Metaphors Luther indeed was a mighty Wrestler and the very Halt on the Thigh bears witness of the Manfulness of his Struggles

But Luther had no Elyahs to succeed him

Believe me

with sincere respect

and regard, my dear Sir,

Your's truly

S T. COLERIDGE,

LETTER 345

To JOHN FLAXMAN

[From a transcript of the original letter printed in a bookseller's catalogue The sheet from the catalogue is among the E H Coleridge papers, but I have been unable to identify the booksellers The letter is addressed to John Flaxman (1755-1826), the sculptor Printed *Catalogue of the Collection formed by A Morrison*, 1883-1892, ii 263]

Grove, Highgate,
January 24, 1825

DEAR SIR

I will attempt no other apology for this intrusion or of that of which *this* is meant to apprise you, than by stating my motive and the occasion I am preparing an essay on the Connection of Statuary and Sculpture with Religion the origin of statuary as a fine art, that is, as a form or species of Poesy (which I distinguish from poetry as a genus from one of its species) This origination or new birth is beyond controversy, the result of the Grecian mind I then proceed to the re-action of sculpture after its escape from the caves and temples of Egyptian and Indo-Egyptian hieroglyphical idolatry into Greece on the religious conceptions and imaginations of men and in what way it joined with philosophy and the mysteries in preparing the Graeco-Roman world for Christianity, and that great article of the *Divine* HUMANITY and its meditative offices Lastly, on the true essence of the ideal, and its intimate connection with the symbolic ¹ Now, my dear Sir, I trust you think too well of me to suspect that I am capable of flattery. If I were sufficiently sure in my self-estimation to endure the thought of such a degradation of my own moral being, I am not so callously vulgar as to offer such an affront to your feelings What therefore I can affirm with entire sincerity, I venture to communicate with perfect simplicity, namely, in all that respects ideal beauty, and all the intuitions, expressions, affections, and states of being, that belong or are akin to the beautiful (and the beautiful is always *elevated*, even in the

¹ This plan eventually developed into the essay *On the Prometheus of Aeschylus*

face of a sleeping infant Alas ! that almost one half of the world mistake the *pretty*, and almost the remaining half the *agreeable*, for the beautiful) I consider you as the *first*, not only of our contemporaries, but of all modern sculptors You must not wonder, therefore, if before I go on with my essay, I should wish both to kindle and embody my thoughts by the contemplation of such works as you may happen to have in your laboratory, and at the same time to obtain from you or your dear sister and daughter a list of your chief works that are accessible in or near London, and you would greatly oblige me by mentioning any two or three to which you would wish to have my attention especially directed

A kind and most respectable neighbour, Mr Chance, is going to your end of the town to-morrow with Mrs Chance and another lady in their carriage, and I have availed myself of their kind offer to take me with them Mrs Chance, from the sweetness of her manners and look, by the unfeigned gentleness and humility of her character, uninjured by opulence, reminds me (tho' but by a faint reflex) of that dear lady, the sweet, rich light from whose eyes I shall never more behold till I meet her in heaven Oh, dear sir ! doubtless a sharper, more crushing pang than I felt at her loss, but not a deeper or more enduring grief than I felt and shall feel, can our friend himself or Mr Hart, have suffered But I dare not trust myself with this subject

Should you not be at home, or should business call you out tomorrow from 12 to 2 or 3, will you intercede for me with Miss Flaxman, so that I may be permitted to introduce Mr and Mrs Chance to your Laboratory O, that I may find the Michael there !

Present my best and most cordial respects to the ladies I have just heard a very good account of Mrs Aders from Mr Aders, who expects her return to Euston Square I remain, dear and honoured Sir, with entire respect and affectionate regard, yours' most truly

.¹

¹ The letter is without ending or signature

LETTER 346

To the REV RICHARD CATTERMOLÉ

[Original letter, Huntington Library]

Grove, Highgate,
April 26, 1825

REVEREND SIR

At the time, when most unexpectedly I had the honor to be appointed a Royal Associate of the R S L, I was employed in the completion of three Works, the preparations for, and composition of, which have employed every hour during the last 20 years of my Life, that ill-health and the exactions of that imperious Task-master, the ever-recurring TO-DAY, have allowed me to call *my own*. The first of the three, entitled "Aids to Reflection in the formation of a manly character," is printed and on the eve of publication. The second, or the Elements of Discourse, is finished and in preparation for the Press. Of the third and far larger and more laborious Work, on Religion in it's twofold character of Philosophy and History, under the title of "Religion considered as *implying* Revelation, and Christianity as the only Revelation of universal and perpetual Validity" the former Half only is completed¹. And I owe it to my own character not to omit, that before I had received the least intimation respecting my possible election as Royal Associate, I had already entered into engagements with my present Publishers—which engagements, partly, anxiety from a deep sense of the importance of the Objects, I had in view, and the knowledge that my convictions stood in sharp and almost hostile contrast with the prevailing opinions of the Age; partly, the Absence of a friendly Amanuensis—a heavy loss to a Man, whose progress in composing with the pen in his own hand is *inversely* as his rapidity in dictating; and partly, a succession of disturbing and depressing Accidents; have rendered beyond my anticipation difficult to fulfil.

I throw myself therefore on the indulgence of the Society

¹ Coleridge never completed for publication the second and third of these works

and entreat them to regard the Year past as a period employed in the liquidation of a debt previously incurred, and for the purpose of enabling myself with a free and disentangled spirit to discharge the duties of more recent origin henceforward.¹

Not, however, to leave the letter of my obligation uncomplished with, I here lay before the Society the first specimen of a series of Disquisitions respecting the Nature, Origin, and distinctive characters of the Religious Institutions of Ancient Greece, the Mysteries, the Sacerdotal Cultus and the Popular Superstitions, and of the relation, in which the Philosophy, the Epic and Dramatic Poetry, and the Fine Arts of the Greek Republics stood to each of these ²

And I remain most respectfully,

Reverend Sir,

Your obedient Servant

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 347

To the REV EDWARD COLERIDGE, Patteson's Esqre, Gower Street

[Original letter, Pierpont Morgan Library

Edward Coleridge (1800-1883), a son of Coleridge's brother James, was at this time assistant-master at Eton College Edward Coleridge was a younger brother of John Taylor and Henry Nelson Coleridge]

[Spring, 1825]

Thursday afternoon

MY DEAR NEPHEW

Did I or did you, mistake the day on which I was to expect the pleasure of seeing you with your Italian Friend? Was it Friday, perhaps? or perhaps, some accident has intervened that has prevented you from coming! I had made an engagement to call on my Publishers on Friday

¹ Coleridge with his usual procrastination was a year behind time with his annual essay for the Royal Society of Literature

² Coleridge's paper, *On the Prometheus of Æschylus, An Essay, Preparatory to a series of Disquisitions respecting the Egyptian in connection with the Sacerdotal Theology, and in contrast with the Mysteries of Ancient Greece*, was delivered before the Royal Society of Literature on May 18, 1825

but yet, if I were certain of seeing you tomorrow, I could contrive to put that off so anxious am I to talk with you respecting the Eton Foundation Boys—You asked me if it was for a particular friend When I tell you, that it is for Henry Gillman,¹ the younger of Mr and Mrs Gillman's two children, I might adopt *Eha's* (C Lamb's) words in his letter to Southey "Coleridge's more than Friend, Mr Gillman " But in every honest and moral sense I might and I do reply—*for myself* For the failure and thorough-paced Rascality of Fenner and Curtis having at one stroke deprived me of the whole amount of the gains of my literary Labors, but even compelled me to borrow money to buy up the Half Copy Rights, the remuneration of my Author-Labors since then is still in reversion , and the trifles I have been able to earn, by private Teaching, or literary assistance, have not for the last six years enabled me to pay half the actual expences of my maintenance My children have received the same kindness and more than *friendship* as myself—and all the while I know that my friend, like most other professional men in so limited a sphere as Highgate, is obliged to struggle hard in order to the performance of the duties he owes to his own children and his own station in Society If at the time, I published the Friend in Volumes, I had reason (and most sufficing reason I had) to express what I did express in my Dedication of the Work to Mr. and Mrs Gillman, what must I not say now, after eight years' unre-mitted Love and Affection, and hourly occasions to experience and venerate their worth ! whatever, therefore, you can do, and whatever interest you possess, I earnestly beseech you to exert it for their child, not with less warmth than if it had been my own. I have conversed with Mr. and Mrs Gillman who have determined to avail themselves of your kind offer, and I will take care, that the Boy shall do no discredit to your Patronage. He is a generous-minded and sweet tempered Boy and his connections and nearest Relations are in every sense of the word highly respectable. With such a Mother, as he has (and I have never yet in all

¹ Henry Gillman was sent to Eton College in 1825.

points seen her equal) his manners, notions and principles could scarcely be otherwise than gentlemanly—I use this word because Mr J H Frere called him, “a gentlemanly little Fellow”) If you possibly can contrive to give me an hour or two of your time either tomorrow or Saturday, so as to see Mr and Mrs Gillman, you will give me no ordinary pleasure Unfortunately, I forgot to ask your address in Town—and therefore I shall dispatch a trusty Messenger with this, to go first to Torrington Square, and then to Gower Street I have been the last two or three Hours with Dr Reich¹ who answers to John’s account of him I have given him the best advice in my power—viz to give up all thought of interesting either Public or London Publishers in German Metaphysics, except as far as he should be engaged to write an Article (historical and critical) for either of the two Great Reviews—and rather to turn his attention to the many valuable Historical Works with which the German Literature has been recently enriched, and to their Natural Histories, Zoological, Mineralogical, etc But I shall write to your Cousin [brother ?] as soon as I hear of his Return from the West

Give my kind Love to Mrs P² and assure her, I have not forgot her nor the Epithalamium—for *her* Poet ought to feel as her Husband feels, that the recency of the Event is the smallest part of the Interest, by which it is endeared If Epithalamia be congratulations, my subject will improve by keeping, and grow by compound interest

Be so good as to return a Line by the Bearer—whether and on what day I may hope to see you—

and believe me

dear Edward,

with sincere regard

Your affectionate Uncle

S T COLERIDGE

¹ Dr Reich was a German visitor whom John Taylor Coleridge had urged the Poet to befriend Cf *Letters*, II 734-736

² Edward’s sister Frances Duke Coleridge had recently married John (later Sir John) Patteson

LETTER 348

To MR HESSEY

[Original letter, Library of Owen D Young]

[circa 1825]

DEAR SIR

I thank you for your kind letter In every two friends, I have hitherto consulted, I have found the same difference of anticipation, as in you and Mr Taylor to whom be pleased to present my thanks I shall take tomorrow to consider of it—when I hope to receive a letter from the Revd Joseph Hughes, of Battersea, and Mr Walker of Finsbury Square, a constant attendant on my former Lectures But one of my best friends is of opinion that should you and Mr Taylor hold it expedient to put to the Press immediately the Six Disquisitions—on Faith, the Eucharist, the Philosophy of Prayer, the Church as an institution of Christ and as a Constituent Estate of the State, *Ecclesia* & *Enclesia*, the prophetic character of the Hebrew Scriptures, and the nature and extent of the *Gift* of Prophecy, and in what respect peculiar to the Hebrew Seers, and, last, on the right and superstitious Use and estimation of the Scriptures—the Subjects are of such importance both in themselves, and as forming with the *Aids* a compleat System of the Philosophy of Religion, as far as it was possible without such abstruse reasoning as would be unintelligible to all but a Few¹ And this is the question, your and Mr Taylor's answer to which I most wished to receive But I shall endeavor to call on Wednesday before I go to the Royal Society of Literature

I am *delighted* with the “Superannuated Man”² I have

¹ The plan to add to the *Aids to Reflection* did not materialize, the work, *On the Constitution of the Church and State, according to the Idea of Each with Aids toward a Right Judgment on the late Catholic Bill, 1830*, was the only other work of a religious or philosophical nature published by Coleridge In 1840, however, H N Coleridge edited the *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*, a series of seven letters which form a part of the Bohn Edition of the *Aids to Reflection* (1884) The *Confessions* deal with the sixth proposal mentioned above (I 15), “on the right and superstitious use and estimation of the Scriptures”

² Lamb's *Superannuated Man* appeared in the *London Magazine* in May, 1825

read [it] a dozen times at least It is worthy of Charles Lamb in his happiest Carolo-lambian Hour and that is saying a great deal

I have put a slip of paper in the place , but I have marked it so precisely on the 3rd side of this sheet, that there can be no mistake

With sincere esteem and regard

I remain, my dear Sir, your obliged Friend and Servt

S T COLERIDGE

"I stammered out a bow"—exquisite None but C L could have written that

P S ✕ is my usual mark for, *opposed to* or *as the antithesis* of and ✕ for *the contrary of* Thus Sweet ✕ Sour Sweet ✕ Bitter

LETTER 349

To JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE ¹

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

Hughgate,

[*Endorsed May, 1825*]

MY DEAR NEPHEW

I have here enclosed the first Third of my "Aids to Reflection," comprising the Prudential and Moral Aphorisms and comments, both indeed in alliance with the Religious Principle and so arranged as to be inobtrusively preparatory to the succeeding reflections and expositions on positive Christianity As soon as I can procure a complete copy of the whole work—now in a few days I hope, I will send it, if you will be so good as to return these

I am aware of your many and onerous engagements and therefore have sent this portion only, as readable *off hand*, with the exception of two or three pages at least But if you could find a hora subseciva, so as to be able to let me know your actual impressions , first as to the presence or absence of that which is calculated to excite an *interest*, such of course as can be expected in a *didactic* work professedly religious—

¹ John Taylor Coleridge (1790-1876), the son of Coleridge's brother James

second, as to the style in point of perspicuity—whether it *reads* well, you would oblige me more than I can express. You will believe me when I say that I want no praise but from my heart's heart *e corculo cordis* exactly and nakedly your *first* feeling and *its* judgement, not formally given but merely by striking a line with your pencil down the margin, and if it pleased or interested you, put B, if better, BB, if you thought it questionable or objectionable, put a ? beside a line, if it reads *heavy* P, if obscure O

This will be quite sufficient, for I am half in doubt whether to wish that the impression made on you should be modified even by the objects and purposes stated in the preface—it being enough for me to be certain beforehand that you will not expect the interest of a word in “Aids to Reflection”

Had I commenced with the plan and purpose afterwards adopted, I should certainly have prefixed a chapter or series of Aphorisms on Prudence, or Good Sense and Discretion in the management of a Man's Feeling, Behaviour, Conversation studies etc generally—without any direct connection with religion or the ultimate end. As it is the book will of course have few readers but such as purchase it *as* a religious book

One of my principal motives for the request I have made is that I may have an opinion, that I can rely on, as to the effect of the aphorismatic form, whether it distracts or relieves the attention. The remaining two thirds of the volume (the philosophical and theological) are, of necessity more continuous and of these I can form some opinion: of the former I cannot—but am quite adrift.

I have six Disquisitions ready for the Press—as a sort of supplement to this—the second of which was to have followed the disquisition on Baptism and Infant Baptism; but was obliged to be left out from the length of the volume

1 On Faith 2 The Eucharist 3 The philosophy of Prayer, and the three kinds of Prayer. Public, Domestic, and Solitary. 4 on the prophetic character of the old Testament and on the gift of Prophecy —5. on the Church—

establishment and Dissent—and the true character and danger of the Romish Church 6 on the right and superstitious use of and estimation of the Sacred Scriptures this last in a series of Letters

In the “Aids to Reflection,” I have touched on the mystery of the Trinity only in a *negative* Way—That is I have shewn the hollowness of the arguments by which it has been assailed—have demonstrated that the doctrine involves nothing contrary to reason and the nothingness and even absurdity of a Christianity without it In short I have contented myself with exposing the causes of its rejection and in removing (what by experience I know to be) the ordinary obstacles of its belief But the positive establishment of the Doctrine as involved in the Idea of God—together with the origin of EVIL, as distinguished from original Sin (on which I have treated at large) and the Creation of the visible world—*these* are absolutely requiring the habit of abstraction and *severe thinking* I have reserved for my large work of which I have finished the first division, namely the Philosophy of the Christian Creed, or Christianity true in *Idea* The 2nd Division will be Christianity true in *fact*—i.e. historically The third and last will be Christianity true in *Act* i.e. morally and spiritually

But with exception of the Trinity, (the *positive* proof of the origin of Evil, metaphysically examined—and the Creation I may venture to say that the “Aids to Reflection” —(the latter 2/3rd I mean) with the six supplementary Disquisitions contain a complete *system* of internal evidence—At least I can think of no essential article of Faith omitted—At all events no one hereafter can with justice complain that I have disclosed my sentiments only in flashes and fragments—and that no one can tell what the opinions and Belief are of your affectionate uncle and Friend,¹

S T COLERIDGE

¹ This letter shows how much cognizance Coleridge took of his critics

LETTER 350

To JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

Highgate,
May 8, 1825

MY DEAR NEPHEW

Some eight or nine years ago Mr Murray suggested to and proposed to me the re-publication of the "Specimens of Rabbinical Wisdom" that appeared in the original *Friend*, as circulated by the Post in stamped sheets, with as many additional ones as would make a sizable volume. I was pleased with the scheme, and set myself to work on it, but by the time I had collected and re-composed two or three tales, I discovered, first that I had not learning enough for the task, but must depend wholly on the Latin Translations of such of the works, Arabic or Rabbinical Hebrew, as had met with Translators Secondly, that these Translations were very rare books, and the most important to be found only in the British Museum Thirdly, my state of Health and the living five miles from town presented almost insurmountable obstacles to such an attendance on Public Libraries as would be necessary. And lastly, that the quantity of dry reading to be fagg'd thro'—the hunt for needles in a score of hay-stacks—the bodily fatigue in going, returning and (not least) in sitting, the expence of stages, and after all with the knowledge that the most productive mines were not accessible to me—rendered the sum offered (tho' quite adequate to the probable marketable value of the work itself, yet) inadequate to the certain toil and inconvenience and the very questionable success of my researches. I therefore abandoned it in despair

Some years afterward I had the good fortune of forming an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Hurwitz, the author of the *Vindiciae Hebraicae*, or defence of our Church Translation of the Old Testament against the attacks of Bellamy and others—a work which procured and merited a very handsome letter to the author from the present Bishop of London. It

is indeed a work which ought to be in the library of every biblical student. Beyond all doubt or comparison Mr Hurwitz, whom it would be no flattery to name the English Mendelssohn, is the first Hebrew and Rabbinical scholar in the Kingdom, and among the first in the languages of the Hither East—I mean the ancient and modern Arabic, the Syriac, Chaldaic and Syro-Chaldaic. To him I accidentally mentioned the circumstance, and the causes and motives of my having abandoned the undertaking. He promised to bear it in mind, in the course of his reading, and even to read for the purpose—in short, that [as] I retained no thought of doing it myself, he would endeavour to produce a volume of the sort and character proposed—if—when finished, I would correct the work and give it whatever point, piquancy and polish of style my readier command of language might enable me to give. I promised, and my excellent Friend (what my convictions concerning him are, you will find recorded in p. 205 of my “*Aids to Reflection*,”¹ the sheet containing which I have enclosed together with the first sheet) set about it, I have found in good earnest, and made his way through a mass and multiplicity of reading during the last three or four years, i. e. since his retirement from the school, which no one could undertake who had not leisure and easy circumstances, and few would have accomplished under any circumstances. On my return from Ramsgate in December last he brought me the result, which far exceeded my anticipations. I too have fulfilled my part of the engagement, which was indeed a light and easy task. I should be ashamed to be proud, but neither will I affect a humility I do not feel, and whatever rank my judgement may hold in the opinion of others, I set too high a value on my own reputation and even on my *good word* to risk the one or prostitute the other by praise beyond merit—even if insincerity were less hateful to me than it is. I refer however, to the concluding Paragraph of my *Pre-preface*,² at present solely

¹ On page 205 of the *Aids to Reflection*, Coleridge pays high tribute to Hurwitz, as a Jew with Christian ideals.

² There is no mention of the *Hebrew Tales* in the Preface or in the Advertisement (Pre-preface) of the *Aids to Reflection*.

for a description of the work—and further have sent for the same purpose the titles (purposely so constructed as to contain the moral or point of each tale or narrative generally in the form of an epigrammatic proverb) of about three fourths or so of the collection. The scrap of paper containing the titles of the Remainder I have mislaid among my wilderness and must give up the search *in order* to find it—for things are sure never to turn up, till I have given over looking for them.

This letter is introductory to a request that you would state its contents to Mr Murray. My motives for wishing the work to be proposed to him are, first that the work deserves a respectable, and will, I am confident, if properly brought out, remunerate an influence Publisher—and next that I thought myself bound to do so, it owing its existence to Mr Murray's suggestion, and being in fact a realising of his plan and outline. I have only to add that the MSS is quite ready for the press.¹

We have just received a long letter from my dear Sara, and are anxious contriving about her coming up to stay with us and being with me two or three months. But of this, when I see you.

I want very much to talk with you about the *Quarterly Review*.² There is but one opinion that in Travels, Voyages, Geography, etc it is immeasurably superior to the *Edinb*. The same in all matters of practical politics and the actual state of things. In classical learning the *Quarterly* is doubtless superior, but it is not my opinion only, that it *ought to be* still more so, and might so easily be. In the *star* articles, men will think according to their parties. I who am of no party can often read the political Essay in the *Quarterly* over again, which I scarcely ever can in the *Edinburgh*—On the other hand, in Political Economy the *Edinburgh* has the general opinion in its favour. In my conviction the whole pretended science is but a Humbug. I have attentively read not only Sir James Stewart and Adam Smith, but Mathews

¹ Hurwitz's *Hebrew Tales* was published in 1825 by Morrison and Watt.

² John Taylor Coleridge was editor of the *Quarterly Review* at this time.

and Ricardo and found (i e believe myself to have found) a multitude of sophisms but not a single just and important result which might not be far more convincingly deduced from the simplest principles of morality and common sense But certainly in the Edinburgh articles, there is more show and effective pretension In Science, likewise, the Ed has been too much allowed to have the appearance of superiority In interesting information as to the real products and growth of the Literature of the day both reviews are *me judice* equally defective I have for some time worked hard on Egyptian Antiquities and if I do not delude myself have the means of *quashing* the *deduction* at least which certain half infidels have drawn from Champollion¹ or what's his name's decipherings I meant the materials as stuff for papers to the R S L but if you liked them and thought they would be useful they shall be at your service—God bless you—

S T C

P S My belief grounded on no slight evidence, in addition to that of common sense, and the *harmony* of historical experience is that all inscriptions, hieroglyphics etc earlier than Moses are ancient forgeries that the wisest ancients were well acquainted with their pretended Kings etc and regarded them as mere Egyptian Lies etc , etc In short, my researches with the light of English Common Sense have rendered me a sturdy Anti-Egyptian and a very sceptical Hindustanist. S T C

LETTER 351

To JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

Highgate,
May 19, 1825

MY DEAR JOHN

God willing, I will not fail to be with you in 65 Torrington Square on Saturday week by 5 o'clock I inflicted the whole Essay (an hour and 25 M) on the ears of

¹ Probably J F Champollion (1790-1832), the Egyptologist

the R L S, with most remorseful sympathy with the audience, who could not possibly understand the 10th part For let its merits be what they may, it was not a thing to read to, but to *be* read *by*

In haste for the Posta fugax—

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 352

To MR HESSEY, *Fleet Street*

[Original letter, Library of Owen D Young]

Grove, Highgate

May 23, 1825

MY DEAR SIR

Since I left you, I have been *mulling* for an Appropriate and inviting Title for, and instead of, the Six Disquisitions A late Physiologist represents the nervous System as a Plant, of which the Spinal Cord is the stem and the Brain the compound Flower—and if you have ever watched a Humble bee at a Fox-glove or a Monkshood, visiting one Bell after another, and bustling and humming in each, you will have no bad likeness of the dips and dives I have been making into the several cells and campanula of my Brain Two, only have occurred to me, or rather the same in two forms, both suggested by real incidents—the first, Conversations on Stainmoor (n b the dreariest and longest Waste-land in England) the second —The young Chaplain and the Grey-headed Passenger or Conversations on Shipboard—or Convers. during a Voyage to the Mediterranean—or Cabin Conversations on subjects of moral and religious interest—Supplemental of the *Aids to Reflection* or lastly thus—

The grey-headed Passenger or Conversations on Shipboard during a voyage to the Mediterranean, supplemental of the *Aids to Reflection* by S T Coleridge

My supposed fellow-passenger a young Clergyman, newly ordained who had subscribed the 39 Articles on the principles of Paley as mere Articles of Peace, quite satisfied in conscience that he should never preach counter to them as

he should never trouble himself or his flock about them. He should keep to the *Morality* of the Gospel and simply teach his Hearers to do as they would be done by. In short, his Divinity would consist of two chapters—first, that Honesty is the best Policy, and, second, if you don't find it so here, you will hereafter. But notwithstanding this very commendous, convenient and portable faith, I find him a young man of fine intellect, and generous feelings, a good classic, an enthusiastic lover of Nature etc. The Conversations are supposed to take place during the latter half of the Voyage—The first indeed at Gibraltar—and to have been preceded by a long series of discussions, which had ended in convincing him of the hollowness of the ground on which he had hitherto stood, of the cheerlessness, vulgarity and common-place character of the Mechanical philosophy and Paleyan Expedience—but still more in impressing him with the superior *power* and ampler *Command* given by the habit of seeking for the first principles of all living and effective truth in the constitution and constituent faculties of the Mind itself. He is roused and affected by an animated portraiture of the Life and Labors of a Minister of the Gospel, who is at the same time a Philosopher and a Christian and who finds the consummation and most perfect form of Philosophy in Christianity—and declares his determination to set about the building up of the philosophic mind in himself—but is mortified by the doubts which the grey-headed Passenger expresses as to his perseverance in the task—and in the irritation occasioned by this unexpected Check avows his contempt and detestation of all quackery and mystery, and asks indignantly—If this Philosophy be true and important and agreeable to the Reason, Moral Being, and all the contra-distinguishing Attributes of Humanity, what should make it of such difficult acquirement for anyman of education, and tolerable strength of intellect? And with the answer to this question the Conversations commence, and after the two first that he begins to read the Aids to Reflection

What is your judgement of this as a Title, and as the *Mould* of the Work?

It is singular that on my return to Highgate much impressed with the Light, you had flashed upon my mind with regard to the cure of Stammering, one of the very first sentences I met with in Giambattista Vico¹ was the following—

“ I *mutoli* mandan fuori i suoni informi *cantando*—e gli *scilinguati* pur *cantando* spediscono la lingua a pronunziare ! ”—

i e Mutes or Dumb Persons send forth indistinct sounds in a sing-song and Stammerers by chaunting gradually unloose and accustom or facilitate the tongue to pronounce freely A curious coincidence—I have myself repeatedly observed that children in being taught to read begin to stutter when you prevent them from *singing* their words

Of course, as soon as a few Copies can be made ready, I shall be glad to receive them

With great respect and regard

my dear Sir

Your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 353

To the REV S MENCE

[From the original letter in the possession of Mr H T Butler]

July 13, 1825

MY DEAR SIR

It must (I am almost ashamed to confess it) have been more than 20 years since I had read the *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*. I determined therefore, after having skimmed the first 20 pages of Dr Wordsworth,² to give it a careful re-perusal, before I entered on the controversy as to it's true Author This I have done and tho' I cannot help conceding to Dr.

¹ Giovanni Battista Vico, author of *Principj di una Scienza nuova intorno alla commune Natura della Nazione*, 1725

² In 1824 Christopher Wordsworth, the poet's younger brother, published *Who Wrote ΕΙΚΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ*?, which supports the claims of Charles I

Walker's¹ argument drawn from the chapter on the Covenant more force or at least greater plausibility than Dr Wordsworth is disposed to allow it, it does not sensibly weaken my total and final impression—first, that the work was written by the King—tho' I think it probable that many passages were composed from his recollection of the public papers, published in his name, but (as we learn from Clarendon) written by himself, or Lord Falkland. Second, that the Book was written with the intent and foresight (surely, a very justifiable nay laudable design !) of conciliating the judgement and affections of his subjects, in favor of himself—should the opportunity offer—or at all events of his Children. And doubtless, neither you nor I will be ashamed to regard it as some confirmation of this conjecture, that God did actually bless the work to this end and that it militated more effectively for his Son's restoration, than all the cowardly crowned heads of Europe, and all the tumultuary Plots and Mobbings of the drinking and swearing Cavaliers. But this second point of view, in which I look on the work, sufficiently explains the Chapter on the Covenant—and other passages in a nobler strain, which correspond better to Falkland's praeter saeculum liberality and enlargement of Principles than to Laud's Royal Admirer and Partisan, tho' God forbid ! that I should scruple to believe, that Adversity, the Mother or Nurse of Reflection, might have led Charles to adopt them, as his own—negatively, at least, and as permissible when circumstances rendered it necessary or highly expedient. A man, whose object is to mediate, soften, bring together *for a time* contending parties, will naturally, and may innocently, go as far as he can—even beyond his wishes, if not beyond his intentions. The example of his Father, James I, in the best, or rather the only, good and wise book, he ever wrote, addressed to himself, the year before James ascended the English Throne, might not improbably have suggested the idea of the Eikon, and the whole work, style and matter, is exactly what we might

¹ Cf "A true account of the author of a book entitled, *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*," A Walker, 1692.

expect from a man accustomed to peruse and even to make, abstracts of Memoirs and State Papers—Results—Notes of the leading Points, etc —As to Gauden's¹ writing it, it is hard to say what is *impossible*, but it appears to me, judging wholly from internal Evidence, next to impossible Alas! is it not a melancholy Reflection, that the Bishops after the Restoration, who affected to idolize this book and it's ostensible Author, should have acted throughout in direct opposition to all it's principles and counsels! —But so it is! Experience, like the stern lanthorn of a Ship, casts it's light only on the *Wake*—on the Track already past

Your's, with affectionate Esteem,

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 354

To JOHN MURRAY, *Albemarle Street*

[From the original letter in the possession of Col John Murray]

Grove, Highgate

Monday, July 18, 1825

DEAR SIR

I am much obliged to you for your politeness in forwarding to me Mr Blanco White's² interesting and most valuable Work, with his gratifying Note The Praise of such a Man, and the approbation of the Bishop of London, are Prizes in the Lottery of Literature, which I did not expect to draw I was grievously disappointed in finding that my Nephew had quitted town for the Western Circuit without leaving any information for me respecting Mr Hurwitz's *Hebrew Tales* I am reduced therefore to entreat your permission to wait on you myself with Mr. H—and as I am compelled to go to Eton to [see] my Nephew, Mr. Edward Coleridge, on Thursday, I have only Wednesday—or rather

¹ John Gauden (1605-1662), bishop of Worcester, claimed the authorship of *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*, and this claim was apparently admitted at the Restoration

² Joseph Blanco White (1775-1841) was born in Spain and was ordained a Roman Catholic Priest, after abandoning the Church he came to England, later joining the Church of England only to turn later to Unitarianism The work sent to Coleridge must have been *Evidences against Catholicism*, published in 1825 Blanco White and Coleridge became warm friends

Wednesday the day after tomorrow—is the latest day in my power I shall therefore call at Albemarle Street between One and Two—in the hopes of obtaining an interview with you personally—or (should it not be in your power to oblige me thus far) yet that you will either leave a Note for me, or at least let me hear from you by return of Post, supposing that it should not be convenient for you to receive me on the day mentioned—

I remain, dear Sir,

very respectfully

Your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 355

To the REV EDWARD COLERIDGE

[Original letter, Pierpont Morgan Library]

[July, 1825]

MY DEAR EDWARD

Herewith you will receive, I trust, a Copy of the Aids to Reflection, corrected by myself and with a few MSS Notes, and a little MSS additament, in two parts, the one of which you will (should you ever think the Volume worth a more durable Covering) have bound at the beginning—before the Title-page, the other at the end The last, as an illustration of St Paul's Reasoning, I cannot but think worthy the attention of a young Clergyman as beyond all rational doubt the difference between the outward Deed, and the inward principle of responsible Action, in which consists the difference in kind between Schemes of Economy, social and political (such as Paley's (mistitled) *Moral* and *Political Philosophy*) and the *Science* of pure Ethics—this difference, I say, is *presupposed* in the Article of Original Sin (see p 264) on which article that of Redemption is grounded and on which alone it can be supported and rendered intelligible But again in the doctrine of Redemption, thus rescued from evaporation into a mere metaphor *per hyperbolen*, rests the faith in the Divinity of the Redeemer, and by consequence the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the

characteristic *Spirituality* of the Gospel Dispensation It is not saying too much, therefore, to say that the Rationale of, the sufficing Insight into, the whole Organism of Christianity is grounded in the *essential* difference between Good and Evil—but this could not be affirmed without a contradiction, if the mere *Deeds* (in the Apostle's Language, *Works*) were included in Good and Evil—for a *Deed*, taken abstractedly from the Principle, is indifferent Thus—the mutilation of the Body may be good, as the Act of a skilful Surgeon, detestable, as the work of an Assassin—and simply unfortunate, as the result of an Accident, not to be foreseen In the first, it would be the subject of Self-approval, in the second of Remorse, in the third of Regret only No wonder, therefore, that St Paul recurs so often to this point, or that it colours all his reasoning But in the present time, it is of especial importance to a Minister of the Established Church on two accounts, a minor and a major First, in this alone is found that Scriptural mid-ground between Calvinism and the Socinian Scheme, which it is the honor of our Church to have occupied, and second, it alone can wean an infant Faith from the *History* of the Revelation—it's necessary and appropriate nourishment for a time—to the more nutritious Diet of the *Religion* itself An able Vindication of the Miracles *may* prevent a man from becoming an Infidel—or it may puzzle an Infidel how the History of Christianity can be *false*, but it will not, cannot, make a man see and feel the *truth* of the Christian Religion—a truth, that comprehends the miracles themselves, and the conviction of which is one (and an indispensable) *part*¹ of the evidence of their credibility Independent of their value as means of converting the Beholders, and of drawing the world to Christianity in the first ages, it gives the miracles a perpetual worth and interest for them that already believe, as so many Symbols and (so to say) embodyings of the great Doctrines and Duties of the Gospel. The conversion of Water into Wine, and the

¹ “For to a reasonable and conscientious Man what conceivable force of human testimony would suffice to prove the Miracles recorded in a pretended Revelation, that permitted promiscuous concubinage, enjoined private Revenge as a Duty, and commanded Persecution?” Note by S T C.

Fish with the Tribute money in it's Mouth, will instance and explain my meaning—the establishing the Bearings of Christianity on the Social, the latter on the political, ties and duties of a Believer

Bear with my prolixity, my dear Edward ! which, however, I should not have indulged, had I not received testimonies from three distinguished, no less than Zealous Clergymen (two of these, of our own church) that this view of Christianity first opened out to their minds the true purpose and connection of the Sacred Writings, had been as a perpetual comment on the Writings of Paul and John, and by the inexhaustible fruitfulness of the Idea, by it's tendency to give a *practical* character to the whole of their divinity, and lastly, by it's universal intelligibility, inasmuch as, appealing to the Conscience and Experience common to all men, it's application is at once it's exposition and it's evidence, had rendered their labors in the Pulpit easy and delightful to them

I was asked, some few months past, and by no ordinary man, what course of Reading I would recommend as most likely to store the mind with various information and to fit it for the use and application of the knowledge acquired I answered without hesitation—Make a point of reading a certain portion of the Scriptures, beginning from the Beginning, every day—whether a chapter or 20 verses, or ten, must depend on the times which your other Duties permit you to allot to your private studies Only read with the determination to leave no means untried, that are in your power, to understand *every Word*—Use as your general Help, the Crohis Sacri [?], or Pole's Synopsis¹—to which you may add (if you can conveniently procure the Work) the Commentaries of Cocceus.

And by this direct your other reading (and even in your chance reading which I by no means discourage, bear this in mind—) Travels, Voyages, Antiquities etc, etc—as the object, you have in view at the particular time, may suggest

¹ Coleridge must refer to Matthew Poole's *Synopsis Criticorum aliorumque S Scripturae Interpretum*, London, 1699

or require Supposing you to have read only three chapters a week on an average, I dare anticipate that at the end of a year you will yourself be surprized at the quantity and variety of information, that you will have acquired, and which will hang together in your mind—so as literally to become a *memoria technica*, by it's unity of purpose, or convergence *ad idem* The Hebrew Sages said Three things were, before the World was the Law, Messiah and the Last Judgement With better taste and without a play on words, we may say—The World was made for the Gospel—or that Christianity is the final Cause of the World If so, the Idea of the Redemption of the World must needs form the best central Reservoir for all our knowledges physical or personal Every fact must find it's place as a component point in some one or other of the converging Radii

The Bishop of London has been pleased to express a *most* favorable Opinion of my Work—in consequence of which the celebrated Mr. Blanco White procured the Volume, and a few days after The Friend He then procured an introduction to me from Sir George and Lady Beaumont, and yesterday he came from Chelsea in a Glass Coach for he is in very infirm health and spent the whole day from 1 o'clock till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 with me It was highly gratifying to me to find, that he had the "Aids to Reflection" at his fingers' ends and it would scarcely become me to repeat the strong expressions, he used, respecting the effect produced on his mind and views of Christianity by the (paragraphs) p 130-140, and the Disquisitions on Original Sin and Redemption, with that on the Diversity of Reason and Understanding. Have you seen White's answer to Catholic Butler? ¹ I am not surprized, that the Bishop regards it as one of the most Momentous Works that have appeared on the subject of the true character of the Romish Religion—Blanco White is by general admission a man of strong mind, and it is impossible to be with him and not feel that he is a very good man.

¹ Coleridge refers to Joseph Blanco White's *Evidences against Catholicism* (1825), and Charles Butler's *Book of the Roman Catholic Church* (1825)

He was so anxious to have the Addenda, I intended for you, transcribed in order to be bound in his Copy, that I let him have them and shall bring them with me when I come

And now let me conclude this prolix *Author's* Letter, and take another sheet for my immediate business—In the mean time, May God bless you, my dear Nephew ! and all with whom your happiness and well-being are or are about to be intertwined

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 356

To the REV EDWARD COLERIDGE, *Eton*

[Original letter, Pierpont Morgan Library]

[*July*, 1825]

MY DEAR NEPHEW

That dear and excellent Woman, Mrs Gillman, has for the last two months or more eat, drank, woke, slept, thought, dreamed nothing but Henry Gillman and Eaton College—and in fact the greater part of my own time and anxiety has been fixed to this point—Poor Lady ! it makes my very heart ache to see her, worn as she is to a Shadow—grieving and mourning not only or chiefly at the sad loss of time, the Boy had suffered, for the year or more, he was at a School in the Hamlet , but on account of the habit of inattention which had seriously weakened his power of attending, and of course *combining*, even with his very best efforts The consequence has been, that tho' I was indefatigable in my efforts, two thirds of the time were consumed (but for the nearness and urgency of the Need, I should have said, well and usefully employed) in overcoming this obstacle—and had his examinations been appointed for October instead of July, I should have few apprehensions of the Result—so few indeed, that I should not hesitate to give my pledge, that by the time, he returned to become bona fide resident (September I believe) what is wanting now, should be supplied to the quantum sufficit of the Form As it was, I had no other choice but that of giving up the less necessary in order to establish him in the fundamentation In con-

struing and parsing Latin, I hope, that he will be found fit to commence on equal ground with his Form-fellows any such Books, as are read in the form—Ovid—Selecta, etc. He is quite perfect in his knowledge of prosody, and scanning of Hexameter and Elegiac Verse, and familiar with the prosody names of all words not exceeding four Syllables—and the division of all the Feet, simple or composite, into those of equal times—|—∪∪|∪—∪|∪∪—| etc,—and he understands the mechanism, or way of making verses, if you give him (as I have found it necessary to do) the English of two, four, or six Verses, pretty closely translated from an equal number of Latin Verses, that he has not seen. But to make verses out of his own head, or to turn English Verse into Latin—for this he is not yet ripe—But I doubt not, that by September he will be able to do this very passably.

In his Greek he is well grounded in his Nouns, and all the forms of the Verbs, and in the *rationale*, as well as in the technique of the formation of one tense from another—and if he were examined in the 4, 5, or 6 Chapters of Matthew, I think, that the Examiner would be satisfied from his mode of parsing, that he had not learnt them by *rote*, but was fit to go on—or if other parts, that he had not read, were set him to learn, with his Grammar and Lexicon—

But my dear Edward! the poor fellow from having been so fearfully shaken by the Hooping-Cough is nervous, and easily fluttered—and then loses his recollection and becomes confused—and he has had so many things to be learnt, and unlearnt, within a short time—that I must again intreat, that, if possible, some allowance of *Hope* may be made, for his progress during the interval between the Examination and his Return—September—for which, I again pledge myself Briefly, for my sake and for the sake of his fond and anxious Mother, and for my friend, Mr Gillman, do what you can. Mr Henry Hall is the little fellow's good friend: and I promise both you and him, that you shall have no reason to regret any indulgence, it may be in your power to extend to him at his examination so that he may be put in the Fourth Form.

Mr Gillman has procured a Wallenstein, which he begs you to accept, with his kind regards

I propose accompanying Henry to Eaton, and passing the two or three days there—but pray, do not think of putting yourself to any trouble or inconvenience I shall do very well at the Inn—Only be so good as to let me know and if possible within a day from your receipt of this what day it is necessary, that we should be there—and any other information, you may think proper

Make my best remembrances to Mr Hantrey—whom, should choice or chance lead him hitherto, my kind friends, Mr and Mrs Gillman, would be most happy to see—and could give him a bed I need not add, that this applies to yourself a portion Let me hear from you—for you may easily suppose, that I am first anxious on my own account, as a sort of Tutor—and secondly, most anxious by sympathy with the anxiety of Mr Gillman, and his incomparable Wife, to whom I owe so many obligations—

God bless you, my dear Nephew
and your faithful Friend
and affectionate Uncle

S T COLERIDGE

Poor Southey has been arrested on his journey by a *Bug-bite* which has inflamed his leg and lamed him and he Fears, will prevent him from reaching Amsterdam ¹

LETTER 357

To the REV EDWARD COLERIDGE

[Original letter, Pierpont Morgan Library]

Sept 7, 1825

MY DEAR EDWARD

My own diffidence and my memory in all that regards, dates, vel Horae vel Temporis, prevented me from insisting as strongly on my recollection of the words, “but *he* ² must

¹ Southey visited Belgium and Holland in June and July, 1825 Cf *Life and Correspondence of the late Robert Southey*, C C Southey, 1850, v 213-233

² Henry Gillman

be here by the *Seventh*”—as it's distinctness would have justified—and as I could not get your letter till $\frac{1}{4}$ before 12, all is in a bustle and I have merely time and power to say, that in the course of a fortnight I shall have looked over four or five of my larger and smaller Memorandum Books, and excerpt the few Pages, or References that I may want for the work in hand—and send them to you with a bag of single Scraps In some of the Memorandum Books of old date, there are passages, which I do not mind your seeing—for the more *you* know what my mind has been as well as what it *is*, for strength and for weakness, the more accordant will your judgement respecting me be with my wishes—only you will read them *dramatically*—i.e. as the portrait and impress of the mood and the moment—birds of passages—or Bubbles—But I would have them sacred to your eyes

I will return your *Matthai* as well worth your valuing, as the Sum total of my lucubrations on the philosophy of Language in detailed application to the Greek Language can make it—

Notwithstanding the exception afforded by your Father's Family, and one or two others within my experience, I am yet glad that dear Fanny has a *Girl*

I trust, that Henry will be a good boy to the best of the powers, Nature has endowed him with I am sure, that he is earnestly desirous to do well, but the want of a Command over what he actually knows, and the fainting-fits of his Recollection on the very Couch of his Memory, are and for a time will be, much against him

Every thing that you judge proper, will be received here with grateful assent God bless you and your affectionate Uncle and sincere Friend

S. T. COLERIDGE

P S I have engaged to translate with comments etc, Bacon's *Novum Organum* from Basil Montague's *Splendid Edition* ¹—And Montague has undertaken to arrange an engagement with his Publisher for an Edition of Shakspear ² by me—

¹ Montagu's edition of Bacon's Works was begun in 1825

² This plan was unfortunately never realized.

These to employ the half of my time while I am carrying out the toils of my meditations, from which I do not expect ever to derive a shilling of pecuniary profit Do what I would, I could not (to use Worley's phrase) be shallow enough for a polite Public

LETTER 358

To JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE, 2, *Pump Court, Temple*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

*Grove, Highgate,
Monday Night—(bless me ! Two o'clock Tuesday morning)
December 20, 1825*

MY DEAR JOHN

Derwent not having hitherto fulfilled his promise of transmitting to me an Exposé of the state of his feelings and opinions respecting the momentous points of Religion, revelation, and the grounds and obligations of the moral Law—I can only hope that his convictions have undergone a considerable change since my last conversation with him on the subject Heaven knows ! the skin was so flimsy and adhered so loosely to the body of his Faith, that he might have sloughed half a dozen such by this time, and yet not have excreted that which is to be succeeded by wings and eyes I trust in God that he has been hitherto but the Larva of his real and final self But in what period of his Caterpillarage he at present is, he has, as aforesaid, not afforded me the means of ascertaining or even of conjecturing Assuredly, however, all that you have stated may be said of him with strictest truth and with some addition, I think, on the score of interesting manners and Talents above par So much (or rather so little) on the one side—namely whether *if* he were fit for the situation, the situation be desirable for him. And on this subject I should have been glad if you had intimated your own opinion, or given me some notion of what the duties and what the emoluments or other advantages of the Chaplaincy and Secretariate are—should Derwent have the offer I cannot write to him till Wednesday's Post for a

very strange-sounding reason—viz my ignorance of his exact address since he left Davenport, neither of which leaving nor of its motives has he communicated anything to me, and tho' in a letter from his mother to Miss Gillman there is a Mr Lowndes of Buckfastleigh mentioned, I do not know where Buckfastleigh is, or whether it be a town or a gentleman's seat, or what title to pre or affix to Mr Lowndes' name But on Wednesday noon I shall be able to learn all this from Mr Poulton, Henry Gillman's Latin and Writing Master, who saw Derwent at Mr Lowndes'—which Mr P mentioned to me on his return from Devonshire—but I supposed him to have met with your brother—James Duke Coleridge—Mr P having by mistake spoken of Derwent as the Revd Mr Coleridge

Tho' I am ignorant of the particular occasions and motives that influenced you in your relinquency of the *Quarterly*,¹ which I first learnt from Edward, yet I trust that in rejoicing at the event I was not out of tune or sympathy with your own judgement and feelings There are those, and indeed I do not consciously flatter when I add that I believe you to be one—who have in themselves an antidote to all poison and can breathe malaria with ruddy cheek and eyes undimmed—but I cannot persuade myself that the business of reviewing and the habit of procuring, sanctioning and becoming both morally and ostensibly responsible for anonymous criticisms on the work of contemporaries are not unfavourable to sanity of judgement and delicacy of feeling—the Pulse in those minor morals which are perhaps most friendly to the spiritual growth of the *entire* man I have found in Seneca and even in Lord Bacon as poor a play on words and compensated by a less weighty meaning than in the maxim—that a man may retain a character of integrity and yet have lost integrity of character To write a silly book and to be fooled by unwise friends into publishing it, may be declared a misdemeanour in the mildest court of criticism, but to

¹ John Taylor Coleridge gave up the Editorship of the *Quarterly Review* (which he had held for eleven months) in November, 1825, and was succeeded by J H Lockhart

be made permanently ridiculous and to have a wife, a daughter, a sister, know it, does seem to me a punishment disproportionate unconsciously to the offence When I met poor Dibdin just below Middle Row, and saw him bursting, swelling, throbbing with the pain of inflammation I could not refrain from sympathising with his sufferings—And when Mr Benson said at your house, he richly deserved the lash, I said to myself, It may be so, but still I would not have had one, whom I loved and esteemed the Beadle At all events it is an *invidious* office—and never completely off the mind and I am heartily glad that you have done with it One motive of a selfish complexion works a little with me I want sadly to take counsel with and of you respecting my own literary operations And I can now do this without any disturbing force from the thought that I might excite a painful wish in your mind of doing what could not be done without imputations Yet if I know myself I can truly declare that all I ever wished to see in a Review, was a fair account of the work I had written—how far it had the character of originality, and how far the less doubtful merit of truth and importance I wanted no disquisitions on myself or my genius, but a fair statement of my objects and of my agreements and to be set right when the reviewer conceived me to have gone wrong

My kind love to Mrs John, and love and blessings to my dear grand-nephews.

Be assured that I am with most affectionate regard and esteem your kinsman and friend

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 359

To DERWENT COLERIDGE, *John Macaulay, Esqre , Plymouth*

[From the original letter in the possession of the Rev G H B Coleridge]

Grove, Highgate
Jan'y 4, 1826

MY DEAREST DERWENT

Mr Edward Lowndes has just brought me your letter—and I am writing in the same room with him From what I had before heard of Mr M Lowndes I was a little shocked but not at all surprized at his abrupt discharge—But had I considered this as a misfortune, it would have been swallowed up in the comfort and gladness which your determination to prepare yourself in good earnest for Orders has given me I never indeed could fear that a young man of your acuteness and habits of reflecting on what goes on around and within you should, fail to see that on certain points there must be an act of the Will, a *hoc credam* as well as an acknowledgment of insight It is this presence of the Will, as an equally essential Co-factor with the intellective Faculty, that distinguishes an *Idea* from a conception, and removing the poetic drapery constitutes the true import of this *Platonic* Term, for without an act of the Will it is not possible to contemplate the Particular in the Universal, the Finite in the Absolute—and vice versâ the U in the P , the Abs in the F—which every Idea supposes But of this hereafter I send the Aids of Reflection by Mr. Edward Lowndes—The Father, and not the Author, earnestly intreats that you will give a fair and (as far as is in your own power) an unprejudiced attention to it's contents. I am going to bring out three Essays, as a Supplement to the "Aids"—on Faith, the Eucharist, and Prayer—With these the Aids will answer all, I intended, by the volume, and I hope, prove for some few a preparation for my larger Works. I have been too unwell to go into town ; but purpose to do so tomorrow—in order to see John Coleridge, from whom I wonder, I have not heard. I have some thought likewise of

going thro' a course of the *Vapor Baths*—tho' alas ! they can but palliate

And now, my dear Derwent, for I cannot write longer or write at ease with a stranger in the Room—is there any thing I can do or get done ? Write immediately with your present address—I shall consult Montagu tomorrow Would you have me write to Mr Skinner of Jesus ? Supposing, you could not get Pupils at Cambridge have you fortitude and perseverance enough to employ half your time in compiling a School book or two from a plan in detail that I would give you—provided, that you could be secured such a sum, as you might live on, near London, during the time, you were preparing for the Church ? Let me hear from you at all events

Mr E Lowndes does ample justice to your conduct and character at Buckfastleigh—He supposes, that his Brother must have suddenly met with some Clergyman whom it was necessary to engage at once, or lose—

All here desire their Love—

God bless you

and S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 360

To DERWENT COLERIDGE, *St John's, Cambridge*

[From the original letter in the possession of the Rev G H B Coleridge]

Grove, Highgate,

Thursday Afternoon,

[Received by D C Feb 6, 1826]

MY DEAR DERWENT

Mr Whiteford took your *Essays* and (by an odd and felicitous coincidence) the *Sponge*, which however we detached and diverted from it's critical invasion before it had done much mischief I was not aware that you had left your Poems likewise, they being in Mrs Gillman's Parlour, till after Mr W had left the house And as Mr Johnson is going to Jesus (College, I mean) tomorrow morning, it was worth while to interpose this brief delay. I was glad of your

letter Be assured, that it will be for our mutual happiness that you should write me, once a fortnight at least—even tho' I might not always be well enough to answer you, letter per letter It is afflictive enough, that we have not one family House, as the natural center for all of you and your Home, as often as your Calls admitted I have felt this want very poignantly and not without an after-relish of *mortification*, with regard to your Sister tho' as it is the only instance, and stands in contrast with the Rest, I should be an *Unthank*, if I did not turn away my eye from it—the more so, as the Obstacles have not been mere Excuses As the matter is, my intended argument holds—We must make the best of it, and not by neglect or long intervals of silence aggravate the evil

O if I could but promise myself five or six years of practical health, and Hartley could but promise himself to be a *Self* and to construct a circle by the circumvolving line, what a comfort and delight it would be to have him with me, as a Literary Partner !

Since you left us, I have been much worse—and altogether confined to my Bedroom This morning, tho' I have perhaps suffered more pain than on any day, my worst Symptoms (viz Cough, Expectoration, and Affections of the Scrotum, connected with the Bladder and Kidneys) are abated—and tho' weak almost as an Infant, I have been able to take three or four turns in the Grove.

My dear and truly filial friend, Mr. Watson surprized us by his apparition on Monday last, stays with us Sunday, and then makes for Cumberland. He is the *very same* and yet greatly improved—the very same in heart, and principles, and looks, but with more ease and confidence. He is indeed a delightful young man and I dare hope very highly of him Most unlucky that you first and then he should have come—nay, that is not what I mean—but that I should have been so unusually incapacitated when you and he came. It has been the sorest shaking, I have had, since I have been at Highgate, after the first year.

The two copies of the Aids were despatched on the day

after your departure—the one with Mr T Macaulay's¹ name and mine, the other with mine as an acknowledgment of friendship to my son, D Coleridge—I understood Mr Whiteford to say, that they *had* been forwarded to Plymouth

I can write no more at present Do not fail to let me hear from you, whether you have or have not anything to say Were I you, I would for the next 5 or 6 months put the formation of opinions wholly out of view and consider myself as merely collecting facts, and the knowledge of what other men thought and said, wisely or unwisely to be hereafter scanned I should think it worth your while to run your eye thro' the *Latin* Translation of the Apostolic Fathers, collected by Dr Rowth²—just to form some general notion, taking notes of anything that struck you (*viz* of the page and line) to read it at some future time in the Greek It would be no great labour to *run thro'* in this way the Christian Writers, Greek and Latin, down to Tertullian and Irenaeus It does seem to me a very mean and false view of Christianity to suppose that even the Apostles themselves had the degree of clearness and enlargement which a philosophic Believer of the present day may enjoy Think only of the vast inferiority of the other Apostles to John and Paul—and the distinct marks in the writings of the latter that he was becoming more and more doubtful of the Jewish Literarity in which he as well as the rest had understood the Second Coming of our Lord What is Christianity at any one period? The Ideal of the Human Soul at that period

Write to Keswick and tell your Mother how ill I have been She is troubled with yearly anxieties about the Assurance Money, which rather annoys the Gillmans *Seven* (nay, 8) *years ago* my friend, Mr Green, assured me that as long as I lived, the sum was set aside for me—and I have no doubt, that he has put it in his *Will*, in so unlucky an event as my surviving him Mr Gillman has nothing

¹ Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800-1859) was a close friend of Derwent Coleridge during and after their years at Cambridge A number of letters from Macaulay to Derwent are still extant

² Martin Joseph Routh (1755-1854) was the editor of *Reliquiae Sacrae*, a collection of the ecclesiastical authors of the second and third centuries

further to do with it, than that of receiving it and paying it at the same time that he pays his own to the same office I trust, that I shall shortly be able to add—that whatever may be the state of my personal engagement to the Gillmans at the time of my death (and to no one else am I indebted) the whole proceeds of this assurance will be held sacred, to your Mother and Sister, and secured beyond all dependency on the will or feelings of any person Not that I have any the least reason not to rely on Mr Gillman in this instance I shall bear in mind your need of a Title—

God bless you and your affectionate

Father [signature cut out]

P S You might as well, call on Mr Johnson of Jesus He is a civil friendly young man—and his Father a wealthy Neighbor and Patient of Mr Gillman's

LETTER 361

To DERWENT COLERIDGE

[From the original letter in the possession of the Rev G H B Coleridge]

Spring, 1826

MY DEAR DERWENT

I answer your's of the morning (Wednesday) merely to say, that I shall be rejoiced to see you , and that Mr and Mrs Gillman desire me to propose your coming here immediately and spending the two or three weeks at Highgate It might be not without it's advantages, and I am sure, could not but be a gratification to you, that you would on this scheme be likely to see a good deal of Mr J. H Frere to whom, should you publish a Volume of Poems, or your Poems in a Volume, you might with great propriety dedicate it¹—This, however, your own Feelings must determine, pro or con

If you thought, that the School-book would prevent you bringing out a Volume of Poems, I would not press it on you But with regard to the Profits, you should not begin till I had secured a price for the first Edition, to be paid you

¹ J H Frere had contributed £300 towards Derwent's college expenses.

on the delivery of the MSS, sufficient for your present purposes I have talked with several Masters, at Eton and in London on the subject, and from each have received the most encouraging Predictions of it's success And should it succeed, it would be a little annuity for you If I dared sacrifice the labors and Objects of my Life to the almost certain Foresight, that I shall never gain a shilling by them—I would myself even at this late time of life make Books of this sort my constant employ—and had I twenty years ago known what I now know, I might in this way have rendered myself independent, without any detriment to my chosen Labors But, alas! the night draws on and the Days shorten Do what I will, I cannot work to any purpose more than five hours in the 24—and not more than 4, successively I more than suspect an ulcer in the stomach, or the pylorus, from the constant pain in that region every morning, for years past, on awaking, and which continues till I get up and move about in an upright posture This is known by experience to be perfectly compatible with a look of good health—the texture of the skin and the excessive action of the kidneys and torpor of the Lower Bowels being the only symptoms, from which it can be conjectured But no more of this! We must all die of somewhat and ought, as the Irish Franciscan in a discourse of Final Causes observed—Let us all thank God and adore his wisdom and goodness in putting Death at the end of Life and thereby giving us time of repentance

I do not want you to read the Aids to Reflection thro', till you can sit down with calmness and leisure But on this I *do* wish—viz—that before I see you, you would run your eye over the pages, which I have marked down overleaf¹ Mr. Frere was particularly struck and pleased with a remark, I made to him, the day before yesterday—That our Divines had adopted the foundations of their Faith (which they call National Religion) from Paganism—they began with *The Being*—ὁ Ὄν—the necessary legitimate consequence of which is Pantheism, with Polytheism (i.e the hypothesis of higher

¹ See end of letter for these references.

Natures, οἱ Θεοὶ) as it's utterance or exoteric Half The Deity, τὸ Θεῖον, was (for The agonists) to the Divinities (οἱ Θεοὶ) as Space to the Diagrams of the Geometrician—The Space exists absolutely in each—Circle, Ellipse, Triangle, Parallelogram etc , etc , but only in these does it *exist* at all Now St John would have taught them a deeper philosophy, and the only one compatible with a *moral* religion—Θεόν=τὸ Θεῖον, the Absolute, or Causa sui Θεὸν οὐδεὶς ἑώρακε πώποτε—i e essentially unutterable, deeper than all Idea—ὁ μονογενὴς υἱός, ὁ ὢν ἐν τῷ κόλπῳ τοῦ πατρός, οὗτος ἐξηγήσατο¹ Θεός becomes ὁ πατήρ by the act of realizing in the Son It sounds paradox, but it is most certain truth, that in order of thought, under the intrusive form of *Time*, the Father is a reflex from the Son—and that it does not appear so in human relations arises from our Fathers having had Fathers—The man is called Father by anticipation grounded on a Past But in the Idea of a Christian Deity the order is as the Evangelist gives it—1 Θεός 2 ὁ ὢν, ὁ μονογενὴς 3 ὁ πατήρ Plato was a prophetic Anomaly—all the prior Theologians of Greece (unless Heraclitus was an exception) were φυσιολόγοι—Their first principle was—Ἔστι—the first of the Christian Scheme Εἰμί—The former deduced the Persons—the latter begins with and from the Personal, or rather the Personality itself

What a Jew said who turned Christian after [he] had returned from Rome to which he had gone against the intreaty of his pious Friend=viz That Christianity must be divine, or it could not subsist such monsters as those of the Romish Hierarchy, often suggests itself to me When I read Paley, Walton, or indeed any one of the Evidence-mongers—they are outrages in Logic, and insults on Common Sense

(1) The Preface (2) P 4. *note* (3) p 14-17 (4) 26. *note*. Defin of *Prudence*, generally—40, 41. Def of Pleasure and Happiness (5) 51-56 (6) 67-71 *Definition of Nature* See p 73 (7) 81-82 (8) 111-112. 116-121. (9) 131-135. 154. (10) 159-162 176. 177—Lastly 229-333—

¹ John I 18 (with ἐν τῷ κόλπῳ for εἰς τὸν κόλπον, and οὗτος for ἐκεῖνος.)

LETTER 362

To DR DE PRATI, 31 Oxenden Street, Haymarket

[Original letter, Library of Owen D Young Dr De Prati, to whom his letter is addressed, was an Italian and a lawyer by profession]

Grove, Highgate,
Tuesday Morning, May 8, 1826¹

MY DEAR SIR

Neither my long and spirit-quenching Illness and Languor, nor the despondence and procrastination induced by the accumulation of engagements unperformed and of work called for by my own needs yet called in vain, nor the yet sadder and more agitating trials of my strength by the deplorable state of the Times brought home to me by the distresses of many and the ruin of some of my dearest connections, can reconcile my Conscience to the long silence and neglect with which I have afflicted you. I had, however, till yesterevening believed in some words of Mr Gillman's which I had misunderstood, that he had written to you—to assure you, that you had wrongly interpreted a letter of mine which was never intended to express my unfitness for the enjoyment of my friends' society on Thursday Evenings beyond the Thursday Sennight from the date of my letter. I have often wondered at not seeing you—and have 50 times intended to write to you—but either illness or the bewilderment of having so many things to do, that I left all undone, or interruption from visitors, have prevented me. In some *small* part, likewise, my perplexity about your Essay acted as a Drag on my Feelings—my vexation, namely, that you should have chosen a subject which had been so recently and in different forms, Magazines, Reviews, and one separate work either published or announced for publication, forestalled with the Public—and I had well nigh said, hackneyed. And this was the more unfortunate, that a *Life of Schiller* had already appeared in Blackwood's Magazine,² the only

¹ May 8, 1826, was on Monday

² Carlyle's *Life of Schiller* was contributed to the *London Magazine* in 1824, Coleridge probably confused Blackwood's and the *London*

Publisher, that could answer your purposes, over whom *I* possess the least influence. Besides, as I have before told you, it is not any single Essay, which would weigh with the Editor so as to induce any terms of decent remuneration—unless it possessed some more than common attraction from Novelty or Popularity of Style or Subject, but a succession of Articles, that might form a regular dish at the Monthly Ordinary—And on this account it was, that I so strenuously recommended a series of Critical and biographical Sketches of the most remarkable revolutionary minds, in the manner of Meiners's ¹ Work—and mentioned in particular Giordano Bruno, and Cornelius Agrippa, as advisable subjects to begin with. But I hope, that if the weather permits, you will recommence your Thursday Visits on Thursday Sen'night. I mention Thursday Sennight, because the day after tomorrow a large party of Mr. Gillman's Friends are expected, and the House will be in a bustle, and I shall not be able to have any conversation with you. But on the Thursday following I shall have much to say to you, particularly as to your *composition* in English. Half a dozen pages fresh from your hand (if you did feel yourself equal or disposed to a biography of Bruno, yet a spirited Sketch of Vico's Life and great Work, your copy of which I have, would be more attractive to the Learned Public, and easy and *readier* to yourself)—half a dozen pages fresh from your hand, I say, would enable me not only to form a better judgement respecting the probability of your success as an English Writer, but to point out to you mistakes and give you some general Mementos, that might prevent a week's work in the correction of your after writings.

But there is one circumstance, which must be considered in order not to condemn me as lacking in disposition to serve a literary friend, beyond my actual demerits—and this is my own almost utter friendlessness among the influence and accredited Guides of the public taste, the Dispensers of Passports to Writers' Books—I have not had interest enough

¹ C. Meiners (1747-1810) was the author of a series of biographies of men of the Renaissance

to procure my "Aids to Reflection" even a *mention* in any one of our numerous Reviews, Magazines, or Literary Gazettes—but on the other hand, numerous Detractors who have been successfully industrious in exciting a prejudice in the minds of the London Publishers against any work from my pen, as obscure, brain-wrenching and unsaleable. Still there is no way of serving you, that I can attempt with any tolerable probability of success which would not be tried for by, my dear Sir,

Your sincere Friend and Sympathizer

S T COLERIDGE.

LETTER 363

To DERWENT COLERIDGE, 5, Gloucester Place, Plymouth

[From the original letter in the possession of the Rev G H B Coleridge]

Grove, Highgate,
Saturday, July 15, 1826

MY DEAR BOY

The weather and the recurrence in an aggravated form of a complaint, that in itself is in the last degree irritating and enfeebling, at once disquieting and dispiriting, and which arises from and alternates with a deranged state of the Kidneys, the Bladder, and the bowel ending in the rectum—these have so overcome me that for the last fortnight I have lost the power of even *reading*. But yet paradoxical as it will sound, there has been one other more efficient cause of my not writing to you—namely, the constant thinking about you, and the vexatious recollections connected with the subject of the Curacy. Of course, I applied to Lady Beaumont, who, I must do her the justice to say, did her best. For the next time, she was in the Bishop of London's company with Mrs Beaumont (the Bishop's daughter) she mentioned the circumstance, adding how great an interest she felt in procuring you a Title. But the Bishop persevered in silence, and after the Bishop retired, Mrs Beaumont told Lady Beaumont that her Father made a point of never interfering in the disposition of Titles, but that *she* (Mrs.

Beaumont) would speak to the Bishop's Chaplain when he returned and try to obtain his interest for you—but— (and this was the part, that was gall and wormwood to me) she wondered, your *Cousins*, especially John, had not been applied to, for that his word would go a great way with the clergy—and that, tho' every one must have a high opinion of my genius and many did justice to my motives, yet I was not supposed to be a *high* Churchman etc , etc—I have little doubt, indeed none, that your episcopal Cousin has contrived to sigh and look sad or remain intelligibly silent whenever my name was mentioned—in short, has done everything in his power to injure me—and I must ever contrast the manly indignation, with which Edward Coleridge expressed himself of William's conduct toward me, with that of your Cousin, Henry—tho' in his last note he raised a smile on my lip by subscribing himself *dutifully* etc , etc You know my fixed principles on this subject After my Children have reached the years of discretion, my advice is at their service if they ask it in earnest and when it can be of any use, but as a Father I have only my Prayers and my Blessing A second attempt I made for you—Thomas Murray had both a Curacy to give and Pupils to transfer—and this somewhere near Totnes As he had appeared much interested in my conversation, and his family are intimate with the Gillmans, I applied both thro' Mr Mence to Mr T Murray himself and thro' Mrs Gillman to his Father and Mother—and heard that he was conditionally engaged, that a clergyman was to return an answer and if he did not take the cure—in short, a sort of a kind of a promise of which I could make nothing Besides this, I have spoke or got others to speak to all, I could think of with whom I had any acquaintance, and tho' it is much against my feelings, I certainly will write to John, or see him on the subject, as soon as I have strength and spirits enough—and in a letter, which will go with this to the Post I have pressed it urgently on Edward to do what he can when he can. Further I mean in my next letter to Sir George (who is now at Coleorton) to express my mind and feelings respecting my not being

friendly to the Church—for that was the true meaning of the Speech Be assured, nothing shall be lost from any neglect on my part—and on your's you have only (but what an *only* is that?) to be prudent in speech—I read (and for the greater part with great satisfaction and delight) your lecture on Wordsworth¹, but I would have given a finger-joint to have prevented the composition and not merely the publication of the whole passage on Wordsworth's later poems The quotation from the Edinburgh Review was *Verum usque ad limen mendacii ultra verum* It was Truth convulsed and swoln by their poison of malignity and even had it been nothing but the Truth, both the citation and your own comment, a te, mi fili, neque bonum neque decus erat Charles Lamb justly observed that if these poems had been discovered among Wordsworth's Papers after his death, there are portions which would have given a glory to the whole To have the appearance of company with the Ed Review—whose whole literary existence has been marked with the most assassin-like hate and slander of every man of Genius whose names must be sacred to you by private affection—this is a want of *thought* If you knew a wretch infamous for the sale of books and prints of unnatural obscenity, you would not recommend the Shop for good drawing-paper or any other trifle, tho' it might be the fact

As soon as I am a little better, I will write to you—for the present, I am unable to do anything—even to think, I can only feel— I had a letter from your mother this morning, announcing that Sara will be here about the 26th of this month It is one aggravation of my unwellness that I cannot express what I fain would with regard to the Friends with whom you now are I wish, I could afford to have a duplicate taken of a very fine Likeness in chalk of me by Catharine de Predl²

¹ "The 'Lecture on Wordsworth' was delivered by D C at the *Athenaeum*, Plymouth, Feb 24, 1825, and was published in the *Metropolitan Quarterly Magazine*, 1826, 457-479 The offending passage on Wordsworth's late poems with the quotation from the xxvii vol of the *Edinburgh Review* is on p 460 of Vol I It is a trifle steep" Note by E H Coleridge

² I find no record of this chalk likeness of Coleridge

(a noble Bavarian Lady by birth, tho' by the ruin of her Father during the Revolution and her own strong inclinations, now an Artist)—and I would send it to Mrs Pridham¹ Ma'mselle de Predl is making or to make a copy of this (but much enlarged) in oil colors for M^r Aders, and another for Mr Green Her painting is more like the best specimens of Andrea del Sarto and Fra Bartholomeo, than I have ever seen—and as to Drawing, I question whether any of our English Artists, unless it be Lawrence, that could approach to the perfect science and firm yet delicate stroke of her pencil She has taken Mr and Mrs Gillman, Mr and Mrs Mence, Mr. and Mrs Holmes, all admirable likenesses—Mine cost her more trouble than all the rest, and she is the least satisfied with it But Mr Green, who carefully studied it, and occasioned several alterations, declared his conviction that it was the utmost that could be achieved in chalk At all events, it is the best—and greatly preferable to Phillips's in the character and expression, and at least equal in point of the likeness God bless you ! I share in head and will in all your pleasures—and if my frame contained a pleasurable sensation, that too would have been evoked in your service—

Your affectionate Father,

S T COLERIDGE

P S Mr and Mrs Gillman's kind love

LETTER 364

To EDWARD COLERIDGE

[Original letter, Pierpont Morgan Library]

Grove, Highgate
July 27, 1826

MY DEAR EDWARD

Since you last heard from the Grove, I have been ill enough not only to account for my silence but even in my own Conscience to justify it The excessive Heat was, I doubt not, the principal *exciting* Cause : tho' anxiety and

¹ Derwent Coleridge married Mary Pridham, the daughter, in 1827

intestine conflict have been accessories My Daughter (God permitting) will arrive here on Saturday—and in Mourning for her Cousin, Isabel (When her death was announced to Southey, he paused a few moments and then mildly desired that the whole Household should be called in to his Study—and he then read to them the 15th [chapter] of Corinth 1 What more effective Comfort could an afflicted Father give or receive ?) You will wonder at my simplicity, but I assure you, that even after I had read the “Six months in the W I”, I had no suspicion of any *serious* attachment on the part of Henry to his Cousin, Sara, and first learnt it vaguely and generally from Mrs Gillman, in consequence of my complaining of his thoughtlessness in not foreseeing, that his in all respects very objectionable phrase, my Sister ere my Wife—might be applied by many persons to Sara—and besides this, the mingling of Romance in a book of facts and of very important ones too, was not pleasant to my feelings¹ After this, I wrote to Mrs Coleridge, mentioning what I had heard, adding that if it were more than an idle rumour founded on the flights about Eugenia, I should, I suppose, learn the particulars from Sara herself, when we met—and concluded with the following words I have no fortune to leave, no *trust* of this kind in the transfer of which I have any interest or duty and therefore it has ever been my fixed principle, in respect of marriage, that after my children have reached the years of discretion—as a friend, I was ready to give them my best advice if it were asked while it could be of any service, but as a Father, I had only my Prayers and my Blessing to give The answers to this—for both the Mother and the Daughter wrote to me at large—left me nothing to be informed of What I should have thought, had I been

¹ Coleridge's daughter Sara and Henry Nelson Coleridge (1798-1843), son of Col James Coleridge, were married on September 3, 1829 While Coleridge objected to the marriage at first, he afterwards came to regard his nephew almost as his favourite disciple Coleridge seems to have been in doubt concerning the marriage of first cousins See *Table Talk*, June 10, 1824, and *Life*, 253 note and 262 note

H N Coleridge's *Six Months in the West Indies*, 1826, not only displeased Coleridge, but “the gay, laughing Epicureanism of the book and its lively sallies a little shocked the elder and graver members of the family” *The Story of a Devonshire House*, Lord Coleridge, 1905, 142

her confidant at her first knowledge of Henry's intention, it would now be a great deal worse than idle to say I do not conceive it to be my duty—I thank God, that I do not—for the man and the father are too strong in my soul, for me not to shrink from the thought of my only Daughter—and *such* a daughter—condemned to a miserable Heart-wasting, or not to regard the alternative as a *lesser evil* I have not the heart either to pass such a sentence, or in way to be aidant thereto To no other person (with the one exception of Mrs G and that involuntary) have I said, or would I have said, as much as I now have, *to you*, and I trust, that I am not requiring any thing incompatible with the friendship between you and your family, when I earnestly request you to bury it in silence—and not to breathe even a hint of what I have written On the other hand, allow me to assure you, that the not opening out the whole of my mind and of what would have been my mind arises from no want of confidence, and no want of the longing wish to have you to open out my heart to, but solely and altogether from the apprehension, that I might place you in a painful and perplexed state of feeling relatively to those, who have far higher claims on you and a far deeper Right of interest, than I either have or ought to have And moreover, this is not the time for doleful tales—were it in my power, no bird of less happy omen—than the Halcyon or the Wood-dove should cross your path for the next fortnight¹ If to think of you many times a day, aye and in the night too, if to pray, to hope, and to rejoice in the full belief of your happiness, be proof of parental love, I can confidently assert that you and Miss K have a Son and Daughter's place in my heart¹

And now I must revert to the subject of your last letter, without entering into any particulars of the ill-health which has delayed my answer.

Before the receipt of the strongest proof of your regard, I had been aware of the fact, that particular trains of thought had established a sort of *eddy* in my mind—or I might easily

¹Edward Coleridge's first wife was Mary Keate, daughter of Dr. John Keate.

have found excuses for believing, that the impression on your and your Brother's minds had been the result of accidental circumstances Mrs Gillman was doubtful, but inclined to your point of view But Mr and Mrs Montagu, and Mr Gillman, to whom but without mentioning your name or that I had received any hint of the kind from anyone—these counted up the different persons, that had at different times been with me during the last 3 or four months—Merchant, Manufacturer, Physician, Member of Parliament, keen politician, chemist, clergyman, *poetic* Ladies, Painters, Musical Men, Barristers and Political Economists—to each of whom, in turn, I had talked in his own way, and that they had expressed their admiration of the *clear* point of view, in which I placed things Mr Frere and Mr Green in a conversation with Mr Gillman coincided in one remark—viz on the entire absence of *effort* and of any painful groping or staggering of mind—"his forehead is like a child's" But all this weighed not with me—tho' it is to a certain extent true, that from several causes the tendency has appeared stronger to you, more habitual and despotic at least, than it actually is—and as to any influence on my *health*, would to Heaven ! that it were so, or had been so ! But I could soon convince you, that it is my *mind* that alone feeds and supports my crazy *body*—and that the best medicine is that which unconnected with *sensations* of any sort, has most power to make me forget it The subjects, on which you wish me to correspond with you, would not answer the purpose, you have in view—for the whole system of my Thoughts on Subjects of Poetry etc is so digested in my mind, that it would be a mere business of the passive Memory, or of Transcription from my Notes Yet for your sake I would gladly do it, but that it would stand in the way of the removal of the true cause and occasion of that eddying of my mind, on the particular subjects mentioned by you—namely, the ever-increasing conviction of their importance and the dread of leaving a task unperformed which I believe to have been made a duty, on the one hand, and the perpetual interruptions, from ill-health, and other people's business and the (truly called)

avocations to tasks imposed on me by the want of a competent income and the obligations and vexations consequent thereon, on the other, these have kept the thoughts constantly *on my mind*, and no other cure is possible even were it desirable but that of satisfying my sense of duty by reducing them to a publishable state—all the *particulars*—and that less than a 12 month, should I be vouchsafed any tolerable health, will set me at freedom for the lighter and more popular muses, you will find in the Copy of a Letter written to my Publisher, Mr Taylor—himself a literary man, whom the Aids to Reflection had restored to Christianity and the doctrines of the Church O Edward! I have six or seven letters—the larger half from Clergymen of our church, which would shake your opinion of the *in nubibus* character of my speculations—if the Tree is to be judged by its fruits, I suspect, that you are not aware of the extent to which the *Shaking* of Men's minds in the educated classes has gone, and in both Universities But respecting my views and plans, I must refer you to the Copy of the Letter, which you will be so good as to let me have again by Mr Henry Hall—should he be returning to Town The other Letter (to you, in my own hand) you may read at your leisure, two months hence, if it suits you Yet should we meet again, it may furnish you with matter for a few questions, and I will take care not to advance a yard without ascertaining whether you are alongside of me, and if you are not *up to me*, I will step back and rejoin you Long, long, my dear Edward! may you enjoy the strength of *the Prime*, and find sufficient support in the consciousness of being honorably and usefully active, and in your natural gladness But nevertheless the Time will come, when it will be remembered with delight that you had been called on to another well-head of Strength

I had intended to transcribe some verses for you; but I shall be too late for Mr Henry Hall—and therefore must hurry to the (I trust) superfluous assurance that I am most truly

my dear Edward

Your affectionate Friend and Uncle

S. T. COLERIDGE.

P S Be so good as to give me *two* lines—one concerning the Inn, at which Henry Gillman will be set down on his arrival in town, and the other, what you would have him be employed in, during his vacation Mr and Mrs G's most affectionate thanks and remembrances

LETTER 365

To the REV EDWARD COLERIDGE, the College, Eton

[Original letter, Pierpont Morgan Library This letter is undated, but the reference to John Taylor Coleridge as editor of the *Quarterly* in a letter of Lamb's of "15 months ago" and the reference to Henry Gillman as still in school at Eton, lead me to date this letter October, 1826]

Ramsgate,
Friday, [October, 1826]

MY DEAR EDWARD

In this obdurate weather, ipso Novembre *Novembrius*, even to *monologue* with you telegraphically is to enjoy a Half-holiday (for a "holihour" will not, I suspect, pass the Mint) from the most tedious Work, for trifling Wage, that even an unpopular Author was doomed to moil at—videlicet, the correction of the Proof Sheets of another man's compositions where the Composer's Errors in Stuff and Style are to be rectified as well as the Compositor's *Errata* This is far worse and the Earning still more unconscionably disproportionate to the Time and Trouble, than Translation itself—nor should I have undertaken it but to oblige a very worthy man and in the belief, that the Work itself will do good The worst (i.e. to *my* feelings) of all these necessitated tasks is, that I work at them under the painful reflection that they are so many *avulsions* from the scanty remainder of Time that might have been devoted to the completion of my own Works, and with my mind constantly starting off to them like a Horse when he is passing the door of his Stable, or the road that turns down to it But indeed, if they were (as one of them actually is) ready for the Press, I see no chance of their seeing the light otherwise than as posthumous Publications. Warned by the unsaleableness of

all that have been published, the Booksellers are shy of risking so great an expence I could not in common honesty attempt to influence any but the most opulent, the Magnates of the Trade, and among these I have no Hoppers or Admirers, and as to publishing by *Subscription*, I sicken at the very thought of it A Novel, or a Tour, may make it's own way—but experience has given bitter proof, that a Work intended to add to the knowledge of the Reader on subjects, in which knowledge cannot be acquired without more or less effort of Thought on the Reader's part, will for ever remain in the Publisher's Cellar, unless the Public are informed by some authority that they ought to have the Book in their Libraries I am not silly enough to overlook the defects of my writings, or the internal causes of their unpopularness, but still it remains true, what Charles Lamb wrote to me, some 15 months ago—"You are one of Fortune's *Ne'er-do-wells*—the Edinburgh Review abuses you, the Quarterly never mentions you—Murray hates you, Gifford did not like you—and now your Nephew as Editor, he cannot befriend you, without subjecting himself and (as Murray will say) the Quarterly itself to a charge of Partiality and Nepotism " With as full a confidence, as a Christian dare feel respecting his own acquaintance with his own heart, I can assert, that, if I possessed a sufficiency for the decencies and comforts of life that are in fact necessities if the exertion of my intellectual powers be included in *Living*, the thought of writing for posterity alone and of benefiting my contemporaries by kindling and inseminating the Minds of a few Individuals, as I have hitherto done in the *Nos non nobis* way of Conversation, would be pleasurable to me I have not a single sparkle of the Love of Literary Reputation for it's own sake Could I be sure that the same good would be effected by any thing, I wrote, a very trifling sum would purchase from me the reputation of having written it. But things being as they are, I cannot help feeling my friendlessness in the Literary Republic harder and it deepens my regret in not having entered into the Church.

I have had but little time for reading. I have, however,

gone thro' the two Volumes of Skelton,¹ and Davison's² Discourses Skelton was a truly *gemal* Spirit—tho' his compositions are strikingly unequal On the subject of the Trinity, he is a *Master*—and worthy to be named with Bull and Waterland³ His greatest Drawback he has in common with several other Divines of that period—the disposition to place the favorite *Theory* of the Age on the same level with the sacred Truths, which it was one way of *arguing* for I will explain myself hereafter However, I have not seen any work from which half a dozen powerful and useful Sermons for the great Festivals of the Church might be more easily compiled

Davison's is indeed a most valuable accession to our Theological Literature—and eminently free from the error, I complain of in Skelton Nevertheless, I must confess, that the first 120 pages excited an expectation, which the remainder of the Volume did not *quite* answer—yet understand this rather as a tribute to the extraordinary merit of the former, than as any disparage[ment] of the latter The subject appears to me a mine, the richest veins of which still remain to be opened—and with all Davison's well-earned honors distinctly before me, I do exceedingly wish that *you* had the same or a similar opportunity of distinguishing yourself And this brings me back to my chief motive for availing myself of an offered Frank—viz to urge you not to forget your half-promise to pass a few days with me at Highgate I cannot express how great a delight and comfort it would be to me

We leave Ramsgate at the close of next week, and as soon as I reach Highgate, I promise myself to write a more entertaining letter than the present I pray God fervently for his worthy Parents' sake that Henry Gillman may be going on well—and doing his best at least—

God bless you, and your affectionate Uncle

S T COLERIDGE

¹ Philip Skelton (1707-1787), an Irish divine, and author of several theological works

² John Davison (1777-1834) was the author of *Discourses on Prophecy*

³ George Bull and Daniel Waterland, theological writers

LETTER 366

To the REV EDWARD COLFRIDGE

[Original letter, Pierpont Morgan Library]

*8 Waterloo Place, Ramsgate**Thursday Afternoon, October 25, 1826*¹

MY VERY DEAR EDWARD

With no other or longer delay than till the receipt of an answer to a letter to Highgate, which will be put into the Letter Box together with this, Henry Gillman will be taken away according to your advice,² or rather, for the propriety of the measure does not admit of a doubt, in resignation to the plain necessity of the case. There is nothing more to be said except what a knowledge of Mr and Mrs Gillman's minds and principles would render superfluous. The assurance of their deep sense that every thing has been done by you that *could* be done, and more than with every disposition to rely on your kindness they had ventured to anticipate—that their gratitude is proportionate, and they will withdraw their Boy with indelible impressions of affectionate esteem and respect for his (alas! fruitlessly) anxious Tutor. My advice to my “more than friend” Gillman is that his Brother James, a Youth of excellent principles and now the Head Boy at Merchant Taylor's, should go off to Eton on Saturday, if possible, or on Monday—take Henry with him to the House, in which he himself boards, and put him on board the Ramsgate Steam Boat—and that here he should be immediately placed under the care of a School-master with whom, and with whose plans, regime, etc. I am more than usually well-pleased. As likewise with his Wife.

Alas! Mrs Gillman! If ever Mother deserved a different result, she has deserved it! What has not been done or attempted for this Boy! I do not recollect in the whole retrospect of my experience a child who has enjoyed such a conflux of favorable circumstances, moral and intellectual—

¹ October 25, 1826, was on Wednesday² In October, 1826, Edward Coleridge found it necessary to request the Gillmans to remove Henry Gillman from Eton. No disgrace to the boy was involved, it was merely that he had proved himself inadaptable to the necessary discipline. Eventually he was placed in another school.

systematic undeviating good example, and indefatigable Watchfulness !

In the New Testament I have observed that wherever *the Father* is spoken of, not as inclusive of the Word and the Spirit, or as synonymous with the Godhead but *distinctively*, the *Will*, as *the* Source of Being, and therefore in the order of thought antecedent to Being itself (*Causa Sui*) is meant—And not a week passes, in which some incident or other does not recall to my mind our Saviour's words—No man cometh to me unless *the Father* leadeth him

In vain the informing Reason, in vain the inspiring Life, the fecundating Love—if there be not that germ in the *Will*, which is the Individual in his essential individuality, which is deeper than all understanding—and till it have been stirred and actualized by that ineffable *Will*, which is the mysterious Ground of all things visible and invisible O what affecting lessons does not a School-master's experience afford, for the right appreciation of all that can be given from without, of all that man can do for Man !

But I shall write to you again, before long—and shall run the risk of losing the Post if I do not subscribe myself, with affectionate respects to Mrs E Coleridge

Your's most sincerely

S T COLERIDGE

P S We have all our little superstitions Mrs Gillman's Mind was so impressed with the fancy, strong in spite of her excellent understanding, that (to use her words) the ill luck of the year is sure to come when she is away, that, reduced as she was, and necessary as the change of air had become for her, Mr Gillman was obliged almost to scold her away, before she would make up her mind to leave home—And true enough (as the old folks say) on the day but one after we left Highgate, Mr Gillman was thrown with violence out of his Gig, as he was driving down Highgate Hill the Horse having stumbled and the Shafts of the Gig breaking God be praised ! the damage has not been serious—a bruised Elbow etc—but what it might have been ! and now this woful account of Henry !

LETTER 367

To the REV EDWARD COLERIDGE, *College, Eton*

[Original letter, Pierpont Morgan Library]

8 *Waterloo Plains, Ramsgate*

Saturday Morning, October 28, 1826

MY DEAR EDWARD

I inclosed your kind tho' afflicting letter to my Friend, to whom and to whose Wife you do but Justice when you describe them as little Gillman's "*excellent Parents*" If strict integrity, disinterested friendship, native generosity of mind, an instinctive antipathy to the mean and circuitous, and lastly, a keen sensibility to excellence in others, establish a right to the title of excellent, an experience of ten years, such and under such circumstances as render ten years more than equivalent to a Life of ordinary Acquaintanceship, justifies me in claiming that name for *Mr Gillman* I have this moment received his answer, in a few lines which the contusion in his arm by his late accident from that projectile engine yclept, a Gig, evidently made it a painful effort to shape in a legible fashion—without taking in the agitation of his Spirits, and *the Stunning* proposition, on which he was called on to decide For his time and attention, all at least of both that he could spare from his professional duties, had for the last four or five months been so engrossed, first by the languid and lifeless state of *my* health, then by the gross misconduct and sullen ungracious demeanor of his "*Articled Student*" as Surgeon's Apprentices are now by law new-christened, then by the alarming decline of Mrs Gillman's strength, whose loss I am persuaded, he would not long survive, and lastly, by a House (the repairs of which from the way-wardness of that old Bastard, General Fitroy, in withholding the terms of the new leases of the Houses in the Grove to the last hour almost had become perilously necessary) filled with a succession of Masons, Carpenters, and Painters under Mr. Gillman's own superintendences—by which means, however, he has done it for less than half the expence, it would have cost another man—in consequence,

I say, of this Confluence of anxieties and occupations, his thoughts had beyond his wont been so much drawn off from Henry, (No news having, from these causes, the effect of good news) that your letter took him as by surprize—and to transcribe his own words “ the *Stun* of the Tidings incapacitated him for the exertion of mind and will, which they so imperiously demand’ ” I have (he continues) such a sinking within me, and owing in part, no doubt, to the well-known effects of Bruises on the nervous system such a feeling of weakness and despondency, that I dare not rely on my own judgement—and therefore entreat you my dear Coleridge, to judge and act for me It is a heavy Blow ! But if only he can be made fit to gain his bread as an honest man, I ought to be content—and with your friendly support I hope that I shall be able to say with sincerity, God’s will be done !

I am aware, my dear Edward ! that I am writing a gloomy letter—But you in all human probability will be a Father yourself and independent of all anticipated feelings, you are too good [a] man even to wish to be exempted from a portion of the pain, which this extinction of a Father’s and Mother’s hopes cannot but inflict As far as circumstances went, as far as the Scheme can be abstracted from the character and capacity of the Subject of it, I cannot wonder that the Hope was fondly cherished Their joint attachment to *me* personally, and only too high estimation of my powers and principles and of my heart, even more than of my intellect, were the basis—and with such sentiments and persuasions it was natural, that they should feel an interest, and have a sort of affectionate pride in having a child, who had grown up under *my* eye and had been taught to look up to me as to second Father, pass under the patronage and protection of so near a relation of mine, and of the same name In addition to this, came their unfeigned and lively admiration of you, and the impression—and on the part of the Mother naturally a more vivid tho’ not perhaps stronger impression, which your address, person, and cordial frankness made on them—endeared and as it were sealed by their knowledge of your affectionate attentions to me Then the

special advantages that the Boy (had he proved receptive of them) would have enjoyed during his vacations, by the efforts, I should have made, to sustain his School acquisitions, and to insemminate his intellect during the latter period of his residence at Eton and while he was at the University. Lastly, you are too well aware, how much our family (with the single exception of myself occasioned by my Father's sudden Death) owe to your Grandmother's maternal ambition, to condemn the same aspirations, the same forward-looking schemes and wishes in Mrs Gillman. In whatever relationship these may stand to Self-love, it is impossible not to regard as more than venial an unconscious Selfishness which seeks it's gratification by every species of Self-denial, and by the enduring systematic Sacrifice of all immediate Self. Therefore I say again, you cannot wonder that such hopes are not resigned without a bitter pang—or that for the time this pang is rather exasperated than alleviated by her insight into the necessity of the measure, by her full and cloudless conviction, that *You* have done all, that the Boy's kindest and most anxious Friend could do, and by the fact, that Mrs Gillman is too good a Woman, and tho' a plain *un-high-flying* Church of England Christian, too pious *practically* to hesitate between *any* outward and circumstantial advantage, literary attainment or future rank, and the risk of her child's moral and spiritual well-being.

I am myself in certain moments under the temptation of fancying, that misfortune and the Sojourn at Ramsgate are interlinked. Scarcely at any former time of our last four or five maritatory had Mrs Gillman's Health so urgently required the Sea Air, Bathing, and Far niente and never had the benefit been more manifest, and the improvement in her Looks, Strength etc so splendidly progressive. If ever, on the one hand, I feel a stronger anger, or nearer approach to *dislike*, than either the age or the extenuating circumstances of the Boy would justify, or on the other hand, give way to the intruding wish, that one more Trial should be allowed him—it is when I cast my eye on the woeful change, which three days and nights have worked on the afflicted

Mother's appearance But God's will be done ! Fortunately, her Sisters—both exemplary and Lucy Harding a most amiable woman, and made for a Comforter, are here—and Miss Steele is as a Daughter I have a half-finished Letter for you, on subjects of more general interest, which I shall fill up as soon as my mind is a little more at ease May God bless you and yours !

Your affectionate Uncle and

Friend S T COLERIDGE

P S James Gillman will wait on you, on his arrival at Eton, and any instructions you may give him, he will gratefully receive

LETTER 368

To MR HUNT, *Bookseller, Ramsgate*

[From the original letter in the possession of Mr Geoffrey Keynes, who recently found the MS in a copy of the Pickering edition of Coleridge's Works, 1828 The signature had been removed]

[1827]

DEAR SIR

The Courier sent and now returned contains only the same debate, as I had before in the New Times If there be a Thursday's Morning Paper at liberty, you would oblige me by letting me have it—and likewise, the 3 and 4th Vol of Bruce a great and for a long time most ungratefully calumniated Man—His remarks on Polygamy, Vol 11 p—178-185¹ are curious, but if the facts are accurate, still I would rather deem them the *effect* of Polygamy than believe God by a law imposed on Nature the Author and Sanction of a Practice, evidently and notoriously incompatible with the development of our Moral Being—the source of such frightful depravity and degeneracy “It was not so from the beginning.” i e It does not result from any necessity of God's making, but from hardness of heart—ex gr predatory Wars, murder of male Captives, Sale of the females—then (avarice prevailing over Blood-thirstiness) sale of male and female, and that accursed Slave Trade which Bruce likewise vindicates !! These, however, are but specks in a Diamond

¹ Cf *Travels to Discover the Source of the Nile*, James Bruce, 1790, 1 280-289, Coleridge must refer to a different edition

By the bye, the fact that Christianity in any genuine or ennobling form exists only in the Northern, or rather in the temperate climates, and degenerates in proportion to the increase of Heat—say from the 40 Deg of N L to the Equator—is one of deep interest for a reflecting mind

LETTER 369

To WILLIAM SOTHEY

[From the original letter in the possession of Col H G Sotheby]

Grove, Highgate,
[1827]

MY DEAR SIR

In what form of Thanks shall I acknowledge the receipt of the *Polyglot Georgics*,¹ that shall bear even a tolerable proportion to the magnificence of the Present? I will avail myself of some one of those focal states of my Being, in which Head and Heart converge, and record on the blank leaves all, I know, think, and feel of the work, and it's author, and it shall be, as far as the full and earnest expression of my Will can make it such, a Heirloom in my Family, which I shall, D V deliver to my Daughter² on her Wedding Day, as the most splendid way, that I can command, of marking my sense of the Talent and Industry, that have made her Mistress of the Six Languages comprized in the volume, and of the fine Taste and genial sentiment which will ensure her selecting the English and the German Versions, as (in the only two legitimate kinds of poetic translation) carrying the transfusion of the spirit and Individuality of a Poet, each in it's kind, to the highest point of Perfection. And I shall make this Bequest the more willingly, that in all present probability my dear Sara, whose worst fault is that of tempting her Parents to be proud of her, will change her

¹ Sotheby's *Polyglott Georgics* was published in 1827

² "This book—an elegant folio—was given to Sara Coleridge on her wedding—with an inscription to the effect that it was to go to her daughter if she had one—Mrs H N Coleridge never spoke of it to her daughter—and it was sold—and had to be re-purchased—and now is in the hand of Miss Edith Coleridge" Note by E H Coleridge This book is now in the library of the Rev G H B Coleridge

Maiden state (when-ever that may be) without changing her maiden name

I will not attempt any remark on *your* Georgics I have never had any other opinion, than that in a Poem of all others the most difficult to translate into English Metre it is the best Translation of *any* Work, that exists in our Language—and the nearest to the ideal—*Alter et Idem* The Diction and Versification are more highly polished, more exquisite than those of your Oberon and both the Georgics and the Oberon are free from the one (and only notice-worthy) Defect of your later Compositions—the occasional excess of *fullness*—a strength and *co-acervation* that tend at times to retard the movement, and counteract the propulsive impetus of the total spirit of the Poem Were I asked, of any detached two or three hundred Lines in your Poems ex gr Rome Canto III What was wanted to make them *more* beautiful, I know not, how I could convey my mind more truly than if I should reply—To make 30 or 40 of them *less* so You, I dare promise myself, will not be offended by my *heart-in-mouth* Openness

I will make an attempt to find you at home tomorrow—if I sleep in Grosvenor Square With respectful remembrances to Mrs Sotheby and Miss Sotheby once more accept the thanks and admiration of your obliged Friend and Servant

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 370

To the REV EDWARD COLERIDGE

[Original letter, Pierpont Morgan Library]

[1827]

MY DEAR EDWARD

Many thanks for your kind and interesting letter. It was very welcome and has been, I assure you, a great refreshment to my Spirits During the last week I have been progressively convalescent and am now at the *par* of my health I thank the All-merciful with a full heart, that I can

attest by my own experiences the truth of your remarks respecting the loving kindness as well as the wisdom and Justice, of these visitations and chastisements in the Flesh. In three points I trust that thro' his grace I have been spiritually benefited by this recent shaking. First, my Prayers had been too little formal, too exclusively meditative, too much of thought and feeling, and too little of Will and Striving after furtherance in grace. There was an indolence leavening the resignation which it counterfeited. There was indeed that imperfect Love which made me dread above all fears the falling out of God into the abyss, the dreadful productivity, of my own corrupted Soul, but not the Love, that should urge me to press forward and lay hold of the *Promises*. My state of mind was too often in too close a neighbourhood to the relaxing Malaria of the Mystic Divinity, which affects to languish after an extinction of individual consciousness—the sickly state which I had myself described in one of the Poems in the Sibylline Leaves “The Lover’s Resolutions”—who sick in soul

Worships the Spirit of unconscious Life
In tree and wild flower Gentle Lunatic,
If so he might not wholly cease to *be*,
He would far rather not be that, he is,
But would be something that he knows not of etc.—¹

But a few days after the commencement of this bilious fever, the first volume of Schleiermacher’s ² far famed Sermons was sent me, in German the same Divine, whose Essay on St. Luke’s Gospel has been recently translated and among these Sermons was one (greatly admired in Germany) on Prayer, grounded on the Scene in the Garden, the Preacher’s object being to shew, first, that we may, and ought to *pray*. for our Lord did so—but ² that on no account for a single moment should we allow ourselves to believe, that our prayers and petitions would have any effect but that which the act of praying produced on our own minds and feelings : for the Disciple dare not hope for more than his Master obtained (One instance this among many of the danger of

¹ Cf *Poems*, 369-370

² F E D Schleiermacher (1768-1834)

turning away from the express directions of Scripture on this or that part of duty in order to draw consequences from some other part of Scripture, recorded for a different purpose) This Sermon, however, occasioned me to give the whole force of my mind to the Subject—to seek Light in Prayer and from the Scripture, from the Scripture and in Prayer—and the result has been a clear and steadfast conviction, that whatever efficacy we may, and by the constitution of our Being *must*, attribute to our *Actions*, considered as appointed means to rightly desired ends, the same with equal rationality we assign to our petitionary prayers—and that provided only that our *spiritual* interests be, generally, the predominant, and *always* the ultimate Object, neither our bodily, nor our temporal, needs and concerns are excluded from the requests that may be offered in Faith and in the name of our Mediator and Redeemer And I am encouraged to hope, that in the Essay on the philosophy of Prayer (a phrase, which I have chosen instead of “the duty and reasonableness” in the expectation of winning a certain class of Inquirers, tho’ at a sacrifice of my own feelings) my own convictions may be made an instrument of divine mercy to others

The second point, in which additional Light has been vouchsafed me, respects the state of my thoughts and feelings in connection with the three Gospels—I scarcely know how to explain it to you, but by a difference in the impressions made and left on my mind from the perusal of Matthew, Mark and Luke compared with the 4th Gospel, the Epistles of Paul and John, the Psalms, the Prophets, the Book of Job, a difference too great to have been left so long a time unexamined and obscure, as long as this dimness, perplexity, and ferment continued, the New Testament could not be contemplated as an harmonious Whole If the cause was in myself, (and I thank God’s supporting Spirit, I was not so lost in presumption as not to consider this as incomparably the more probable) whether it were from defect of knowledge or from an unhealthy state of feeling, it was high time that it should be discovered and brought to trial And here too,

tho' I have still great need for further light on the relations of the three Gospels, each to the others, and particularly as to relation of Mark to Matthew, yet I have to be thankful for a large portion of Quiet from the view, I have obtained, respecting their common relation both to the 4th Gospel and to the Epistles, and that they form a distinct yet inseparable integral Part of the Christian Volume With this in conjunction with the third point, which follows, my faith has, I trust, become more duly proportioned to the *objective* and historical part of Christianity—to the Church Militant and to the Kingdom of Christ on earth, instead of dwelling with too exclusive a preference on the Subjective, Timeless, and individually Spiritual Not that if my former opinions were stated to me now, I could find any thing objectionable in the *words*, but the cast and tone of feeling was not right And yet should I by God's Grace become fit to receive a clearer light, a more compleat and satisfying insight, I shall still have reason to be grateful, that I had begun with St John and St Paul The third Point and which occupied the larger portion of the time, my Strength allowed me, reading for the greater part with my head on the raised pillow, I was led to, greatly against my inclinations, by a sense of duty, viz. a duty of friendship—The fact was Mr Irving has been lately very much with Hatley Frere (*my* Mr Frere's Brother) a pious and well meaning but gloomy and enthusiastic Calvinist, and quite swallowed up in the quicksands of conjectural prophecy—translating Ezekiel, Zachariah, Daniel and the Apocalypse into Journals and Gazettes for the year of our Lord 1827—as the present year happens to be. In short, one of the Revd G. S Faber School Mr Irving (as Mrs Montagu most sensibly observed) affected by Hatley Frere's solemn and intense earnestness, mistook the vividness of the impression for the force of truth—and has been preaching immeasurable lengths of Sermons, to the serious detriment of his health, and the bewilderment of his Auditors, on the Millennium—and I know not what—[. ? .] Gedden and his Jews I have not seen him for the last six weeks, but the last time, he was here, I felt that

he was going wrong—and intreated him to beware, how standing as an Ambassador of Christ he interpolated his instructions by mere conjectures of his own fancy I told him, that with the great activity and inventiveness of intellect, which I possessed in common with him, I should have been wrecked, had it not pleased the Almighty that it should meet with a Counter-check in my rooted aversion to the *Arbitrary*, and my solicitude to bring back all my positions to their *Premises*—to understand distinctly what I set off from Now, Sir ! (I continued) You assume the Apocalypse to contain a series of events in an historico-chronological

A	B	C	D
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Arrangement—not simply first, second, third and fourth—but A so many years, B so many—in short, not as the Prophets predicted but as the Annalist in the Books of Samuel, Kings, or Chronicles narrated—Nay, with an exactness not attempted even by the latter, but to be paralleled only in modern Chronicles If so, then I ask you, from what date do you commence ? and on what Authority do you fix it ? I did not however, press the point, conscious that I had never given that degree of attention to the Apocalypse which might have authorized [me] to deliver a settled opinion of it's Contents But I have now studied it verse by verse in the original with the commentary of Cocceus from which, however, I derived little or no assistance, tho' to this learned and generally judicious Commentator the credit is due of having first expurged the Nicolaitan from the List of Heresies, and of thus adding one proof to the many of the little reliance to be placed in the assertions of Irenaeus and the early Fathers But unhappily during the whole work the ignis fatuus of the Pope keeps whisking and dancing before the good man's eyes—nothing but this can he see, and this he sees everywhere The result, however, has been such as beyond, nay contrary to my anticipations, I am most thankful for Not that many particular words and symbols do not remain sealed for me : and doubtless many, very many beauties and proprieties I have yet to discover But the whole Scope of the Work, and all the Main Stages of it's

magnificent March, are perfectly clear to me , and I have no doubt of establishing for all competent Inquirers the conclusion, which I have drawn for myself—that the Apocalypse is truly the Supplement to the three preceding main divisions of the New Testament, and the requisite Complement of the Christian Faith—of high interest, use, and edification for *all* Believers, and without which the New Testament would not be what with it it *is*, the compleat Quadrature and Antitype of the Old

On running my eye over this sheet, I see that I have been putting your patience to the Trial—but prosing and egotistic as it would appear, and indeed *be*, to other, yet as a chapter in my Biographia Interior it will have an interest for You—were it but as a humble instance of an earnest desire on the part of an Individual to know what he is, and to be what he knows, in an age where beyond all former precedent (such at least is my belief) men seem to regulate their conduct by the Wordling's maxim—viz to sacrifice the world to himself in all worldly concerns, and himself to the world in all spiritual ones

My illness has prevented me from having sent my supplementary disquisitions to the Press—I having layed it down as a By-law for myself, never for the future to send a first sheet to the Printer till I have written *Finis* to the fair Copy of the last I expect however, to commence Printing before the close of next week Did I tell you, that I had received a letter from my Publisher, announcing to me *his* conversion by the Aids to Reflection, principally by the comments on Original Sin and Redemption ?

The occasion rather than *cause* of my remarks on Mr J H Frere was given by the words, “Wit and *Drollery*” in your letter—but it was exclusively with respect to Mr. Frere's *external* manners that I imagined your image of him to require modification Sir George Beaumont and Mr Frere are both in a remarkable degree highly mannered Gentlemen but compared with Mr. George Beaumont there is a graver and more sensitive dignity of deportment in Mr Frere, and more of the *Morale* and the Thoughtful in

his Courtesy By the bye I conjectured (for inferred is too positive a word) from something that half escaped him and was half retracted, that he, like every other person who has had any thing to do with the Man of Albemarle St, has had cause for dissatisfaction with him I should have pressed Mr Frere much more warmly on the subject of publishing his Aristophanic's [sic], had I not some reason to believe that one of Mr Fiere's motives for publishing them would be to give *me* the Honorarium, whatever it might be I cannot indeed adequately describe to you, my dear Edward! how very good and affectionate he is to me I am convinced, that the thought of me was a serious aggravation of his vexation at his large Losses from the failure of both Houses, at which he banked, in addition to the incapacitation of his Tenants from the same Causes in the Country

I read with affectionate pride the part of your letter respecting the honor shewn in the honor proffered to your Brother No higher Honor (especially, after what Mr Canning said in the House of Commons on the subject) is it in the power of Englishmen to bestow or of an English Gentleman and Scholar to receive I have just received Henry's Book, and have read almost half—I have received both amusement and instruction from it, it cannot but have an extensive circulation—One fault there is, that I would fain have had removed, an imitation of Southey, especially in his Letters from Portugal and Spain in the frequent obtrusion of offensive images, Sweating etc, and again a little too much and too often of eating Like Southey, too, his Levities border now and then on the *Odd*, and Grotesque—and he has not Southey's excuse For I can venture to say to *you*, sub rosâ, that all men of cold constitutions are naturally immodest, as far as their Notions of Morality will permit. So Southey—while he keeps clean of *one* outlet, he does not care what filth comes out of the other Orifices But I could almost be angry with Henry for that very indiscreet and ex omni parte objectionable Episode on *Maria*, not to say a word of the infantile Silliness of “but you do not know Maria, nor me either” It is idle to suppose that the Author of so

interesting a Book, the only one that supplies any real reliable information on the present state and manners of the West Indies should not be generally known, and that he was the Bishop's Cousin and Secretary¹—nor is it possible but that the Book will be read in Madeira—and I know too many melancholy instances of the trouble, nay, ruin brought on Individuals and whole Families in Naples, Sicily, and Minorca by the unthinking *Blab* of English Tourists and Travellers Read, my dear Edward! the last paragraph—about carrying off a Nun, as a good Joke etc not to say, that the impertinence and coxcombry of a perfect Stranger making love and asking a Young Lady—Are you happy? would have surprized me less from my own Derwent I may be too severe—the Snows may have drifted from my head downwards and inwards—but believe me, the source of it is in affectionate apprehension of the consequences Mr Gillman who has read it already twice over, when he should have been in bed, pronounces it a *right* pleasant Book and with a deal of valuable information in it—but he too complains of the Southeianisms I shall take my very first leisure evening, possibly tomorrow, to finish it, and shall then write to Henry

I will not conceal from you that I take the Bishop's conduct towards me as unkind That he should neither have called on me, nor even written a line, having formerly visited here and been so cordially and affectionately welcomed, is a source of mortification to me, not on my own account but from the impression, it has made on my friends and neighbors—and the reasons conjecturally assigned If your Cousin had any reason for this slight, prudential or of higher origin, I should have honored him for plainly communicating it to me. But enough! Only this—My words will have utterly misrepresented my feelings if they suggest any feeling of *resentment*—If I have any feeling that relates to myself, it is only that of sorrow at any event that tends to keep up the appearance of my estrangement from the interest and affection of my nearest relations

¹ Henry Nelson Coleridge had gone to the West Indies with his cousin, William Hart Coleridge, Bishop of Barbados.

The weather must improve and the days lengthen before I can, with any chance of repeating my visit, wait on Mr Geddes¹, but you may depend on my calling the first time, I go to town, and endeavoring to arrange my sittings By the bye, I forgot to say that I shall be glad to receive old Luther He shall occupy the picture place in my Book-Study-bed-room—over the fire-place His Table talk is next to the Scriptures my main book of Meditation, deep, seminataive, Pauline, beyond all other works in my possession, it *potenziates* both My Thoughts and my Will I would, I had all his works The scanty result of my reflections on the Book of Daniel I will communicate in my next—As to Jacob's Ladder, I can conceive no other interpretation than that which you have given Nor can I imagine the need of any other—none more beautiful, more appropriate, or bearing on the grandeur and importance of the truth intended a more authenticating character of patriarchal and pastoral Sublimity Especially striking to me, when I call to mind that the immediate Descendants of Jacob were destined to become Sojourners in *Egypt*, a Country in which Pantheism was even then pregnant with it's proper offspring, idolatrous *Polytheism*—the Deity of Egypt was the World or Nature, the Elements, the Birds, Beasts, Reptiles were his Revelations, the *ιερα γράμματα* What could be more fitted to counteract this Sensual Apostacy than the image presented to his Patriarch, of a direct and immediate connection with Heaven, with rational Creatures *superior* in form and glory to Man, as the Internuncios Remember that the Personality of God, the living I AM, was the distinctive privilege of the Hebrew Faith—and *personal* Revelations, a connected series of their privilege As to the systematic commentators as far as they inform me respecting the radicals of Words, with their Cognates, or supply parallel or Illustrative passages from Sacred or profane Writers, I am thankful—even for the true sense and force of the Texts I owe them few obligations—and as to the inward

¹ I have found no record of a portrait of Coleridge by Andrew Geddes (1783-1844)

and spiritual power of the Passages I have long ceased to expect any help from them Cocceius indeed affords occasional exceptions I prefer our Church (by which I mean the scheme of Faith and Doctrine contained in the Liturgy, Catechism and Articles, because it is *Lutheran* in it's spirit—and the Reformation in my belief fell back after Luther, instead of advancing But I shall make myself more intelligible to you on this point when I have leisure to state my reflections on the nature of the Romish Apostacy—the retrograde movements of which began soon after if not rather in the Apostolic Age—as both Paul and John assert—tho' it could not openly and fully manifest itself till after the disruption of the Latin Empire

My judgement is in perfect coincidence with your remarks on Sir Walter , and when I think of the wretched trash, that the Lust of Gain enduced him to publish for the last three or four years, which must have been manufactured for the greater part, even my feelings assist in hardening me I should indeed be sorry if any ultimate success had attended the attempt to unite the Poet and the Worldling Heaven knows ! I have enough to feel for without wasting my Sympathy on a Scotchman suffering the penalty of his Scotchery In whatever remote corner of recluse life a man may hide himself, and however unworldly and “unpartaking in the evil thing”¹ he and all his pursuits may be, the calamity of the World's frenzies will hunt him out ! I am at this moment heart-sick with fruitless anguish from the ruin of a Man who loved me as a Father , but whom I had in vain sought to defascinate God bless you and S T C

¹ See *Ode to the Departing Year*, l 154, *Poems*, 168

LETTER 371

To HENRY TAYLOR

[Original letter, Bodleian Library Sir Henry Taylor (1800-1886), to whom this letter is addressed, was the author of *Philp van Artevelde* (1834) There is a delightful picture of Henry Taylor and his friends drawn in *Guists and Memories*, Una Taylor, 1924]

Grove, Highgate

[May, 1827]

MY DEAR SIR

Tho' the Constantia (I cannot decypher the word before it) is a most exquisite Cordial—for Mrs Gillman being rather weakly and dining by herself at an early hour, I insisted on opening a Bottle for her, in the belief that as she scarcely ever tastes wine, a small glass daily for four or five days would speed her convalescence,—and tasted it myself, so as to be able to confirm her Judgement—that beyond any wine, I had ever tried, it deserved the description of *pure*, and delicate—rich—and tho' I am learned enough in the Heraldry of Wine to be aware, that it was a Present for a Lord or an Ambassador—yet you must do me and yourself the Justice to believe me, that the proof, it implied of your remembering me, and my friends, and the Thursday Evenings at Highgate, and thinking of us with kindness, was that which came first, and remains uppermost in my mind—I assure you, that I felt quite affected by it, for I have never ceased to follow you with inward inquiries and wishes to know, how you were going on, in this eddy of Change and Chance. Mrs Gillman was much gratified by your friendly mention of her and Mr G—and desires me to tell you so

I am going on as usual—and hope, that soon after Christmas you will see by a series of Works, that I have not been an idler, and tho' infirm and hard pressed circumstantially, have yet kept “ the citadel unconquered ”

Before Mr J H Frere left England, he received a positive promise from Lord Liverpool¹ that he would do something

¹ Robert Banks Jenkinson, second Earl of Liverpool (1770-1828), was stricken with apoplexy and ceased to be Premier on February 27, 1827 Frere had apparently obtained a promise for a sinecure, the Paymastership of the Gentleman Pensioners, for Coleridge, but Liverpool's stroke and later Canning's death in August, 1827, put an end to Coleridge's hopes

for me, and requested that if I did not hear from [him] before Christmas, he should be reminded of it. Mr Frere advised me to write to Lord Dudley,¹ and to tell him, that *he* (Mr F) had advised me, begging him to recall the circumstance to Lord Liverpool. I did not however like this step, till a Lady informed me, that her Brother-in-law Sir G. Poelock had made great interest for the place held by the late Mr Gifford, but had received the direct answer, "Lord Liverpool has reserved it for Mr Coleridge."—On this I wrote to Lord Dudley—then at Brighton—he replied, that in ten days he should be in town, that he would much rather speak to Lord Liverpool, which he would do immediately on his arrival in town, than write to him—unless I particularly wished it. On the seventh day after the receipt of his Lordship's Letter, the Earl of Liverpool was stricken—and in less than a month, I believe, the King gave away the Place to another. So ended my post and only Dream of Patronage. God's Will be done! He knows, that poor as I am and hard put to it, thro' anxiety not to suspend works, from which I cannot derive any pecuniary endowment to employ myself in more marketable commodities, I yet felt more for my Nation's Calamity than for my own!

Need I say, how glad I should be to see you, whenever chance or change should bring you in our neighborhood?

For I am with sincere

regard and esteem, my dear Sir,

Your obliged

S. T. COLERIDGE

¹ John William Ward (1781-1833) succeeded his father as fourth Viscount Dudley and Ward in 1823, in 1827 he became Earl of Dudley.

LETTER 372

To MRS S T COLERIDGE

[From a fragment of the original letter in the possession of the Rev G H B Coleridge I have ventured to include this fragment because, as far as is known, it is the last word of Coleridge to his wife "Doubtless other letters passed, but this ends the record—solemnly and well" Note by E H Coleridge]

Highgate,
[Autumn, 1827]

MY DEAR SARA

I have just heard that Mrs Gillman is sending off a Capcasket (if Lester has rightly informed me of the contents) to Keswick—quite time enough to allow me no time to do more than scrawl a sentence or two with my name at the tail, the carpenter fiddling impatiently with the ¹

[p 2]

afflict me more than the loss of the Place, which vexes me chiefly on Hartley's account—who is seldom, an hour together, out of my head, and still less often *off* my heart. Something would have been done for me long before, but for the activity of calumny, direct and indirect, mute and vocal—but enough of this ¹ I have long since referred the cause to a Tribunal that cannot judge amiss (Psalm VII v 3 4. 5)

LETTER 373

To BASIL MONTAGU, 25 *Bedford Square*

[Original letter, Huntington Library]

December 20, 1827

MY VERY DEAR MONTAGUE

Mrs. Gillman has just set my heart in a beat and my bowells in a quiver by informing, that Mr Gillman, his thoughts bewildered by the pain and fever of these sad poison boils, the sickness and irregular fever produced by them, and the necessity of driving out when it perplexes him how to sit, even on a pillowed chair, had forgotten that he had on

¹ MS cut off.

my applying to him for directions concerning the *Fullers* undertaken to write himself to you On the same afternoon that I received your note and Mrs Montague's, Henry Coleridge came up to inform me, that my Brother George, the only one of my Brothers who from my 12th to my 22nd year did act a brother's part by me and whom for many a year after that I loved tho' with a filial rather than a fraternal affection, was sinking rapidly under the oppression of Dropsy in the chest ¹—and I could not help contrasting the calm sadness with which I received this information with the agitation and I may truly say the misery and the fright, into which your note threw me—and the possession, it has taken of my mind, now blending now alternating with the only grief that could have stood any competition with the imagination of your danger—a letter of gall and wormwood respecting my poor dear bewildered eldest born ²—Day after day, Mrs G and I have been talking about you—and really in my state of feeling I could not write to Mr Irving—for I felt that it would have been hypocrisy to use the language of sympathy with his feelings for the loss of an infant—so stunned had my ordinarily quick feelings been by the thought of your illness, more alarming to me thro' recollection of Sir Alex Ball's case by the very circumstance of your extreme temperance—Play, let Emily write me a line by return of Post, how you are ¹—I will however write to Mr I—were it only, that Mrs M suggested it—and it is my duty

May God bless and preserve you for all of us—For me—for I most truly love you, and the sight of you—

S T COLERIDGE

¹ The Rev George Coleridge died early in January, 1828.

² In 1827, after he had tried school-mastering at Ambleside for four or five years, Hartley Coleridge, by the failure of the school, again was without an anchor

LETTER 374

*To the EDITOR of the Quarterly Review*¹

[Original letter, British Museum]

[1828]

DEAR SIR

Soon after by occasion of a Scheme for Fancy and bubble, the bursting of which the World owes the Thalaba, Curse of Kehama, Don Roderic, in short, Robert Southey, I had quitted Cambridge, and from opinions which less than two years sufficed for me to outgrow, I had given up all my then very flattering Prospects in the Church, and *married*!—I was engaged, and if I recollect aright, thro' the mediation of Sir James, then Mr McIntosh to write for the Critical Review and I wrote an Article on Lewis's Monk, and another on Bishop Horsley's Tract on the Greek Metres, which were perfected into Print² But I likewise had written some half a score or more of what, I thought, clever and epigrammatic and devilishly severe Reviews, from a single sentence to the quantum of half a page on sundry Fungi of the Press that had been sent to me, to abide the operation which united Trial, Verdict, and Execution—but a Remark made by Miss Wordsworth to whom I had in full expectation of gaining a laugh of applause read one of my Judgements occasioned my committing the whole Batch to the Fire—Since then, the Edinburgh and Quarterly effected a total Revolution, or only not total, in the object and character of Reviews—and so far took away the grounds on which I had been led to consider reviewing as an immoral Act. Nevertheless, from that time to this it has so happened, that I have written but one Article in a Review, and this wholly and solely to prevent Thomas Clarkson's feelings from being turmoiled by any unhandsome treatment of his History of

¹ J G Lockhart edited the *Quarterly Review* from 1825 to 1853

² Coleridge's review of the *Monk* is republished in *A Wiltshire Parson and His Friends*, G Greever, 1926, but the article on Horsley's *On the Prosodies of the Greek and Latin Languages*, 1796, has not been identified

the Abolition of the Slave Trade—But in this Mr Jeffrey outraged my sense of Right and wrong by substituting for an encomium on Mr Wilberforce and a vindication of Mr Pitt two or three infamously and scandalously abusive Paragraphs on both—the more offensive to me because I had been forced by the evidence of Facts related to me and documented by Thomas Clarkson to write what I wrote of two men, with one of whom (Mr W) I could never feel any sympathy, while the other (his measures and notions, I mean) was and still is the object of my almost unqualified aversion Permit me to say, that I have every reason to believe that this and perhaps the ministerial character of Lord Castlereagh are the only political Points on which we should find the least difference—I mention the circumstances, however, as having been the *cause* of my having kept aloof from Reviews, after all my former Reasons had ceased to exist—Nay, tho' I have for a series of years ranked the leading Reviews, on their present plan, among the most powerful Moral steam-engines, that the age has produced

You begin—and not without reason—to wonder, for what purpose I have been trespassing on your time and attention It is this I have re-perused with earnestness Napier's History of the Peninsular War—and have looked over some half-dozen or more of recent Publications, having the same or similar character and tone of principle and feeling—the principle I believe to be erroneous, and the feeling, the evident predilection, in the highest degree unhealthy Possibly, the gross mistatements and misrepresentations respecting that admirable Man, John Hookham Frere, to whom of all men, I have ever known, I should with least hesitation apply the epithets, *φιλόκαλος*, and *καλοκἀγαθός*, may have somewhat impassioned the decision of my Judgement. But I have reason to hope, that I shall be assisted in forming a sane Judgement by a military Man, of deservedly high character both as a Soldier, and as a scientific Man, who was in Spain from the commencement of the Insurgency to the return of the Army from Coruña. And the object of this letter is to enquire, whether you have already a Review

of Napier's first Volume,¹ and without any necessary connection with this particular Book whether an Article on the apparent revolution in the *Fashion* of estimating the character, and aims of Napoleon, and an attempt to reduce the recent magnificent claims of an almost exclusive efficiency on the part of military Institutions and Spirit within the bounds assigned by History and Sober Sense, without the least disposition to detract from their actual importance or to question their indispensableness in the existing state of the World, would have a sufficient chance of finding admission into the Quarterly, to encourage me in writing it ²

[No conclusion or signature]

LETTER 375

To C ADERS, *Euston Square*

[From the original letter in the possession of Mr Thomas Madigan]

Grove, Highgate,
August 14, 1828

MY DEAR FRIEND

For indeed and in the verity of the word I feel and have long felt that more than regard, that affectionate Predilection for yourself and your dear Wife, that in every outward and visible sign of Affection shewn to the one I find myself thinking of the other, and when on meeting I give a kiss to Mrs. Aders it seems to me as if I were shaking hands with *you*—and perhaps, with the exception of *Henricus Krabius* Robinson, you will allow me to fancy myself of many of my countrymen who esteem and regard you the only one capable of *justly* estimating your varied Powers, which from what I had observed and were confirmed to me by parts of your letters which Mrs. Aders read to me, on Pasta [Pastor ?] and Sontag etc., seemed to me like so many *Senses* corresponding to the different Forms in which the Beautiful is revealed—in Form, in Color, in the mysteries of Sound, and in the

¹ The first volume of William F Napier's *History of the Peninsular War* was published in 1828

² No such review as Coleridge here suggests has been identified

ministry of Language (even in one not your Buth-tongue) to express the laws and life of all and to combine with all the *thought* and *inborn* Humanity which give them their proper and yet common Soul And in addition to all this, you are a Merchant—the combining and calculating and commercing Intellect of a busy and bustling Compting-House ! Now, my dear Mr Aders ! all the above has been bubbling, and steaming within me for some time—and you must receive this Letter, as the Escape-Valve So much Detraction is going on in the World—that I feel it as a duty, where I can assure myself I am out of the reach of all suspicion of insincerity or flattery, to let an honest Man know what an honest Man and no fool thinks and feels concerning him !

Now for Mr Ackerman ¹ I told the Gentleman, who is his Editor, that I would tenfold rather offer Mr Ackerman—a Poem under the recommendation of Mr and Mrs Aders, and as their friend, than receive 20£ for it from another But that previously to the request I had engaged to furnish Mr Renyolds ² a *parte* Heath, for the Keep-sake, two Poems of no great length, for 50£, (more than all, I ever made by all my Publications, my week's Salary of 5£ as writer of the Leading Articles in the Morning Post during the Peace of Amiens excepted) on the condition, that I was *not* to give or sell any contribution to any other of these Annualists Now I *had* previously given to Alaric Watts ³ permission to print (if he chose it) some fragmentary verses of mine—and so informed Mr Renyolds—Another Man without my consent has, I find, been printing for the Amulet ⁴ a prose-letter which he had last year rejected and sent back to me , but as it appears, not without having taken a copy What then can I say ? Anything “ sent to a Lady ” I can have no objection

¹ Rudolph Ackermann (1764-1834), art publisher and bookseller.

² Coleridge spells the name “ Renyolds ” but he means Frederic M. Reynolds, editor of *The Keepsake*, to which Coleridge contributed in 1829 and 1830

³ Coleridge contributed to *The Literary Souvenir* (edited by Alaric Watts) at this time

⁴ The “ prose letter ” was *Over the Brocken*, which was published in the *Amulet* in 1829

to—and if I can on Saturday next, when I am to have an interview with Mr Renyolds, procure his consent, I will (as I told Mis Aders) give Mr Ackerman the poem, or if he thinks it worth any thing, sell him the poem, I am now finishing on the Rhine¹ But I am not my own Master, in this instance—but the Slave of the Contract

Mrs G seems to me better—and in better spirits, since I have given her a loving and christian scolding for being so much otherwise—

I have scarcely left space to thank you for your kind present—but let the thanks be included in the assurance, that I am, my dear Sir,

Most truly and with heart-felt respect

Your affectionate Friend

S T COLERIDGE

P S I fear, you will scarcely be able to read this letter But your messenger had been long waiting before I came in, and the *first* preparatory Dinner Bell, but still more my unwillingly [sic] to delay him, has made me more than usually *Scrawlatory* and illegible

LETTER 376

To WILLIAM SOTHEYBY

[From the original letter in the possession of Col H G Sotheby]
Grove, Highgate

Monday Afternoon, [1828]

MY DEAR SIR

I have to beg your pardon for the delay in answering your note Have you not sometimes in revising a letter or other MSS. found that you had left out the very word, which you had had fullest and liveliest in your intention? I was fully prepared to write to you, that having been prevented by a visit from my Brother, Colonel Coleridge, from Devonshire, after he left me, I forgot that I had *not* written—and there has been enough of affliction in this house, (inter nos, et sub rosa Harpocratis loquor) and what had *slipt* out of mind to *keep* out But I shall be most happy to see you and the American Sir Walter P S I protest vehemently

¹ Probably the poem *Cologne*, cf *Poems*, 477

against your remembering my reply to the worthy Pastor at Ratzeburgh when he told me that Klopstock was the German Milton—"Yes! a very *German* Milton indeed" To speak seriously, it would be no less unjust than injurious to Mr Cooper¹ to institute a comparison between him and Sir W S (and comparisons generally are in bad taste, weeds of criticism indigenous to shallow and coarse soils) If I mistake not, Mr Cooper's Genius would fit him better to fiction of a more avowedly imaginative kind the farther he is from society, the more he seems at home This prominent fault is his forgetfulness of the wise Hesiodic Line—

Νήπιοι, οὐκ ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἤμισυ παντός²

With respectful remembrance to Mrs Sotheby and your Daughter believe me, my dear Sir,

with unfeigned esteem and

Regard your obliged

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 377

To ALARIC WATTS, 56, *Torrington Square*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge Published in part and incorrectly, *Alaric Watts A Narrative of His Life*, A A Watts, 1884, 1 291-293]

Grove, Highgate

MY DEAR SIR

Sunday Midnight, Sept 14, 1828

Your wish shall at all events be complied with—whether my suspicion be well or ill-grounded that you have not received what yet to the best of my recollection I left at your own door, two letter-sheets of verses The first a pretended fragment of Lee, the tragic poet, containing a description of Limbo,³ and according to my own fancy con-

¹ James Fenimore Cooper writing to Sotheby about this proposed visit says "I shall have great pleasure, in paying my respects to Miss Baillie and Mr Coleridge, since it is a compliment due to the talents and sex of the one, and to the talents and years of the other. I give you the choice of any day between this morning and Wednesday, the latter included if you please, for the time you propose" Original letter in the possession of Col H G Sotheby

² Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 40

³ The poem *Limbo* (*Poems* 1 429) appeared for the first time in the 1834 *Poetical Works*

taining some of the most forcible lines and with the most original imagery that my niggard Muse ever made me a present of—for to compare one's own with one's honor is I trust no offence against humility and may stand free of the adage, comparisons are odious I likewise explained to you in what manner by false and lying pretences that the edition of my Poems¹ so many years pretendedly in hand was only stopped through a miscalculation in the quantity, so that it could not come for want of two sheets more (observe, when against my own judgement I assented to Mr Gillman's wish, that I place the poems at his disposal, it was expressly stated that there should be no unprinted poems—had I possessed any of any importance in a finished state there would have been still many and serious objections to their making their first appearance in a collection of poems written in youth and earliest manhood—and that all that was or should be required of me, was to give a list of my printed poems, marking those which, I thought ought to be omitted) Well—by pretences which I am entitled to call false—for at this very time the first volume was not put to the press, certainly not all printed, Mr G's mind was so worked on as repeatedly to intreat me to give what I had I persevered in returning a denial, accompanied with very clear and (as has been proved) correct anticipations of the reprehension, it would bring on me, for three weeks—and this to a man, who had never heard the word, No¹ from my mouth during the eleven years I had been as a brother in his family At length, I could only say "Mrs G has the copies—do what you will"—and being asked whether they would not want correcting, I replied, "Of these I *must* have the *proofs*—and by that time I shall be in a fitter mood to supply the defects" Could it have been believed, that the true cause of these applications was to steal (it was no better) these original poems for a Work, I had never even *heard of*²—and to aggra-

¹ Coleridge refers to the 1828 edition of his *Poetical Works* published by William Pickering

² *I.e.* *The Byou*, 1828 (published by Pickering), in which appeared *The Wanderings of Cain*, *Work without Hope*, *Youth and Age*, and *The Day Dream* All were republished in *Poetical Works*, 1828

vate this by an impudent paragraph, of " thanks to Mr Coleridge for his great liberality " !¹ And the copies, the great part of which had been hastily transcribed from old and not very legible scraps in my own hand, were (as how should they be otherwise, no proof having been sent ?) infamously incorrect ! Not only no pecuniary acknowledgment was afterwards proffered, but to this hour I have never received a copy of the book which, indeed, I should have sent back—tho' 50*£* was offered to me for less than the third part of them Nay ! this was not the worst By dint of the most solemn assurances made by a Mr Fiazzer, which had they been verified would not much have amended the matter, my friend (you will consider this letter as strictly *confidential*) at that time in weak health, and his mind heavily oppressed and disturbed by the unhappy state of his younger son and other causes, let out of his hands a sonnet addressed to me by the Revd Blanco White¹ in a friendly letter which containing a passage respecting his elder son in his first term at Oxford I had given to Mrs Gillman—and this spite of his honor thrice deliberately pledged to the contrary Mr Bijou published What must have been, what were my feelings to whom all this was utterly unknown, when I received a letter from Mr White mildly complaining of my having published his sonnet ! And at the same hour I first heard of *your* letter !

But to make an end of this shameful business, after the publication of the Bijou, a pretended half sheet proof of some of the additional poems were sent up, all in scraps, doubtless struck off for the purpose and so infamously incorrect that it was impossible to correct them, in the ordinary way Accordingly, after various attempts I sent the scraps back, and in dry words desired Mr. Pickering to send up a more decent proof immediately. None came and I took the trouble to write out the poems neatly and expressly—ordered the omission of several, especially that

¹ Blanco White's sonnet, *Night and Death*, appeared in the *Bijou*, 1828 For an amended version see *A Treasury of English Sonnets*, D. M. Main, 1880, 397.

article in half prose, and that the contribution under my name in the *Amulet*¹ (that, which as perhaps the most polished of my compositions both the dialogue and the poem, was *my own* weakness and facility¹) has occasioned me another embarrassment, as you will find below—No attention was paid to my request, no notice taken, no further proof sent, and to this [day] have I had not a single copy of my poems, except an imperfect one that had been brought up to our house by Mr B Montagu, to prove to Mr G that the volumes were really on the eve of being finished. Lastly Mr Pickering has sent word to Mr Gillman, that he has printed only 300 copies (for which we have *his* word), and therefore there can be no profit, as it will merely pay the expence of paper and printing. I have as good grounds as an author well can have, for believing that an edition of a thousand, properly advertised and befriended as it might have been, would have been sold within a twelve month. Had it been, as it should have been, in two volumes, there is scarce a doubt of it. As it is, neither I nor Mr G will ever receive a penny. I dare prophesy so much for Mr Pickering and company.

And now, my dear Sir¹ I say as before that if you have not the poems I sent, or you deem them inapplicable (yet it puzzled me that I had never heard from you, and if I had not myself delivered them, I should have imagined that they had miscarried) I will send you a short poem, the best I have of the two or three unpublished tho' far from what I could wish—And I am glad that it is in my power to do so without breach of engagement. Some weeks before my late tour up and down the Rhine and through Holland and the Netherlands, Mr. Fred Reynolds called on me with a letter of introduction from Wordsworth, in which Wordsworth informed me, that he had been induced as likewise Southey and Sir Walter Scott to furnish some poems to a Work undertaken by Mr. Heath² with Mr. R. as his editor—that the unusually

¹ *The Improvisatore . or John Anderson, My Jo, John* appeared in the *Amulet* in 1828.

² Charles Heath (1785-1848), engraver and publisher of illustrated 'Annals.'

handsome terms would scarcely have overcome his reluctance, had he not entertained the hope that I might be persuaded to give my name—and that besides Sir Walter, Southey, Wordsworth, myself, Lord Normanby¹ and (so Mr Reynolds then believed) Mr T Moore were to be the only or all but the only contributors. In short, he hoped that I would write

I had not heard from you in answer to my letter, and was really uncertain whether you meant to continue the *Souvenir*—Mr Reynolds offered me 50*£*—more by the bye than all my literary labours, if I except my salary during the time I wrote for the *Morning Post* and the *Courier*, had procured me, as a set off against a dead loss, a *dead* loss of about *£*300 by the weak memories of the subscribers to my “Friend” when first published, and the necessity of buying up the half-copyrights and remaining copies at Curtis and Fenner’s fraudulent bankruptcy—not including the *£*1100 which according to their own books were coming to me from the sale of the Lay-Sermons, Zapolya etc—and this 50*£* for a very small number of Lines. But the condition was annexed, that I was to contribute to no other Annual. I caught at the opportunity for spite of the Fifty Pound and its convenience, the disinclination to reject W’s request and advice, arising in part from feelings of friendship to Wordsworth, and in part from the fear of my refusal to add my name to his and Southey’s being misinterpreted at Keswick was beyond all comparison the more efficient motive. I ought however to have told you, that before the condition was mentioned I was showing Mr Reynolds the two or three things that happened to be in the two or three little commonplace or memorandum books on my table, and gave it as my opinion that they would not answer his purpose—he fixed on the rough and imperfect poem which with numerous corrections and additions I had sent to you, and offered to close the bargain for this poem and a shorter one—and before I could reply he annexed the *condition* above mentioned. My answer was immediate. “The matter is settled then at

¹ Henry Phipps, first Marquis of Normanby (1797-1863)

once for I have already, many months ago, given that very Poem with some other verses to Mr Alaric Watts for the Souvenir if he thought them worthy and should continue the publication, or in any other way he might think them usable by him—and at all events till I have ascertained that Mr Watts does not mean to make any use of them, nay, till I know that he does not mean to publish a Souvenir, or does not intend to apply to me for a contribution—one or the other of which I hold probable from my not having heard from him—it is not in my power to accede to this condition ” “ Well ! ” (replied Reynolds) “ what is done is done , and the condition therefore shall be understood *with exception of any contribution to the Souvenir* ” And so the contract was concluded You will therefore let me know from you, tho’ tomorrow evening or Tuesday morning I am engaged to pay my long delayed first visit to my dear friends, Charles and Mary Lamb, at Enfield, and shall probably not return before Wednesday Night or Thursday Morning—or I would come to town. If therefore you write by to-morrow’s post, directing “ Charles Lamb Esq , Enfield Chace, next house to the Phoenix Fire Office, for S T C ” I shall receive it there—or I should be happy to see you, here any hour after Thursday noon

As to my name being in other Annuals, it is not by any consent I have given But I understand that Ackerman has taken a few lines from a Lady’s Album, which he was quite at liberty to do, they having been printed twice before to my own knowledge—and that in the other Annual I have just heard of, and that it is—not very reputable to the Editor, if honesty be a necessary ingredient of repute. But I am weary of writing about these Reptilities—and must defer the rest to the time I shall be able to talk with you.

As some slight proof, that you have been in my thoughts, I enclose two sheets of the Observations and Critrunculae suggested by your volume of Poems—and which a complexity of troubles and anxieties prevented me from sending to you with an accompanying letter, months ago Remember me respectfully and affectionately to Mrs. Watts She will be pleased to hear that my ramble on the continent has bene-

fited my health—which in fact was such both in body and mind as to require some such *Break up* of the thoughts etc —

With blessings on the little ones—believe me very truly your's—

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 378

To HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE

[From the original letter in the possession of the Rev G H B Coleridge]

Tuesday, [Autumn, 1828]

MY DEAR HENRY

As I am afraid, I shall scarcely be able to reach Parliament Street, and have in fact nothing very particular to say that you do not know—videlicet, that my Health has been “pretty considerably,” and as far as I can at present judge, not transiently improved by my Tour¹—and that I am now employed in making out for the Press the first in the series of my Works, that on the Power and Use of Words²—I have only to request you to see Mr Wordsworth, if he shall have been returned, as soon as you conveniently can—and to tell him, that at any place or person, he may inform me of, the 13 or 14^l odd, that are due to him on our Tour account, it shall be deposited immediately on the receipt of the same—Mr Green must have called, I apprehend, at your rooms, when they were shut up, in order to avail himself in my name of your going Northward—and as he is now either at St Thomas's or on the round of his Patients as I find the Carriage is with him, I cannot learn his particulars So only give my best Love to Mr and Mrs Wordsworth, and Miss Wordsworth and Miss S Hutchinson, and last not least my dear God-daughter, and heretical Anti-Germanite and that I do not consent to her being otherwise than in high health for the next six months

To them at Keswick what can I say more or other than that their happiness and comforts are an indispensable con-

¹ Coleridge refers to the excursion to Germany with Wordsworth and Dora, in June and July, 1828

² This work was never published.

dition and part of the well-being and ease of mind of, my dear Henry,

Your affectionate Friend

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 379

To ALARIC WARTS

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

Grove, Highgate, (Not Hampstead)

[Oct 1828]

MY DEAR SIR

The recollection that a 40 or 50*£* coming unexpectedly and not calculated on would perhaps go halfways to the removal of the only serious obstacle to my excellent and hard-working friend and as (C Lamb truly says) more than friend, Gillman's sending his dear wife off to Ramsgate for a month or six weeks' fresh sea air and bathing—which exerts almost a re-creating influence on her frame, while the weekly or even fortnightly holiday from Saturday to Monday including the voyage per *steamer* as scarcely less useful to himself—This recollection or other of the same genus may give to a bank-note a charm not its own, but if you knew me with all the sins and infirmities in, on, and around me, you would not need the assurance “the blast of the self-trumpeter” that in my acts of intercourse with those whom I regard or from all I had known of them, feel disposed to regard, with esteem and affectionate interest, money may have sometimes been tolerated as a *pretext* for others but has never been a motive for myself It would be, perhaps, well if it stopped here—and if from the sickly depressive sensation given by the thought of connecting anything with the exertion of my intellect except the affection of my moral being, the plump Goddess, Pecunia, did not in a greater degree, than sound judgement would sanction, exercise a repulsive force and awaken an impulse *ad contra*, that disables her emissary motive, or reverses it I cannot keep regretting that a similar delicacy had prevented you from giving me the pleasure of seeing you, and from making me a confidant in your views and wishes respecting the Souvenir

An hour or two's occasional conversation would have left no doubt on your mind, that I should greatly have preferred confining myself *professedly* in all, that I was able to effect at all, to your work, on just such terms, whatever they might be, as you with prudence and justice to Mis Watts and your little ones could offer, than twice or three times the sum from persons, of whom that which I call *I*, know nothing And it was with the strictest truth, that I told you, that Wordsworth's urgent letter, and the peculiar relation in which (n b by her own choice) the mother of my children and my dearest daughter have stood and stand in to Mr Southey, formed so very large a portion of my reason for assenting to the proposal, that Mr Heath's 50*£* was at best but a make-weight Even at this moment I do not feel perfectly comfortable in the thought of the transaction—and in confidence I will tell you why I am well aware, how imperfect my information is respecting all publishing schemes, and therefore rely little on my own anticipation of success or failure I know likewise that boastful whispers and confidential hints respecting the price of copy-right and the capital hazarded, are among the ways and means of exciting curiosity etc , etc Still however, the sums expended in this work, on the one hand, and the proportion as well as quality of the contents on the other are such, that a sale adequate to the re-instatement of the former would overstep my conceptions of the probable To Sir Walter Scott a sum (so I was assured) less than *£*600 but more than 500 guineas was given for certain tales, that occupy more than one third of the whole volume. Southey had written a poem which would have occupied at best one fourth of the volume, and tho' this has been managed, and other poems substituted, yet on the whole as far as I could judge from a *very hasty* overlook of the volume, I could not help thinking that in the course of a morning you and I could have stretched out a scheme incomparably better suited to a *Gaudy Book*, in every respect. Of Sir Walter's power I have as high admiration as you can have, but assuredly polish of style and that sort of prose which is in fact only another kind of poetry, nay, of metrical composition,

the metric *incognito* such as Steine's *Le Fevie*, *Maria*, *Monk*, etc. or the finest things in the *Mirror*—this is not Sir Walter's excellence. He needs sea-room—space for development of character by dialogue etc., etc.—and even in his most successful works, the *Tale* is always the worst part—clumsily evolved and made up of incidents that are purely accidental. Now in a fine book, with costly plates etc., etc. each page should be or have the semblance of being something *per se*. A cannon-gate tale on hot pressed rich paper etc., etc. I do not know how—but it would read natural to my feelings—However, it is done, and there is an end of it. From a mistake and from the Editor's being almost overlayed by the surplus quantity of the contributions, he had received, the only articles of my writing are a few epigrams which Mr Reynolds selected from an old memorandum book of mine, and a poem written for one of the engravings—"Boccaccio's Garden,"¹ of which if you should say, they are a vigorous *copy of Verses*, you would confer all the commendation, I should be willing to receive from your judgement.

You in part misunderstood me with regard to the poem. I said or meant to say, that it was one, which Mr Ry had desired to have, as *one*—not that he had offered 50*£* for that alone—Surely, you must have received it—with the conjectural note of its having been written by Lee while in Bedlam. A rude copy, I have—but in transcribing it for you I had made numerous alterations, and large additions written *more meo* on sundry scraps of paper—which are either destroyed—or *in terrâ incognitâ*, and as I cannot recollect and may not succeed in reproducing them—and moreover have had a certain influx of thoughts, that suggest an apt conclusion and would make the thing a complete poem—I should be obliged to you, if you would look over your papers, in case they should not have been destroyed. Of the little parcel, which I left containing two (letter) sheets of verses, at least,—I have the most distinct recollection—Perhaps, the Lines

'Tis a strange place this Limbo ! Not a Place

¹ *The Garden of Boccaccio* was published in the *Keepsake* in 1829

Yet name it such ! where *Time* and weary *space*
 Fetter'd from Flight, with night-mair sense of Fleeing
 Strive for their lost crepuscular Half-being—
 Barren and soundless as the measuring Sands
 Mark'd but by Flit of Shades ! unmeaning they,
 As Moonlight on the Dial of the Day !

But that is *lovely* ! looks like *Human Time*
 An old man, with a steady Look sublime
 That stops his earthly task to watch the skies
 But He is blind—a statue hath such eyes
 Yet having moonward turn'd his face by chance
 Gazes the orb with moon-like countenance
 With scant white Hairs, with Fore-top bold and high
 He gazes still, his eyeless Face all Eye
 As 'twere an organ full of actual sight.
 His whole Face seemeth to rejoice in Light
 Lip touching Lip, all moveless, Bust and Limb
 He seems to gaze on that which seems to gaze on him !¹

perhaps, these lines, I say, may assist you in recollecting the circumstance At all events, let me see you as soon as you can—or should more needful matters render this inconvenient, if you will state the day and hour, in which I might be assured of finding you at home, I will come to you—and then we can speak of matters that in every way it would probably be pleasanter to us both to *speak* than to write And if you have either space or time, or wish for my poem with my name in your Souvenir of this Year, I will shew you the poor meagre *all* I have, but which shall be at your service for believe me, my dear Sir, there are two or perhaps three points in which with the deepest sense of my manifold infirmities, I yet dare wish (and let me add, dare hope) that you in your 64th year (For tho' the earth has circled the sun only 54 times² since my eyes opened, that my poor body is

¹ The poem *Limbo*, see *Poems*, 429-430, where these lines appear in somewhat different form

² In spite of this statement (which would date this letter 1826) the fact that Coleridge mentions Wordsworth's letter introducing Mr Reynolds (p 420)—which was presented just before the Rhine Tour (cf 11 415)—leads me to date the letter 1828. See also the numerous references to *The Keepsake*, etc

ten years at least older) may remain as truly a child as your
Sincere Friend

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 380

To WILLIAM SÔTHEBY, *Fair Mead Lodge, High Beech, Essex*

[From the original letter in the possession of Col H G Sotheby]

9 *Waterloo Plains, Ramsgate,*
November 9, 1828

MY DEAR SIR

It is a not unfrequent tragico-whimsical fancy with me to imagine myself as the survivor of

“ This breathing House not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong ”—¹

and an Assessor at it's dissection—infusing, as spirits may be supposed to have the power of doing, this and that thought into the mind of the Anatomist Ex gr Be so good as to give a cut just *there*, right across the umbilical region—there lurks the fellow that for so many years tormented me on my first waking ! or—a stab *there*, I beseech you, it was the seat and source of that dreaded subsultus which so often threw my Book out of my hand, or drove my pen in a blur over the paper on which I was writing ! But above all and over all has risen and hovered the strong half-wish, half-belief, that there would be found if not the justifying reason yet the more than the palliation and excuse—if not the necessitating *cause*, yet the originating occasion, of my heaviest—and in truth they, are so bad that without vanity or self-delusion I might be allowed to call them my *only* offences against others, viz Sins of Omission O if in addition to the disturbing accidents and Taxes on my Time resulting from my almost constitutional pain and difficulty in uttering and in persisting to utter, NO ! if in addition to the distractions of narrow and embarrassed Circumstances, and of a poor man constrained to be under obligation to generous and affec-

¹ Cf *Youth and Age*, 8-9, *Poems*, 439

tionate Friends only one degree richer than himself, the calls of the day forcing me away in my most genial hours from a work in which my very heart and soul were buried, to a five guinea task, which fifty persons might have done better, at least, more effectually for the purpose, if in addition to these, and half a score other intrusive Draw-backs, it were possible to convey without inflicting the sensations, which (suspended by the stimulus of earnest conversation or of rapid motion) annoy and at times overwhelm me as soon as I sit down alone, with my pen in my hand, and my head bending and body compressed, over my table (I cannot say, desk)—I dare believe that in the mind of a competent Judge what I have performed will excite more surprize than what I have omitted to do, or failed in doing Enough of this—which I have written because I sincerely respect you as a good *man*, to whose merits as an accomplished Scholar and Man of Letters his Rank and Fortune give a moral worth, as rendering this dedication of his time and talents an act of free choice, and *exemplary*—and by the beneficial influence of such an example in that class of society, in which the cultivation of the Liberal Arts and Sciences affords the best, almost I had said the only, security against Languor, and a refined but enfeebling Sensuality—the more enfeebling, in proportion as it is diffused and inobtrusive This is indeed the true meaning and etymon of the *Liberal* Studies—*digna libero viro*—those, which beseeem a Gentleman, as containing in themselves and in their reflex effects on the students over mind and character a sufficing motive and reward—and are followed for Love not Hire Because you possess my inward respect, I would not stand in a worse light, than the knowledge of the whole truth would place me, or forfeit more of your esteem than my conscience assents to I need not tell you, that pecuniary motives either do not act at all—or are of that class of stimulants which act only as Narcotics : and as to what *people in general* think about me, my mind and spirit are too awefully occupied with the concerns of another Tribunal, before which I stand momentarily, to be much affected by it one way or other.

So much for the Past Now for the answer to your Letter, which I have but just received in a packet by the Coach, and which must have been detained at the Coach Office for a day and a half according to the date of a Letter to Miss Gillman inclosed in it, who is here with her Sister I mean by this Post to write to Mr Blanco White, in answer to a Letter from him stating his scheme of a new Quarterly Review¹ and soliciting my immediate assistance—and I will offer to him without any particular mention of your name, an article on Didactic Poetry, the age and state of manneis to which it belongs, the merits and defects of the Georgics, the comparative fitness of the principal European languages and the comparative success of the several Translators, whose Versions are collected in the splendid Polyglot, the former including the question of metres, and the two modes of translation, the identical, and the equivalent I have not seen the Reviews, you mention, but do not entertain the least apprehension of having been anticipated I shall have returned to Highgate (Deo volente) within ten days, and as I shall bring with me the first half of the Article, having luckily the notes, I took, during a very minute and critical Perusal of the Georgics, first by itself, and a second time with Voss's and your Version, I hope and trust, that I shall be able to finish it before the close of as many days from the date of my return I know of no other respectable channel—certainly none, to which I have any access—unless indeed Blackwood's Magazine might be considered such

• Indeed, on reflection, the wide sale of this work, and its undoubted influence on the Literary Public, make it a *question*, and I will defer the statement of any particular article to Blanco White, till I hear from you—Which likewise will give me the time, I unfortunately must devote to an article for a Newspaper, necessary for my immediate affairs. O how my soul shrinks from *Politics*—in the present state of things at least! With respectful remembrances to Mrs. and the Miss Sotheyby, believe that in thought, will, and

¹ In 1828, Joseph Blanco White started the *London Review*, a work which ran for only two numbers

wish, I have been and remain your faithful and sincere
Friend and Servant S. T COLFRIDGE

P S My motive for wishing to know your feelings respecting the new Review and the Edinburgh Magazine is—that a certain tone and coloring of style is requisite for each

LETTER 381

To S C HALL

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge
Published *A Book of Memories*, S C Hall, 1871, 41 Samuel
Carter Hall (1800-1889), to whom this letter is addressed, was the editor
of the *Amulet*, 1826-1837]

DEAR SIR

December 4, 1828

I received some five days ago a letter depicting the distress and urgent wants of a widow and her sister,¹ with whom during the husband's lifetime I was for two or three years a housemate, and yesterday the poor Lady came up herself, almost clamorously soliciting me not indeed to assist her from my own purse—for she was previously assured that there was nothing therein, but to exert myself to collect the sum of £20 which would save her from God knows what—On this hopeless task—for perhaps never man whose name had been so often in print for praise or reprobation had so few intimates as myself—when I recollected that before I left Highgate for the sea-side, you had been so kind as to intimate that you considered some trifle due to me, whatever it be, it will go to eke out the sum, which I have with a sick heart been all this day trotting about to make up, guinea by guinea You will do me a real service (for my health perceptibly shrinks under this unaccustomed flurry of my spirits) if you would make it convenient to enclose to me, however small the sum may be—if it amount to a Bank Note of any denomination, directed Grove Highgate—when I am and expect to be any time for the next 8 months.

In the meantime, believe me
respectfully yr obliged

S. T. COLERIDGE.

¹ Coleridge refers to Mrs Mary Morgan and Charlotte Brent

LETTER 382

To WILLIAM SOTHEBY

[From the original letter in the possession of Col H G Sotheby A few lines published *Coleridge and His Son, Studies in Philology*, Vol XLVII No 4 (October, 1930)]

[Postmark, July 13, 1829]

MY DEAR SIR

I thank you for your kind Present and not, you may be assured, with the less warmth for the delicacy with which you have wove a *Veil* for your kindness out of a compliment, sufficiently gratifying in itself

Per bel velo l'amico guardo,
Più bel piu cortese
Discioglie il sorriso

And I remit my son's acknowledgements by anticipation I doubt not that your friendly words will germinate in the soil, to which you trusted them But have you not mistaken Derwent for his elder Brother, Hartley ? The only uneasiness, I ever suffered on Derwent's account, was from some falsely called free-thinking opinions, which he had *caught* at Cambridge in the society of Austin, Macaulay, and some others whose talents and superior acquirements were too well fitted to render their infidelity infectious. But tho' the circumstance provoked me for the time, it did not give me any serious disquietude—for I felt sure, that it was not the true *Image* of the *Psyche*, but only one of the *Larvae* that he would soon *slough*. And the event, thank God ! has verified my presentiment Derwent has very fine talents, and a particularly fine sense of metrical music. His lyric *Fantasie* are among the most musical schemes or movements of Verse, that I have ever met with, in our later poetry at least But he is confessedly not equal to Hartley in original conceptions and either depth or opulence of Intellect Poor dear Hartley ! He was hardly—nay, cruelly—used by the Oriel men—and it fell with a more crushing weight on him, than with all his defects Love had followed him like his shadow and still does If you can conceive, in connection with an

excellent heart, sound religious principles, a mind constitutionally religious, and lastly, an active and powerful Intellect—if you can conceive, I say, in connection with all these, not a *mama*, not a *derangement*, but an *ideocy* of Will or rather of Volition, you will have formed a tolerably correct conception of Hartley Coleridge Wordsworth says—I lament it but have ceased to condemn him All this I have written in *confidence* What Queen Mary said, on the loss of our last stronghold in France, that if her Heart were opened, Calais would be found at the core, I may say of my poor dear Hartley I can never read Wordsworth's delightful lines to "H C at six years old"—without a feeling of awe, blended with tenderer emotions—so prophetic were they !

And now for pleasanter themes I trust before I see you again, I shall have brought together as a part of my critique some remarks on translation on the principle of compensation, proportional to the differences in the Genius of the two Languages that will be worth your attention But I cannot help repeating my wish, that you could find leisure to amuse yourself with trying the Achilleis of Statius The interest of the Tale, the novelty, the interesting criticisms, you might prefix, on the genius and characteristic traits of Statius—conspire to recommend it—and then it is a finished *Whole* of only two Books

Present my cordial and respectful remembrances to Mrs. Sotheby, to your Daughter—and to all of your Household—and wishing you fine weather and safe horses, I remain,

My dear Sir,

with unfeigned regard

your obliged

S T. COLERIDGE

P S Hartley is at present, I believe, at Edinburgh with Mr. Wilson It is possible, that he may fall in your way.

LETTER 383

To DERWENT COLERIDGE, Helston

[From the original letter in the possession of the Rev G H B Coleridge This letter was written just before Sara Coleridge's marriage to her cousin, on September 3, 1829]

*Grove, Highgate,
Friday Afternoon, [August, 1829]*

MY VERY DEAR DERWENT

As I understand that Mrs Gillman has within the last three or four days written to dearest Mary, I may take for granted that you will have received all the Highgate News, of which there may have been half a letter full, tho' I happen to be ignorant of the same On Wednesday Henry called and passed an hour or more with me, as a leave-taking previous to his departure for Ottery, from which he is to proceed viâ Bristol, Birmingham, Liverpool, etc , to Keswick. Sara, he tells me, gave in a letter, he had just received from her a more than usually satisfactory account of her Health, tho' no doubt, her nervous system finds an after symbol in a group of Aspens in breeze and sunshine, than in the Weeping Willow over the unwrinkled Pool at breathless Twilight (Vide vignettes and drawings in young ladies' Albums passim) The Mel Lunaticum (Lunare is the purer Latin, I believe) Temporis and gentle Privacy of recent Bliss is to have the Public House, the little romantic Inn, I should say, at Patterdale for it's locality When I add, that I am slowly but yet regularly convalescing, that my animal spirits have in great measure got rid of their intrusive visitors and ragged Relations, black Bile and blue Devils, and that I have little else of bodily grievance to complain, but certain Mice that seem to have nested within my right knee, nibbling and gnawing as if the sinews and muscles had been made of Toasted Cheese, tho' more Pain compared with miserable Sensations seems such an *out of door* disturbance as to be almost amusing, I have exhausted all my stock of tidings.

Poor Lady Beaumont has left me a Legacy of £50, which

I shall send to your Mother to lay out, as she thinks needful, for dear Hartley Would to God ! it had been ten times the sum Had Lord Liverpool's promises and intentions been realized, I should have made over half to your Mother, as indeed it is and ever has been my wish and purpose, should I obtain aught, be it more or less, beyond my mere means of living Mr Gillman mentioned to me what Montague had said to you From any other man on earth it would have annoyed me sorely , but from dear Basil it whistles by my ears like the wind—and I trust and take it for granted, that it has no other importance in your's

Before Mr Sotheby left here, in a very kind and affectionate manner he begged me to send some little Friendship-offering in his name to you and your " lovely wife " , and gave me 10£ for that purpose Now I am inclined to think, that the said note had better go in propria personâ to dear Mary's Purse or Cash-box, and there await her own sentence respecting it's destination I have not mentioned this to the Gillmans , therefore when you write, or rather when Mary answers Mrs Gillman's letter, just let her say, Derwent has received his Father's letter I am in a degree very unusual for me fidgetty to see and kiss my little Derwent, and it has not been without doleful looks and much grumbling that I resign myself to the thought of deferring my intended journey to Helston, but while this pain in my knee and the lameness that accompanies it are too clear warning of my liability to a Relapse, and that either Stomach or Liver or both are not yet brought back to their due functions, I cannot oppose the decision of Mr Gillman and Mr Green, who both think, it would be an unwarrantable imprudence on my part to hazard it

Tell my dearest Mary that she has left a genial life on the whole state of my thought and feelings, has shed in upon my spirit a new light of Love, and Hope and cheerful Purposes, which I could not have anticipated and for which, I trust, that God will bless the thanksgiving, which I offer to him in my morning and evening Prayers, and often too in the watches of the Night

May the Almighty continue his Blessings on Her and you
and yours

Your affectionate Father

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 384

To AN UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT

[Original letter, Library of Owen D Young This letter is probably addressed to Mr Dunn, the Chemist See letter 337, Sept 21, 1824 and note]

November 17, 1829

DEAR SIR

I am so unversed in Bill Matters, that I must wait, till Thursday Evening, and then If I have not done all that I am to pay at present I will send the remainder by Mr Montagu— At all events the Money shall be ready by the 10th of Feby I had been (unintentionally) misled, or it should have been taken up before But I am anxious to keep this business to ourselves—and Letters by the *Post* are not always the safest Means—so few secrets have I, and therefore not in the habit of objecting to the letters for me being opened when I chance not to be at home at their arrival—

Your's, dear Sir, sincerely

S T COLERIDGE.

LETTER 385

To THOMAS POOLE

[Original letter, British Museum Two lines published *Thomas Poole and His Friends*, Mrs Sandford, 1888, ii 294 and 320]

*Grove, Highgate,
Friday, July 1830.*

MY DEAR POOLE

Since we last met, I have been brought to the brink of the Grave thro' a series of severe sufferings that would have removed ab terra from the anticipation, even if I had ever associated any painful thought with the extrication of

my spirit from "the Body of this Death." I had intended to have written a *Letter* to you by our distressed Friend, Mr Stutfield¹—and in thanking you for your little pamphlet to have proposed some of the doubts and questionings which occurred to me during the perusal. But this is one of my *badly* days—and I am not equal to any exertion—Yet am determined that you shall at least receive a MSS proof that I am yet in the Land of the Living—and what I trust you would take for granted without my adding it—most faithfully and affectionately

Your attached Friend

S. T. COLERIDGE

I have sent you a Copy of the 2nd Edition of my "Church and State" by Mr Stutfield, Chapt V and from p 143 to p 183, will, I flatter myself, interest you. S T C

LETTER 386

To HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE, No 1, *Lincoln's Inn*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

December 1, 1830

MY DEAR HENRY

The concluding §§phs of your note so overlayed, the main purpose of it, that it has required no little effort to bring it to life again. But my dear Henry! Well aware, as you are, of the probable—vexatious enough were they but the possible—consequences of getting cold, why do you run the risk of an outside place? I shall wish the Aids to Reflection, or with more justice my own indolence, to t'other place, if your hurried journey up to me has been the cause or occasion.²

As to your questions I am somewhat puzzled for an answer, not having the corrected copy. The best that suggests itself to my mind, is to substitute "Leighton" for

¹ "A disciple and amanuensis, to whom, it is believed, he [Coleridge] dictated two quarto volumes on 'The History of Logic' and 'The Elements of Logic,' which originally belonged to Joseph Henry Green," *Letters*, II 753

² The second edition of the *Aids to Reflection* was published in 1831.

"the Archbishop," in the few instances of formal quotation—and to leave all the rest to be explained in the preface. For my object God knows! being to convey what appeared to me truths of infinite concernment, I thought neither of Leighton nor of myself but simply of *how* it was most likely they should be rendered intelligible and impressive. The consequence of this was, that in so many aphorisms, taken in the main from Leighton I had so modified them, that a *contra*-distinction of them from my own was deceptive. In the preface I shall state plainly the Leightonian origin, and still remain? [sic] *Ingrediency* and I assure you that I have quite confidence enough in your taste and judgment to give you a Carte Blanche for any amendments in the style.¹

My tenderest love to all at home. Of myself I can say little. For some years back but more particularly for the last 18 months my Life has been an Ague counted by days of intermission and paroxysm. Today and the latter half of yesterday I have been better—able to eat my meat breakfast, and the load on my spirits relieved.

God bless you! Take care of yourself—

Your affectionate

S T COLERIDGE

¹ To those who have complained of the liberties taken with Coleridge's MSS by Henry Nelson Coleridge, this "Carte Blanche" for amendments of the style will perhaps serve as an explanation and a justification.

H N Coleridge was not merely an inquiring friend and an admiring disciple, but after Coleridge's death he became the chief of his editors. Ernest Hartley Coleridge pays special tribute to "his editorial skill, to his insight, his unwearied industry, his faithfulness." The later years of H N Coleridge's life "were devoted to the reediting of his uncle's published works, and to throwing into a connected shape the literary as distinguished from the philosophical section of his unpublished MSS. *The Table Talk*, the best known of Coleridge's prose works, appeared in 1835. Four volumes of *Literary Remains*, including the 'Lectures on Shakespeare and other Dramatists,' were issued 1836-1839. The third edition of *The Friend*, 1837, the *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*, 1840, and the fifth edition of *Aids to Reflection*, 1843, followed in succession. The second edition of the *Biographia Literaria*, which 'he had prepared in part,' was published by his widow in 1847." *Letters*, II 756 note.

LETTER 387

To WILLIAM SOTHEY, *Lower Grosvenor Street*

[From the original letter in the possession of Col H G Sotheby]

*Highgate,**Friday Afternoon, June 3rd, 1831*

MY DEAR SIR

A *Metastatic* fit, or *fall-in*, of my nervous Rheumatism, which occurred on the same day with the receipt of your note, or rather the sickness, faintness, and inquietude consequent on and symptomatic of these Caprices of the Nerves, must be my apology for having allowed so many days to pass without any record of my thanks to *you* for the underlaying promptness with which you placed my letter to the L Chancellor in his Lordship's own hands.¹ Could I, indeed, have expressed my sense of your friendly service without reference to the contents of your note, ill as I was, I should have replied on the instant. But I was jealous of the possible influence, which the extreme depression of spirits incident to my Complaint might exercise on my judgment and even on the ground of respect to *you*—not to mention others, who without my knowledge have, I find, taken an similar friendly interest on this affair, I was most anxious that my determination should be such as might stand the test of my Reason, and Sense of *Duty*—such as might be sanctioned by the Conscience at that hour, when the *feelings* whether of Pride or of Vanity, with all that had stirred them, will be as Toys by the bed-side of a sick and moaning child

This I believe myself now capable of doing. and therefore, having once more returned thanks to yourself for your kind wishes, friendly intentions, and prompt efforts in my

¹ When George IV died on June 26, 1830, Coleridge's pension as an Associate in the Royal Society of Literature ceased. Efforts were made by Sotheby, through Lord Brougham and Lord Grey, to procure a pension from King William, a private grant of £200 was offered by the Treasury. Coleridge refused the grant, feeling that an annual honorarium would be a fair tribute to him as a man of letters, but that the acceptance of a mere gift to relieve his poverty from men quite unacquainted with his work would be unbecoming. £300 was ultimately handed over to Coleridge by the Treasury. Cf. *Life*, 272, and *Letters from the Lake Poets*, 1889, 319 note.

cause, I beg leave thro' you to convey, both to the L Chancellor and Lord Grey, my grateful acknowledgement of the prompt attention, which my case has received from their Lordships, and my due appreciation of the humane desire, evinced by them, to prevent or obviate the *immediate* distress or embarrassment, in which the sudden withdrawal and unforeseen extinction of the honor and honorarium of a Royal Associate of the Royal Society of Literature might otherwise involve me, by a private Grant from the Treasury of 200*£* ¹ but that I beg leave most respectfully to decline it

This, my dear Sir ¹ is all, I presume, that it is necessary for me, or that it would be becoming in me, to say to their Lordships But to *You* I seem to myself to owe a statement of the reasons that have actuated me to this decision and at some future opportunity, God granting any such, I hope to do this *at full* But for the present let it suffice to remind you, that at no period of my life have I ever attached myself, or in fact belonged to, any Party, religious or political—that I have never labored for any lower purpose than the establishment of *Principles*, the discovery or determination of *Laws*—(see the *enclosed scrip*) ²

But though neither Whig or Tory, I am enough of the latter, I trust, sincerely and habitually to fear God and to honor the king, as ordained of God—i e as no Reflection or Derivative from the (pretended) Sovereignty of the *People*, but as the lawful Representative, the consecrated Symbol of the Unity and Majesty of the *Nation* and therefore, with all the possible deference and respect that can be felt toward a Nobleman personally a stranger to me, I cannot but find a most essential difference between a private donation from Lord Grey, and a public honor and stipend conferred on me by my Sovereign in mark of approval of the objects and

¹ "A moiety of which was (if I understand Lord Brougham's note aright) to be entrusted to me immediately, in discharge of any obligations for the liquidation of which I had relied on the 105*£* that should have been received on the first of last month, i e 1 May, 1831, the other 100*£* to be held in reserve by you, and bestowed on me the year following" Note by S T C

² I have added this "scrip" as a postscript at the end of this letter (p 439)

purposes to which I had devoted and was continuing to devote the powers and talents entrusted to me From the latter to the former would be indeed a *μετάβασις εἰς ἄλλο γένος* At my first presentation to the Royal Society of Literature I publicly stated—that I received “the appointment with glad and grateful feeling, as powerfully confirming me in the assurance, that I had not mistaken my vocation, retrospectively and prospectively as a means of enabling me to give my whole time and entire powers to the completion of those more important works, for which I regarded all, I had hitherto attempted, whether *vivâ voce* or by the Press, but as a preparatory discipline and I ended with the same remark on the two orders of Men of Letters, the distributors and popularizers of knowledge already in the possession of Learned, and the Advancers or Perfectors of the knowledge itself, with which I concluded my last note to you, accompanying my letter to the Chancellor” Further in this letter to Lord Brougham I did not indeed hesitate to avow my Poverty But grievously have I been misunderstood, if I have been supposed to plead that Poverty, for itself and independent of it’s causes, as the ground of my application I avowed it because I knew it to have been not only a blameless but an honorable Poverty—no consequence or penance of Vice, extravagance, Improvidence or Idleness—but the effect and result of an entire and faithful dedication of myself to ends and objects, for the realization and attainment of which I was constrained to believe myself *especially* fitted and therefore *called*, in open-eyed and voluntary dereliction of those more lucrative employments, equally, and at many periods of my life in my power, but which hundreds of my contemporaries could fill with equal or perhaps greater probability of success N B This argument weighs and ought to weigh the more with me, that tho’ I have (perhaps with faulty indifference) abstained from noticing the strange reports of myself; of my philosophic *indolence*, etc, etc in sundry Reviews and Pseudo-biographies (as beyond the wont of calumnious Gossip in direct contrariancy to the truth), I cannot be insensible to the fact of such reports

having been widely circulated Should it please God to remove me tomorrow, the MSS Works, already prepared for the Press, would abundantly document the words of an honored and intimate friend, the concluding sentence of a letter "All success attend you for if hard thinking, hard reading, and perseverant labor are merits, you have deserved it" Might I request a favor from you, my dear Sir! it would be that you would cast your eye thro' a few pages of my "*Biographia Literaria*" If I mistake not, this work is in your library—p 190-221 Vol I—and the seven last pages of the second volume¹

One other remark, my dear Sir! and you shall be released The issues of our life are with God! I place no reliance on my fancies, as well aware that they are the fancies of a Patient—but if I dared trust my own presentiments, I should hold it not improbable, that this 200*£* would suffice to *bury* me as well as to sustain me while alive But even on the assumption, that some such sum *must* be received by me from some quarter, that in the prideless resignation of a Christian it would be *my duty* to receive it—yet there is in my estimation a wide difference between receiving it from half a dozen or even half a score Friends, who had long known and loved me, who had witnessed and respected the innocence and simplicity of my life, and professed to hold themselves morally or intellectually indebted to my writings and conversations—and accepting the same sum, in the dark as it were, from a Stranger who neither knows nor thinks aught of me but my wants, and on the score of the want exclusively, without reference to or recognition of any merit, has been induced to concede it as an eleemosynary Grant The two prayers of my heart—for our *thoughtful* Desires, our earnest aspirations as soon as they are united with the sense of the Divine Presence become *Prayers*—my two remaining Prayers, the one conditional, namely, if it should be for the advantage of my Fellow-men—the other unconditional, are—that He who has hitherto sustained my life—may yet

¹ Coleridge refers to a discussion of his religious opinions, in the last part of ch. x. and of ch xxiv. of the *Biographia Literaria*

enable me to put the last hand to the works, so near their completion ! and " not to forsake me in my old age, now I am grey-headed—until I have shown his truth unto this generation, and the breadth, depth, and exceeding Goodness of his Laws, Ways, and Dispensations, to them that are yet far to come " *Psalm 71 v 16* The other is—to die in the faith in which I have lived, laying hold of the promises of mercy in Christ, the trust in *his* perfect righteousness prevailing over the sense of my own unworthiness Commending myself respectfully to Mrs Sotheby's kind remembrance, I remain, my dear Sir, your obliged and grateful Friend and Servant,

S T COLERIDGE

P S I have this minute seen a paragraph from the magazine, called the Englishman, in the Times of today, and another in yesterday's Morning Chronicle ¹ Without noticing the strange mis-statements of the Times, I need not assure you, that the whole was written and published without my consent, but I ought, perhaps, to say, that it has not been without *surprise* on my part The Publishers—Hurst and Hardman—having some months ago intimated to Mr Gillman, that a contributor to the Englishman had proposed to write an article on the suppression of the R S L, especially, in reference to my case—and wished to know, whether I had applied to the ministers or any of them, and what answer I had received Mr Gillman at my urgence instantly waited on Mr Hardman, from me, stating that I had (as was then the fact) sent no letter to the Minister or to Lord Brougham, consequently could have received no answer, that in my judgement, any such article *could* do no good, and *might* work injuriously—but that at all events, as a *personal* favor I *intreated*, that *my* name should not be introduced, nor any allusion made to any intercession that had been and should be, made on my particular behalf

S T. COLERIDGE.

¹ " In the *Englishman's Magazine* for June, 1831, attention was directed to the fact that ' intimation had been given to Mr Coleridge and his brother Associates that they must expect their allowances "very shortly" to cease '—the allowances having been a personal bounty of the late King " *Life*, 272

P.S —

“ The remedial and prospective advantages of habitually contemplating Particulars in their universal or general Laws . the tendency of this habit at once to fix and to liberalize the morality of private life, at once to produce and to enlighten the spirit of public Zeal ; and let me add, its especial utility in recalling the origin and primary import of the term, *Generosity*,¹ to the hearts and thoughts of a Populace long tampered with by the Sophist and incendiaries of the revolutionary Faction — These advantages I have felt it my duty and have made it my main object to enforce and illustrate during the whole period of my literary labors from earliest manhood to the present hour ! Whatever may have been the specific theme of my communications, and whether they related to Politics, Religion, Poetry, or the Fine Arts, still *Principles*, their subordination, their connection, and their application, in all the divisions of our tastes, duties, rules of conduct and schemes of belief, have constituted my chapter of Contents.”

Lay-sermon addressed to the Higher and Middle Classes on the existing Distresses and Discontent Introduction, p. viii — 1817²

LETTER 388

To MR. DUNN

[From a fac-simile of the original letter reproduced in the *Canadian Magazine*, Vol xxxiii. No 2 (June, 1909)]

January 6, 1832

MY DEAR SIR

You will oblige me by filling the accompanying bottle with Tinct. Op I am at present confined to the House by an attack of Rheumatism, but on my very first excursion I will call on you and settle this with what other favors I have yet to account for. Believe me with “ many happy New Years ” to you, with regard and esteem.

Your obliged S T COLERIDGE.

¹ “ *a genere*—i.e. the qualities supposed native to Men of noble Race, or such as their Rank and Kind are calculated to elicit ” Note by S T C

² For this passage see *Lay Sermons*, 1852, 133-134.

LETTER 389

To JOSEPH HENRY GRELN, *Lincoln's Inn Fields*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E. H. Coleridge]

March 22, 1832

MY DEAR FRIEND

By the mercy of God I remain quiet, and so far from any craving for the poison that has been the curse of my existence, my shame and *my negro-slave* inward humiliation and debasement, I feel an aversion or horror at the imagining, so that I doubt whether I could swallow a dose without a resiliency amounting almost to a convulsion. For this quiet I am most grateful whether I sink or rise. But on the other hand, I have and have had no sensation of convalescence, no *genial* feeling, no remission of the weakness in the voluntary muscles, symptomatic of a paralysis, and still in the region between the pit of the stomach and the navel there is constantly that which makes it difficult for me to believe that it is a mere *functional* derangement. The grasp of mortality seems too tight, too constant, Mrs. Gillman says I look a great deal better, but during and after shaving when I look at myself in the glass, I see *almost* the contrary—and Harriet, our house-maid, who has most kindly and christianly tended me during this affliction told me to-day “Sir! your face has not the same expression of pain, anxiety, and the being worn out by pain, but it is yellower, or brown and yellow, more than I have ever seen it”

I write, my dear Friend! not to prevent your coming on Sunday which is perhaps the greatest comfort and soothing, next to my faith in God, that heareth prayer; but to prevent your sacrificing anything important—for I fear, you will find me incapable of evolving my inward mind next Sunday as you did the last. Still to be quiet tho’ very weak and as far as this Life is concerned hopeless—for remember, I am past threescore—is a great blessing, and I trust I lift up my heart in unfeigned thankfulness to Him, on whose will are the issues of Life and Death,

God bless you and S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 390

To JOSEPH HENRY GREEN, 33, *Lincoln's Inn Fields*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E. H. Coleridge]

[Postmark, Highgate, March 29, 1832]

MY VERY DIAR FRIEND

On Monday I had a sad trial of intestinal fever and restlessness, but thro' God's mercy, without any craving for the poison which for more than 30 years has been the great debasement, and misery of my existence. I pray that God may have mercy on me—tho' thro' unmanly impatience of wretched sensations that produced a disruption of my mental continuity of productive action I have for the better part of my life yearned towards God, yet having recourse to the evil *Being* [. ? .] a continued act of thirty years self-poisoning thro' cowardice of pain, and without other motives—say rather without motive—but solely thro' the goad *a tergo* of unmanly and unchristian fear, God knows! I in my inmost soul acknowledge all my sufferings as the necessary effect of his Wisdom, and all the alleviations as the unmerited graces of his Goodness. Since Monday I have been tranquil; but still, placing the palm of my hand with its lower edge on the navel, I feel with no intermission a death-grasp, sometimes relaxed, sometimes tightened, but always present, and I am convinced, that if Medical Ethics permitted the production of an Euthanasia, and a Physician convinced that at my time of Life there was no rational hope of revalescence to any useful purpose, should administer a score drops of the purest Hydrocyanic acid, and I were immediately after opened (as is my earnest wish)¹ the state of the mesenteric region would solve the problem.

¹ In accordance with Coleridge's wish, an autopsy was performed after his death and Gullman wrote the following report to Cottle

"The left side of the chest was nearly occupied by the heart, which was immensely enlarged, and the sides of which were so thin as not to be able to sustain its weight when raised. The right side of the chest was filled with fluid enclosed in a membrane having the appearance of a cyst, amounting in quantity to upwards of three quarts, so that the lungs on both sides were completely compressed. This will sufficiently account for his bodily sufferings, which were almost without intermission during

I trust, however, that I shall yet see you, as Job says "in the flesh," and I write now tho' under an earnest conviction of the decay of my intellectual powers proportionate to the decay of the organs, thro' which they are made manifest, and which you must have perceived, of late, more forcibly than myself—I write, my dear friend ¹ first to acknowledge God's goodness in my connection with you—secondly to express my utter indifference, under whose *name* any truths are propounded to mankind God knows! it would be no pain to me, to foresee that my name should utterly cease I have no desire for reputation, nay, no wish for fame—but I am truly thankful to God, that thro' you my Labor of thought may be rendered not wholly inseminal. But in what you read to me last Sunday, I had a sort of jealousy, probably occasioned by the weakened state of my intellectual powers, that you had in some measure changed your pole The principle has ever been that Reason is *subjective* Revelation, Revelation objective *Reason*—and that *our* business is not to *derive* authority from the *mythos* of the Jews, and the first Jew Christians (i.e. the O and N Testament) but *give* it to them—never to assume their stories as facts any more than you would Quack Doctors' affidavits before the Lord Mayor and verily in part of old Bailey Evidence—this is a flattering representation of the Paleyan evidence but by science to confirm the *Facit*, kindly afforded to beginners in arithmetic—If I lose my faith in *Reason*, as the perpetual Revelation I lose my faith altogether I must deduce the objective from the subjective Revelation or it is no longer a revelation, but a beastly fear and superstition.

I hope I shall live to see you next Sunday. God bless you my dear Friend! we have had a sad sad House and in consequence I have seen but little of Mr Gillman, who has been himself ill—and likewise Miss Lucy Harding.¹ For me it

the progress of the disease, and will explain to you the necessity of subduing these sufferings by narcotics, and of driving on a most feeble circulation by stimulants which his case had imperatively demanded. This disease, which is generally of slow progress, had its commencement in Coleridge nearly forty years before his death." Cf. *Coleridge at Highgate*, Lucy E. Watson, 1925, 29

¹ Mrs Gillman's sister

is a great blessing and mercy, Life in Death, that I have been and still remain quiet, without any craving, but on the contrary— Compared with this mercy, even the felt and doubtless by you perceived decay and languor of intellectual energy is a trifling counterweight

Again God bless you, my dear Friend

and S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 391

To HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

May 9, 1832

MY DEAR HENRY

Tho' with the most willing faith in the validity of the grounds for your esteem and regard and friendly and affectionate liking for the Revd Milman, I cannot yet persuade myself that it was consistent with either the modesty of a much younger man, or with the delicacy of a gentleman and a scholar, to consent and undertake, at the instance and under the auspices of an Anthropoid like Murray of Albemarle Street, to select, omit, correct and by a few felicitous interpolations improve and adapt my poetic works in a very abridged form, a sort of a half-brew between *Rifacciamiento* and portable soup, to the correct taste of the age¹—I say, I cannot without hypocrisy pretend to acquiesce in the right feeling of this—first, because as aforesaid, Mr Milman tho' a fellow of Brasenose, was yet my junior—and secondly, because (God forgive me if I speak the truth in a spirit of arrogance) at 5 and 20 I had not forgotten but thrown aside or precipitated more than the Revd Milman had or ever will have the chance of possessing—and nathless he may be not a whit the less respectable Being in his eyes, in whose alone it is of any importance Do not, my dear Henry ! so utterly misunderstand me as to infer that I feel, much less

¹ Seven years before, Murray had proposed publishing Coleridge's poems on the condition that Milman was to select and make such omissions and corrections as should be thought advisable—a proposal indignantly refused by Coleridge No such edition appeared

cherish any dislike or resentment toward Milman On the contrary Good! good! Mr Sotheby's grave and *sightful* narration to me of his conversation with Scott's Oliver le Diable (vide Quentin Durward) (the Archbishop—of Cant I mean) respecting Milman and his History of the Jews¹ I have even on a bed of pain repeatedly laughed myself into a sort of love and kind feeling towards him But as to this Asgill² business, I have no objection at *all* to its being submitted to Lockhart, and since his noble exertions against the Catilinarian riffraff reform Bill,³ no other objection to Mr Archer but my knowledge from one of his pamphlets of mutually exclusive contrariety of his opinions to mine, respecting the National Clerisy—whom he in one of his pamphlets has declared to be [nothing more] or less than Government cooks in office, to be kept or dismissed by the Ministers and majority of the House for the time being—whereas it will be one of my principal objects to expose the hollowness and bull-froggerly of our (I could almost say blasphemously called) Legislature—if I were not doubtful as to the true interpretation of the two last syllables, To make *Laws*! Only think of the men ex gr Hume, Althorp, Connell etc, etc, etc and then that of *Laws* and *make* Why in a senate consisting of Moses, Heraclitus, Plato, Spinoza, Machiavel, John and Paul it would be *presumption* But if '*lature*' only means to announce and declare them in application to circumstances, it may pass—saving only that it cannot be right to *extra-crepitate* as the Cobbler in our even unreformed H of C was in the constant habit of doing

The remainder of this letter which written in bed is somewhat undecypherable, I will write on a different sheet. the expedience and worldly wisdom of which I expect you duly to estimate and admire.

¹ Milman's *History of the Jews* was published in 1830

² Coleridge at this time proposed to reprint John Asgill's *Treatises*, along with his own marginalia, etc The edition never appeared, but Coleridge's notes and marginalia were included in the *Literary Remains*, 1836, II 390-397

³ The Reform Bill was passed in May, 1832

⁴ MS illegible

Monday, This hot antedate of July I have crawled from my Lair, like the *Slugs* (by the bye the Parisian and American Editions have chosen to dignify my "slugs quit their Lair," into "stags" ¹ which is really so much grander that I grieve it should be senseless) my ejection, however, having been effected by the chimney-sweepers— Dialogue between S.T.C. and Mrs. Gillman

S T C on the penultimate stair

G what is the matter now, Coleridge ?

S T C I was only begging and entreating that some one of them should keep watch in my room during the whole operation from entrance to exit, and have her eyes about her

G Why ?

S T C Why ? Half a dozen of the books , the MSS by preference, as being the heavier paper—would be off in the soothags to a certainty and sold for waste paper Whole volumes of fervid mind swopped for glasses of ardent *spirit*— *Worlds* I might say of solid Intellect for mere shooting stars of fluid fire— Rainwater and Flashes of Lightning, reconciled in Blue Ruin— What with Carpenters, Bell-hangers, Fire-lighters and Chimney-sweeps I am unable to describe or enumerate the losses—I have sustained since I have been in this house

G. Now that last sentence at least is a *God's Truth* I do believe that you *are quite* unable either to enumerate or describe them—

God bless you and S T. COLERIDGE

¹ Cf *Work without Hope*, line 1 (*Poems*, 447). In the 1828 and 1829 editions (published by Pickering) of the poems "Stags" was substituted for the word "Slugs"

LETTER 392

To MISS ELIZA NIXON

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge. Miss Nixon, to whom this letter is addressed, was probably a friend and neighbour of the Gillmans. During the last year or two of Coleridge's life she was in the habit of presenting him with little gifts of flowers, honey etc., and to her he wrote almost the last verses he ever composed. Cf *Poems*, II 1009-1010.]

July 23, 1832

DEAR ELIZA

I return you Mrs Rundle's Cook-away Book, with many thanks but how could such a meagre transcript from some sausage-wife's receipt-scrawl have obtained so extensive a sale! I positively could not live out of it half-a-week. I have lost a full pound of flesh by the mere hasty skimming thro' it. In the whole 449 pages, I have found but 4 possible dinners: 1st Tripe and onions 2 Cowheel 3 Pigs feet and Petitoes 4 Black Pudding. And the first and last of these Mr Gillman would not let me have. Even Irish stew is not mentioned, and as to Vegetables why "the Lady" must have been all her life tethered in a Battersea Cabbage Garden, with a simple prospect of a Potatoe Field in the distance and an occasional glimpse of a Turnip waggon from over the Hedge. Covent Garden must have been a *Terra incognita*, not even named in her map—O by the soul of Dr Kitchener, and the Esprit of Monsieur Ude, the 'New System of Domestic Cooking' is as surely a pickpocket humbug of Mr Murray as I am.

dear Eliza

Your aff friend

S. T. COLERIDGE

LETTER 393

To JOSEPH HENRY GREEN

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

[July 26, 1833]

MY DEAREST FRIEND

If you did not know me, I should be glad of your thinking me thankless and loveless from my neglect of writing to you. I went to Ramsgate in the intention of reviewing our *Logic*, your transcripts of which I had taken with me, and in the hope of rendering the chapters already written a fit preparation for, and foundation of, the more important third part, on the *Ideas*, on the resolution of the sense, the understanding, into the reason, in the evolution of which I joyfully know that you have had at least an equal co-productiveness with myself, (if indeed this be not—as on reflection I find it to be—a false and misplaced introduction of the Distinct into the One)—for it would puzzle either of us to determine conscientiously the priority or relative origination of what with ever intenser faith I dare call the Truth. But partly from the precarious state of our friend Gillman's health, which however has been, I think, progressing, my anxiety to have, if possible, and as soon as possible, some arrangement made of partnership, finally and immediately for Mrs. Gillman's sake, some anxieties in addition respecting James Gillman's prospects and state of mind, and lastly, my own daily bathings, receivings, and returnings of visits, specially from the Lockharts (Mrs. L., Sir Walter Scott's favourite daughter, is truly an interesting and love-compelling woman), and from a member or two of the House of Commons, Beaumont of Northumberland,¹ etc. of whom when we meet, and lastly, from my own progression in health and countenance, though not much in diminished decrepitude, day has followed day, without any work, but that I have read through the four folios of Bingham's Anti-

¹ Thomas Wentworth Beaumont (1792-1848) was M.P. for Northumberland from 1818 to 1826.

quities of the Christian Church,¹ found a continued *series* of historical evidences of the truth of my convictions, have had a great treat in a thorough enjoyment and examination of Canterbury Theatre, visiting and (I have reason to believe) comforting Southey's brother, Captain Thomas Southey, with his very large family, (and the feelings I have left behind with them may perhaps be a means with God's influence of making the *Southey* feel his unkind neglect of me, and God knows it is wholly and exclusively from my persistent regard for *him*, and *his* better being, that I desire it,) etc, etc, that in short, all I have done is to have attained a younger and healthier *face*, and a less uncomfortable state of bodily sensations than I had when I left you. I have certainly been much benefited, *in praesenti*, by the warm salt shower baths, standing with my legs in a tub at the temperature of near a 100, and receiving from thirty to forty gallons of salt water of from 90 to 152. [?] As I was crawling up the hill towards Belle Vue, where we lodge, a stately old lady, certainly not less than eighty, was coming down. I was making way to give her the wall, when with an unexpected alacrity of motion, she made the outward curve, and with grave solemnity said "No, Sir! you are the far elder. It is my *duty* to make way for the aged"

However, Mr G's anxieties begin to counteract the beneficial effect of the sea-air and baths, and we are to return to-morrow (Saturday, 27th July) by the steamer. It is possible, therefore, that I may see you on Sunday. With my affectionate love to Mrs Green, I am, my dearest Friend, yours most entirely

S. T. COLERIDGE

¹ Joseph Bingham's (1668-1723) *Origines Ecclesiasticae* or *Antiquities of the Christian Church* was published in 10 vols. 1702-1722.

LETTER 394

To MISS ANNE R SCOTT, *Precincts Canterbury*

[Original letter, Fitzwilliam Museum]

Grove, Highgate,

Monday, August 26, 1833

MY DEAR MISS SCOTT

If our acquaintance had been of longer standing, I should not have needed to assure you, that at no one moment did I ever believe, suppose, or even think of, *your* having contributed either Ground or Material, to Lockhart's *Good Joke*, in any other than some such way, as that which your obliging Letter has now recalled to my mind. The circumstance had escaped me, but I now distinctly remember it—and I venture to conjecture, that the cause of my having forgot it may have been, that my Discussion, tho' *occasioned* by the remark of our Fellow-passenger, was—in my own feeling at least—chiefly addressed to *you*.

Permit me, dear Miss Scott, to repeat, that *your* having any other concern in the Representation, excepting as having unconsciously suggested the Date, Scene, and Dramatis Personae to our good Friend's Comic Muse, or at the utmost some slight Hint for the opening of the Plot—a Hook, as it were, for the Story to hang from—never occurred to me even among the possibilities of this World. It would have stood in too violent a contrast with the impression, I had retained, of your character and whole frame of mind. But independently of this, Women are too veracious creatures, and set too little value on a good Joke—a certain degree of Obtuseness in this respect I have ever considered among the characteristic traits, nay, *charms*, of Womanhood and have a hundred times noticed it, not only in amiable Females, but in the most intelligent, and of the finest talents and often, when I have laughed heartily at the simplicity, with which the whole *Joke* of a Tale, told only *as* a Joke, has been overlooked on the sudden moral feeling excited by the supposition of its actual occurrence, I have been conscious of an inward Love-thrill the meanwhile, and an enlivened *respect*.

for it was truly *feminine* Dorothy Wordsworth, the Sister of our great Poet, is a Woman of Genius, as well as manifold acquisitions, and but for the absorption of her whole Soul in her Brother's fame and writings would, perhaps, in a different style have been as great a Poet as Himself. Once, she being present, I told one of these good stories, the main drollery of which rests on their utter *unbelievability as actual fact*—viz—of a Surgeon, who having restored to life two or three persons who had attempted to hang or drown themselves, and having been afterwards importuned by them for Help and Maintenance on the plea, that having forced life upon them against their own will and wish, he was bound to support it, had ventured, that he would never interfere in any such accidents without having first ascertained whether the individual wished it or no. On a summer day while on a water-party, one of the Rowers in some unaccountable way fell over-board and disappeared. But on his re-emersion the Surgeon caught hold of his Hair and lifting his head and chest above the water said—Now, my good Fellow! did you really mean to drown yourself! What is your own wish?—O—O O—! (sobbed out the man)—a sickly *Wife*—and seven small children!—“Ha! *poor* Fellow! No Wonder Then!”—exclaimed the Surgeon, and instantly popped him under again. The party were all on the brink of a loud Laugh, when Dorothy Wordsworth, with tears sparkling in her eyes, cried out—Bless me! but was not that very *inhuman*!—This stroke of exquisite Simplicity and true singleness of heart, made us almost roll off our chairs; but was there one of the Party, that did not love Dorothy the more for it? I trust, not one.

Now I have but one request to make, my dear Miss Scott! that you will not infer from my playful Letter to Miss Southey, that I entertain, or even on the first Hearing felt the slightest resentment, or the least *touch* of unkindness, towards Mr Lockhart. I laughed as unfeignedly as well as as heartily as any one of his jovial Hearers: nor should I have noticed it but that I thought my gallantry as a Man, or in words that better become both me and my Age, my

courtesy as a Gentleman called in question, and even for the example's Sake did not choose, that the supposed excess of my intellectual powers should be made an excuse for a palpable defect of good Sense and good Manners

I can readily understand and enter into the Mood, in which Lockhart related the anecdote, and am not, believe me, one of those profound Sages, who delve deep for motives and feelings, that lie on the surface, and who most often dig *aslant*, and the deeper they delve, the farther they are from the object of their Search. Mr Lockhart, I have no doubt, had been previously expressing in strong terms his high opinion of my powers as a Poet and nothing *sets off* a thing better, than a sharp contrast—The same principle which makes us all enjoy Butler's

“ And like a Lobster boil'd, the Morn
From Black to Red began to turn ”

Remember me with affectionate respect to your Mother, and Sister, and be assured that I remain

With esteem, regard, and general
recollections, Sincerely Your's,
S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 395

To DR DE PRATI, 32 *Upper Norton Street, Portland Place*

. [Original letter, Library of Owen D Young]

Grove, Highgate,
Tuesday Night, October 29, 1833.

MY DEAR DE PRATI

I learn by the Times of today that you are in Town, and your address. I was much interested at the sight of your name in your first appeal in favor of your *name-honored* Friend—I recognize the warmth and kindness of your nature in thus coming forward, and did full credit to your chivalry. But in the distinct remembrance of the Quarterly Review, and the consequent association of the name,

Buonaroti's,¹ with the atrocity of Robespierre and the bedlamism of Babeuf,² and himself made prominent in my recollection by the singular circumstance of, first, the un-mixed character, and secondly, by the languority, of his *Monomama*, I could not, from my knowledge of the present state of the public mind, but exceedingly doubt the *prudence* of the attempt relatively to yourself, and it's *expediency* relatively to poor Buonaroti. For believe me, De Prati! even those men who out of pure shame must profess to a readiness to forgive him for having *once* entertained such opinions, will be the first to make a merit of withholding all mercy from him, for having *retained* them. I think and feel more charitably, because from the very outset I hoped in no advancement of humanity but from individual minds and morals working onward from Individual to Individual—in short, from the *Gospel*. This in my first work, the *Conciones ad Populum*, I declared, in my 23rd year and to this I adhere in my present 63rd. Liberty without Law can exist *nowhere* and in nations in a certain state of general information and morality, Law without Liberty is as little possible. But in the state, which France *is*, and which England is becoming, there seems to me an equal incapability of either Law or Liberty. Therefore, that which some of my Contemporaries denounce in Buonaroti as crazy or criminal Obstinacy in Error, in the face of a guilt-reapt, horror-harvested Experience, I am more disposed *in that individual Case*, to wonder at and almost admire, as a persistency in Hope, spite of Disappointment, in *Humanity* in despite of *Men*. You should, I think, have made yourself better acquainted with the detail of the Facts, before you hazarded the assertions respecting Louis Philippe, and his actuation by the Austrian Court—tho' with your remembrances I can scarcely condemn you for any thing worse than impolicy. If I am not deceived in my conjecture respecting the 'Times

¹ Buonarotti was an active partisan of the French Revolution and a friend of Robespierre. He later retired to Brussels and became a language master.

² Buonarotti, in company with Babeuf, took part in a conspiracy, the object of which was the abolition of property.

“Correspondent Z,” this Mr Izzard, tho’ no great Wisard, is a worthy Man and a Lover of the Freedom which alone *You* would call such—but who at Florence believed himself to have learnt facts of Buonaroti’s character and habits, which could not, if believed, but have prejudiced him But this is a mere conjecture of mine— I have (or rather, ought to have) two volumes of your’s—Vico’s *Nuova Scienza* but unfortunately I had yielded to the request of a friend and relation, to lend them to him—and he is now in Devonshire and will not return till the end of November—but I should be most happy to order another Copy for you, if one can be found in London—or any other work, as a *quid pro quo*—or if you will let me have your address, to remit the former, as soon as I can recover them

I have, till of late, been a prisoner for nearly 3 years to my Bedroom, and for the far larger portion to my *bed*—hourly praying against the Desire of Death, which thro’ constant Pain and *Miserable* ache I was unable to suppress In this state, incapable of attending to any thing extreme I will rely on your informing me if I ask—whether or no you returned the Volumes of Lessing’s Work which you once took home with you? If you have, I must account for them as for many other works sent, by my own forgetfulness and confusion Mr. Gillman has had, but thank God! is greatly recovered from, a severe seizure—a dyspeptic attack almost counterfeiting Apoplexy—and dear Mrs Gillman is at this moment confined to her Bed from the shock and bruise of a sudden Fall, her foot catching in a *Ruck* of the Carpet! I shall, however, be glad to see you, should Choice or Chance direct your steps Highgate-ward—and to learn what your prospects are—for poor and prospectless myself, except as a Christian, I have not lost the interest of sympathy with my friends. Give me a line by return of Post—for I remain with unabated kind wishes

Your’s truly,

S T. COLERIDGE

LETTER 396

To T E FINDEN, 11 *Southampton Place, Eustace Square*

[From a transcript of the original letter in the possession of Captain F L Pleadwell Possibly by T E Finden, Coleridge means E F Finden, the engraver (1791-1857)]

November 6, 1833

Mr S T Coleridge presents his respects to Mr Finden There are two pen or pencil Drawings of him at Highgate, the one (and in point of something like expression, the best) taken off hand, some 15 years ago, by Mr Leslie,—another, done very recently, by a young German Artist,¹—a likeness certainly, but with such unhappy pensivity of the Nose and idiotic Drooping of the Lip, with a certain pervading *Woodenness* of the whole countenance, that it has not been thought guilty of any great Flattery by Mr Coleridge's Friends Such as they are however, either is at Mr. Finden's service—or perhaps the Artist may be inclined to see them and to select one or the other and judge whether the defects of the later portrait may not be removed Mr. S. T. C will be found at home, "The Grove, Highgate" any day after 1 o'clock His ill health does not permit him to mention an earlier hour A Friend of S T Coleridge's wrote under a portrait of him—"A glow-worm with a pin stuck thro' it, as seen in broad day-light"

LETTER 397

To JOSEPH HENRY GREEN, 46 *Lincoln's Inn Fields*

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E H Coleridge]

*Highgate,
March 18, 1834*

MY DEAREST FRIEND

This night, Monday, 9 o'clock Harriet noticed a peculiar red streak or splash, running from my left eye which had been for many days at morn and night *weepy* and *weak*, down the cheek along by that old tumor of my left cheek,

¹ J Kayser, whose pencil sketch of Coleridge was made in 1833. It is reproduced in *Letters*, 11 frontispiece

which I date from the Top of the Brocken, Hartz Midsummer midnight, 1800, or 1799, I forget which I have been the whole day unwell, and with old duodenal umbilical uneasiness while I lay in bed, and when I got up sick and wind-strangled— As soon as Harriet noticed the red streak, I immediately felt by the application of my finger a sensible difference of heat between that [and] the corresponding part near the other ear—and sent for Mr Taylor, who deems it a slight erysipelas, *Erysipelatoid Erythema*—the very thing that carried off my acquaintance—friend Sir George Beaumont,¹ who had likewise the same tumour, in nape of the neck and below the chin, in 5 days from its first very unalarming appearance Now as I should like to see you before I went, if to go I am, and leave with you the sole Depositorium of my mind and aspirations, which God may suggest to me²—therefore if you can, come to me during the week

S T COLERIDGE

LETTER 398

TO THE COURT OF ASSISTANTS OF THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY
OF HABERDASHERS

[From the original letter in the possession of Mr Charles A Stonehill Published *The Gillmans of Highgate*, A W Gillman, 1895, 27-28]

Grove, Highgate
May 27, 1834

GENTLEMEN

The Living of Leiston in your presentation is vacant and one of the Candidates is the Reverend James Gillman, Fellow of St John's College, Oxford Among the weightier Testimonials, and from higher Authority, which he will,

¹ Sir George Beaumont, Coleridge's friend and patron, died in 1827

² Although Coleridge did not die until July 25, 1834, the wish here expressed was fulfilled and "Mr. Green, who had so long been the partner of his literary labours, was with him at the last, and to him, on the last evening of his life, he repeated a certain part of his religious philosophy, which he was especially anxious to have accurately recorded. He articulated with the utmost difficulty, but his mind was clear and powerful, and so continued till he fell into a state of coma, which lasted till he ceased to breathe about six o'clock in the morning" *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge*, Edith Coleridge, 1873, 1 110

doubtless, lay before you, condescend to accept that of the humble Individual, whose Name is subscribed, and who at an advanced age writes from a Bed of Sickness under convictions, that subordinate every worldly motive and predilection to more awful Interests

I have known the Revd James Gillman from his Childhood, as having been from that time to this a trusted Inmate of the Household of his dear and exemplary Parents I have followed his progress at weekly Intervals from his entrance into the Merchants' Taylors' School, and traced his continued improvements under the excellent Bellamy to his Removal, as Head Scholar, to St John's College and during his academic Career, his Vacations were in the main passed under my eye I was myself educated for the Church at Christ's Hospital, and sent from that honored and unique Institution to Jesus College, Cambridge, under the tutorage and discipline of the Revd James Bowyer who has left an honored name in the Church for the zeal and ability with which he formed and trained his Orphan Pupils to the Sacred Ministry, as Scholars, as Readers, as Preachers, and as sound Interpreters of the Word May I add, that I was the Junior School-fellow in the next place, the Protégé, and the Friend of the late venerated Dr Middleton, the first Bishop of Calcutta And assuredly whatever under such Training such Influence I learnt, or thro' a long life mainly devoted to Scriptural, Theological and Ecclesiastical Studies, I have been permitted to attain, I have been anxious to communicate to the Son of my dearest Friends, with little less than paternal Solicitude And at all events I dare attest that the Revd James Gillman is pure and blameless in morals, and unexceptionable in manners—equally impressed with the importance of the Pastoral Duties as of the Labors in the Desk and the Pulpit and that his mind is made up to preach the *whole* truth in Christ.

Accept, Gentlemen ! the unfeigned Respects of your aged humble Servant,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTER 399

To MISS ELIZA NIXON

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E. H. Coleridge]

June 14, 1834

Thanks, dear Eliza, for your sweet flowers so Van Huysum-like arranged But earnest thanks and from deeper down in the Heart for your far sweeter letter That my sense is from illness become obtuse to the *fragrance* of Flowers, I but little regret, but O! let my eyes be closed when their Beauty is no longer revealed to me, and finds no counterpart in my mind

LETTER 400

To MRS GILLMAN and J. H. GREEN

[From a transcript of the original letter made by E. H. Coleridge Published *Coleridge at Highgate*, Lucy E. Watson, 1925, 159 This note was written half an hour before Coleridge became comatose, and only eleven hours before his death on July 25, 1834]

July 24, 1834

MOST DEAR MR. GREEN!

MOST DEAR MRS GILLMAN

MY ESPECIAL FRIENDS,

Do impress it according to . [sic] and love on my nephew and son-in-law, Henry N. Coleridge, and through him on all who bear my name, that I beg, expect, and would fain hope of them according to their means such a contribution as may suffice collectively for a handsome Legacy for that most faithful, affectionate and disinterested servant, Harriet Macklin¹ Henry can explain. I have never asked for myself.

S. T. COLERIDGE

¹ Harriet Macklin was Coleridge's attendant for the last seven or eight years of his life.

Lamb, deeply afflicted by the news of Coleridge's death—so much so that he could not attend the funeral—answered this appeal Early in August he paid a visit to the Gillmans, and asking to see Coleridge's nurse, gave her five guineas Lamb died only a few months afterwards

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